

The  
ENVIRON  
MENTAL  
ISTS

# ROLLING STONE

ACME No. 48

DECEMBER 13, 1969

UK: 2/6 35 CENTS

**ROBBIE  
ROBERTSON**

**MILES  
DAVIS**





# ROLLING STONES

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No. 48

DECEMBER 13, 1969

'All the News  
That Fits'



BARON WOLMAN

The evidence of the years was in Mick's face:

It seemed to have fallen in place for good, like marble ridges of a statue

## KISS KISS FLUTTER BATTER THANK YOU THANK YOU

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—Mid-way through the Rolling Stones' first concert here, Mick Jagger stepped to the front of the Forum stage, grinned at the 18,000 who had come to welcome him back to the U.S. and said, "Has it really been three years? It doesn't seem that long."

In many ways it didn't. It was just like 1966. Police carried the more enthusiastic fans out of the hall, limp or tied in knots. Girls were screaming and guys were calling for their favorite hits. Jagger was still grinding his skinny hips and doing outrageous things with his tongue. When the Stones started playing "Satisfaction," at least two-thousand rushed the stage to form an adoring sea of bobbing heads and reaching hands.

Creating—rather than causing—this pandemonium wasn't all that easy in 1969. Jagger had to work for his satisfaction.

There had been interminable delays in covering the Forum hockey rink that had been used in the afternoon and in getting sound and lighting equipment installed. It was nearly midnight Saturday and the eighteen-thousand had been waiting patiently since seven.

Finally Sam Cutler, the Stones' tour manager, walked out to the microphone and said, "Here they are... The Rolling Stones! The Rolling Stones!"

Mick came bounding from behind a pile of amplifiers. He was dressed nearly all in black—black belled mariachi pants, a long-sleeved tee-shirt (also black), a

silk print scarf that hung to his hips, a red-white-and-blue Uncle Sam hat. On the shirt, on his chest, was the omega-like symbol of Leo, the sign of the king or president, a fixed fiery sign: proud, energetic, domineering, authoritative.

He literally pranced from one side of the stage to the other. (The rest of the band was busy plugging in their instruments, seeming almost bored.) Jagger bowed from the waist from stage left, right and center. He rolled his eyes like Eddie Cantor. He waved, wagging a limp wrist that could have won him Tangents' Dream Date of the Year award.

Finally he found the microphone. "Sorry you had to wait so long," he said. "We had to wait, too—right?"—

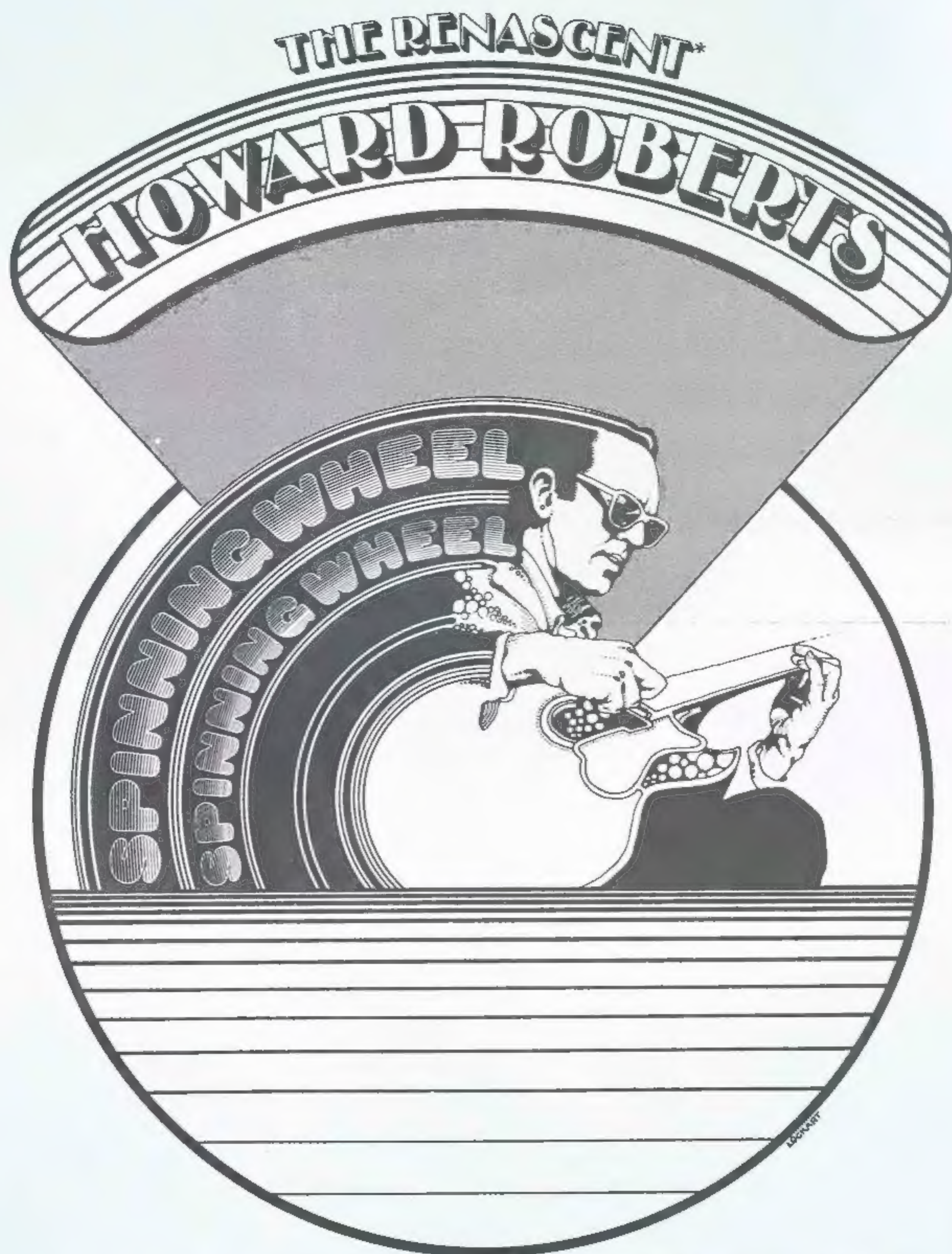
And so saying, the Stones dove into the first song in the set, "Jumping Jack Flash."

The applause was near deafening.

Then Jagger wandered aloof about the rapid passage of the years and Keith Richard started hitting his guitar, fingering perfect Chuck Berry notes as the band, and Jagger, leaped for "Oh Carol," one of Berry's songs. During the instrumental break, Jagger bobbed his hips at the audience, then sprinted for one side of the stage, where he peered into the balcony and started moving his mouth as if he were eating a giant-sized ear of corn: chop chop chop. His arms and legs seemed as if controlled by puppet strings.

—Continued on Page 6





\*Rising again into being or vigor, (Webster) that's Howard, all right. For longer than it's nice to remember, H. R. has been crowned with that dubious accolade, "the guitarist's guitarist." Now, thanks be to fate and David Axelrod (that's right, the same David Axelrod of "Song of Innocence" and "Mass in F Minor" repute) and the combination of Mr. Axelrod's fine producing and Mr. Roberts' fine (albeit somewhat undiscovered) talent Howard Roberts is about to become your favorite guitar player. "Spinning Wheel" is available on record & tape (ST-336) from Capitol, the happy ending record people.







ED BURYN

## CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS &amp; ADVICE

SIRS:

RE: Paul McCartney: The sky is falling.

Your old friend,

CHICKEN LITTLE  
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Has it occurred to anyone that maybe, just maybe, the Beatles are making a mite too much money? *Abbey Road* is list-priced at \$6.98 and sells from \$3.50 to \$5.68. The *Get Back* package will list-price for \$10.98 and sell for a couple dollars less. Both these albums are single discs, with *Get Back* including a "special book." Neither took 200 hours or \$500,000 to make.

Now it seems to me either the Beatles are making a hell of a lot of money off of us poor suckers or they are dying of starvation in their mansions. If the latter is the case, they could get day jobs or get off their asses and go on tour.

JIM POMEROY  
RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

SIRS:

The Beatles are no longer simply musicians. They are music makers, which differentiates them from, say, Cream, because their objective is not to show everybody how well then can play. It would be a risky proposition to say that they are the best players of their respective instruments. What they do better than anybody else, however, is create good music, from concept to execution, using every facility at their disposal to make it work.

The Beatles are *creators*—which is why Beatle music is almost always excellent, no matter who performs it. This same quality in Bach is what makes us able to "switch him on" today. Ed Ward should realize that what makes Super Groups so boring so often is their stubborn virtuosity. As virtuoso music makers, the Beatles can never be limited in this way. Even at their worst, they rate a good healthy "Eeccccck!" for effort.

SCOTT MARBACH  
ENGLISHTOWN, N.J.

SIRS:

Concerning Ed Ward's review of *Abbey Road*: I don't know where he buys

his records, but I got 16 new Beatles songs for under four bucks, and judging from his review, they must be completely different.

ALBERT CANEDO  
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

Most folks about have heard the rumor that Paul M. (Beatle) died in a 1966 car crash. It is true, but McCartney is alive due to my knowledge and talent of things in the "unknown."

It is not purely luck that I was in the area when Paul died. I had come to England to exchange ideas, experience, etc., with others of my trade. So I was at the scene soon after Paul died.

All the others knew of the death as they had been traveling in other vehicles behind Paul. My first action was to hypnotize those who knew of Paul's death. After this step I proceeded with the necessary actions, etc. (These are Trade Secrets!) involved in restoring life to a corpse (sometimes thought of as reincarnation). Once Paul was again alive, I hypnotized him also, then by means of various spells and chants I erased from everyone's memory save my own the events surrounding Paul's death.

I was not completely successful, because subconsciously they portray Paul's mishap in their music: which has been the basis for these rumors. So I hope you're all relieved with the truth.

THE MASKED MARAUDER  
NO ADDRESS

SIRS:

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you most sincerely for printing them two stories about me in your fine magazine.

As you may have heard, your kindness has led to my signing with Atlantic Records and I have just completed my first session with Mr. Jerry Wexler in Muscle Shoals. Atlantic are planning to release a single in November and the album in January. It feels really good to be back in the studio again.

I shall always be indebted to you for providing me with the vehicle by which I am now able to take another shot at the music scene. I can think of no way

in which I could repay your kindness, but if you are ever putting on a show of any kind for any reason, I would be very grateful if you would let me appear at no cost whatsoever. I am enclosing a signed contract with all details left open. Please feel free to call on me whenever the occasion might arise.

I am sorry that I almost got you and myself into trouble with Albert Grossman and the Band. I felt that they would really appreciate it, and I meant them no harm whatsoever, and I thought and still think it was good for them. It is strange the way people can change so quick.

RONNIE HAWKINS  
STREETSVILLE, CANADA

SIRS:

In the November 15th issue, you have a picture of James Taylor. I believe that if you closely scrutinize this photograph, the name of Jesse Colin Young will come to mind, for that could be no other than Jesse.

MARTY COLBORNE  
RICHMOND, CALIF.

SIRS:

With reference to the article appearing in your November 15, 1969 issue, entitled "Delaney & Bonnie—No Hard Feelings?", we, as Delaney and Bonnie's managers, wish to inform you and your readers that the remarks attributed to Delaney were taken out of context.

To set the record straight, the primary reason for our asking Elektra for a release was that as the result of playing together this summer, Delaney and Bonnie and Eric Clapton had arrived at a musical understanding which they wanted to pursue. The idea of this musical coalition was suggested to Elektra, and Jac Holzman agreeing that such a coalition was in the best interest of Delaney and Bonnie and their music, constructively worked to make this a reality.

The end result was that despite the fact that Delaney and Bonnie were still under contract to Elektra for another four years, Elektra agreed to release Delaney and Bonnie to record with Eric on their forthcoming European tour. Delaney and Bonnie, however, have started

and will shortly complete another album for Elektra.

If anybody's feelings were hurt by the November 15th article, we sincerely apologize, since in the heat of negotiations everyone gets crazy and we all become victims of our own craziness.

GROUP III MANAGEMENT  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SIRS:

Far be it from a man as humble as myself, to ever knock America's first teen tycoon. Your article on Phil Spector really makes one of the oldest clichés once more come to life. "Better to Have Been a Has-Been, Than a Never-Was."

I think we all can recognize and dispense with the fact that in the early Sixties Mr. Spector unquestionably wrote and produced some of the finest records ever made.

He talks about Negro kids hanging around street corners singing harmony and how important that was and how sad he is all that has past. Then he moves on to Bob Dylan, of whom he says, "I would produce him, you see he never has been produced." Apparently, he relegates Bob Dylan lyrics to a secondary position to a Phil Spector Production!

Personally, I think Phil Spector should go back to Central Avenue and stand on a street corner and wait for some kids to come by harmonizing.

After reading this article, not only the entire record business escapes Phil Spector, but he does not have the intellectual capacity to sit down and accept Bob Dylan for what he is, not what Phil Spector can make him.

After listening to Phil's most recent efforts, how does he get the balls to talk about moving forward, when he is still trapped in echo chamber number three which he has moved from Gold Star to A & M. On the other hand, maybe he should go back to the Teddy Bears. No, on the other hand, maybe he should just stop doing interviews.

The record business is one business that you can not live off of yesterday, nor can you do what you did yesterday,

—Continued on Page 54



# ROLLING STONE

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ROLLING STONE is published by Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc., 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Main editorial and business offices are located at the same address. Telephone (415) KLondike 2-2970.

NEW YORK: 377 Park Avenue South. Telephone (212) 684-6686.

LONDON: 11 Grovelands Road, N 13. Telephone 886-0745.

ROLLING STONE does not assume any responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and photographs.

Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California, and at additional entry office. Published bi-weekly in San Francisco.

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wholesale distribution (not subscription), please contact: Acme News Company, 140 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011, (212) 691-8550.

This edition printed on November 19th for newsstand sales until December 13th.



Finally, we may have a New Year's Eve worth staying up for: Filmmaker David Maysles (*Salesman*) is putting together a four-hour TV "peace broadcast," with commitments already from the Beatles, the Stones, Joan Baez, Jean-Luc Godard, Tom Smothers, Arthur Miller, and Leonard Bernstein, among others. The broadcast, which Maysles says is in "the formative stages," would be on live TV, from 2 to 4 A.M. on January 1st, beamed by satellite across both oceans. The theme is world peace—Middle East, Biafra, and Europe as well as Vietnam—and, with several hundred of thousands of dollars reported committed from various corporations and individuals, Maysles' main work now is negotiating with networks for air time.

At the Bijou: The Woodstock Festival flick, which Warner Brothers wanted to have out by Christmas, will be out by next Easter—if Warner Brothers is lucky. Filmmakers Mike Wadleigh and Bob Maurice, while rushing through the 120 hours of film they shot, refuse to "arbitrarily cut up two hours of film, place the 'Woodstock' title on it and sell it as an exploitation film." A WB spokesman admits the company's pushing, but, too, "We want just what they want, to make it perfect." Who's really pushing, of course, is Woodstock Ventures, who cried wolf about \$1 million-plus losses after the festival. Expense figures (ROLLING STONE, October 18th) showed actual losses at a minimum and, as predicted, Woodstock Ventures will be swimming in profits—half of the producers' net, to be exact—as soon as the film is out . . .

Atlantic Records employees had a couple of kinds of scares November 13th, on the week bombs exploded in three New York City skyscrapers. The company's building, at 1841 Broadway, was evacuated for several hours in midday as cops from the 20th Precinct searched the offices after getting a phone tip on a planted bomb. Scary enough, but one employee was especially nervous when she came back from lunch and found the building crawling with police. If they had found it, the stash in her desk could have been pretty explosive, too. . . .

Booker T and the MGs have had it as a glorified session group for Stax. Having accounted for a number of hits on their own, including "Green Onions" in 1962 and "Hang 'Em High" and "Time is Tight" this year, the band will concentrate on a real group identity, with an eye toward more hits and concert appearances. Away from what he called a "9 to 5 thing" at Stax, Booker is currently in Los Angeles doing production work and "looking at some studios." His latest productions for Stax are LPs by Eddie Floyd and William Bell. He's also reading a script and may do a movie score. "Duck" Dunn, meantime, is producing various groups around the country.

Howlin' Wolf is in good condition following a heart attack November 15th in Chicago. The master folk-bluesman was driving toward a gig at the University of Chicago when he suffered a mild heart attack. Fortunately, it happened just as he was passing the Illinois Central Hospital. The 54-year-old Wolf (Chester Burnett) was whisked right in and should be out by now. Howlin' Wolf ain't no tail dragger . . .

Jeff Beck's plans for the latest in his series of Jeff Beck Groups were derailed early this month when he crashed his sports car near Maidstone, a town

## Random Notes



SATTV

30 miles south of London. Beck was taken to a hospital with a broken nose, facial cuts, and a suspected broken pelvis. He had been planning to fly to New York this month to form a new band with two former Vanilla Fudgies. Jeff will probably be racked up for three months.

Much has happened since we reviewed *The Music Scene* a month ago, predicting that it would collapse in two weeks. For one thing, ABC-TV announced, less than two weeks later, that the show would be dropped in mid-season. For another, five of the six hosts were yanked, leaving only David Steinberg as inter-lucator. Picking Steinberg to haul *Music Scene's* nuts out of the fire can only be described as making the worst of a bad situation. Minutes and minutes roll by as Steinberg, a real cutie-pie who fancies himself to be a stand-up comic, a sort of hip George Gobel, chuckles and mugs his "bits," all of which are lamer than lame. Worst of all, he recently stationed himself between the Everly Brothers and fucked up a good three minutes of their time. Steinberg is an intruder who

should have gotten the hook the first time *Music Scene* was aired. Without any host, the show could have given us another song from James Brown, another from Joe Cocker, and so forth, and that would at least have been something. As *Music Scene* stands now, however, good riddance.

Out on the streets again: Ron Kass, former head of Apple Records' music division, will soon be former president of MGM Records and publishing. Like one of a series falling dominoes, Kass was the third president for the troubled money-losing, convoluting company in a year, and he was there only five months . . .

Quickies from Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young: Crosby is having "Wooden Ships," which he wrote with Stills and Jefferson Airplane's Paul Kantner, turned into a movie by sci-fi writer Theodore Sturgeon. It'll probably feature the entire band . . . The next LP is complete, with mixing being finished at Studio 3 in LA. It will probably be called—what else?—Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young.

and should be out by mid-December . . . Young, meantime, is definitely his own man—he and his other band, Crazy Horse, are working on their third LP for Reprise (it'll include a Neil Young rendition of Don Gibson's "Oh Lonesome Me"); he is building a 16-track studio at his Topanga house with help from Wally Heider, and his Crazy Horse will do a tour beginning in February.

Jerry Corbitt, ex-Youngblood, is now on Polydor with a solo LP called *Corbitt*. He's backed by a Moog synthesizer along with a bunch of real people. . . . Bernie Krause, the electronic music man, is working with Martin Guitars to solve the problem of portability for Moog synthesizers: The hopeful solution is a combination guitar/synthesizer that weighs in at 15 pounds. A prototype should be ready within two months. . . .

Bits that fit: Nilsson has completed an album of Randy Newman tunes for RCA, with Newman himself on piano . . . John Sebastian is signing with Warner Brothers, his relationship with MGM, to his credit, not lasting long enough for even one album release . . . Chuck Berry is back home, with Chess Records, after three anything-but-mercenary years with Mercury . . . And funk meets freak: Atlantic has hired Danny Fields on as a publicist . . .

When it rains it pours: Johnny Cash is set to return to ABC-TV in January as a mid-season replacement for one of the network's fistful of flops; an NET-TV documentary on him, done last summer and called *Johnny Cash, The Man, His World, His Music*, has been turned into a feature-length film now doing solid business at movie houses in the south and southwest; and he's into dramatic acting. Cash is playing the part of an Indian chief in *The Trail of Tears*, a 90-minute drama for NET. The film, centering on the plight of the Cherokees, is being shot on location in Tennessee and North Carolina. (Cash himself is a descendent of the Cherokees.) And, to keep himself busy between *Tears* and the ABC series, he'll play a Madison Square Garden gig next month.

What'd be a really nice book to get or give for Christmas—or any day—would be *The Beatles Book of Lyrics*, a tasty and tasteful collection of 100 songs (including numbers from *The Beatles* double LP) and beautiful full-color artwork illustrating each song. Artists and photographers, who chose the songs they wanted to picture, included Milton Glaser, Marc Chagall, Peter Max, Ethan Russell, Rick Griffin, and Tomi Ungerer. Another nice touch: All the comments and "analyses" on the songs are made by John, Paul, George, and Ringo. Alan Aldridge, 26-year-old London designer, edited the book, and it's published by the Delcorte Press.

20/20 News: The Beach Boys have spent the better part of six weeks in an L.A. studio completing eight of a planned 14 tracks for their next LP . . . Procol Harum's just about had it, with organist Matthew Fisher and bassist Dave Knights having split . . . Dick Clark has signed a recording contract with Liberty, which is ific . . . Conway Twitty (the Dick Clark era rocker turned shitkicker) has opened a family style restaurant in Oklahoma City. The place is called, so help us, Twitty Burger . . . And Gene Vincent's comeback LP, on Elektra, is called *I'm Back and I'm Proud*.



# FLY ALONG WITH "FAT MATTRESS"

ON ATCO RECORDS  
& 8 TRACK CARTRIDGES

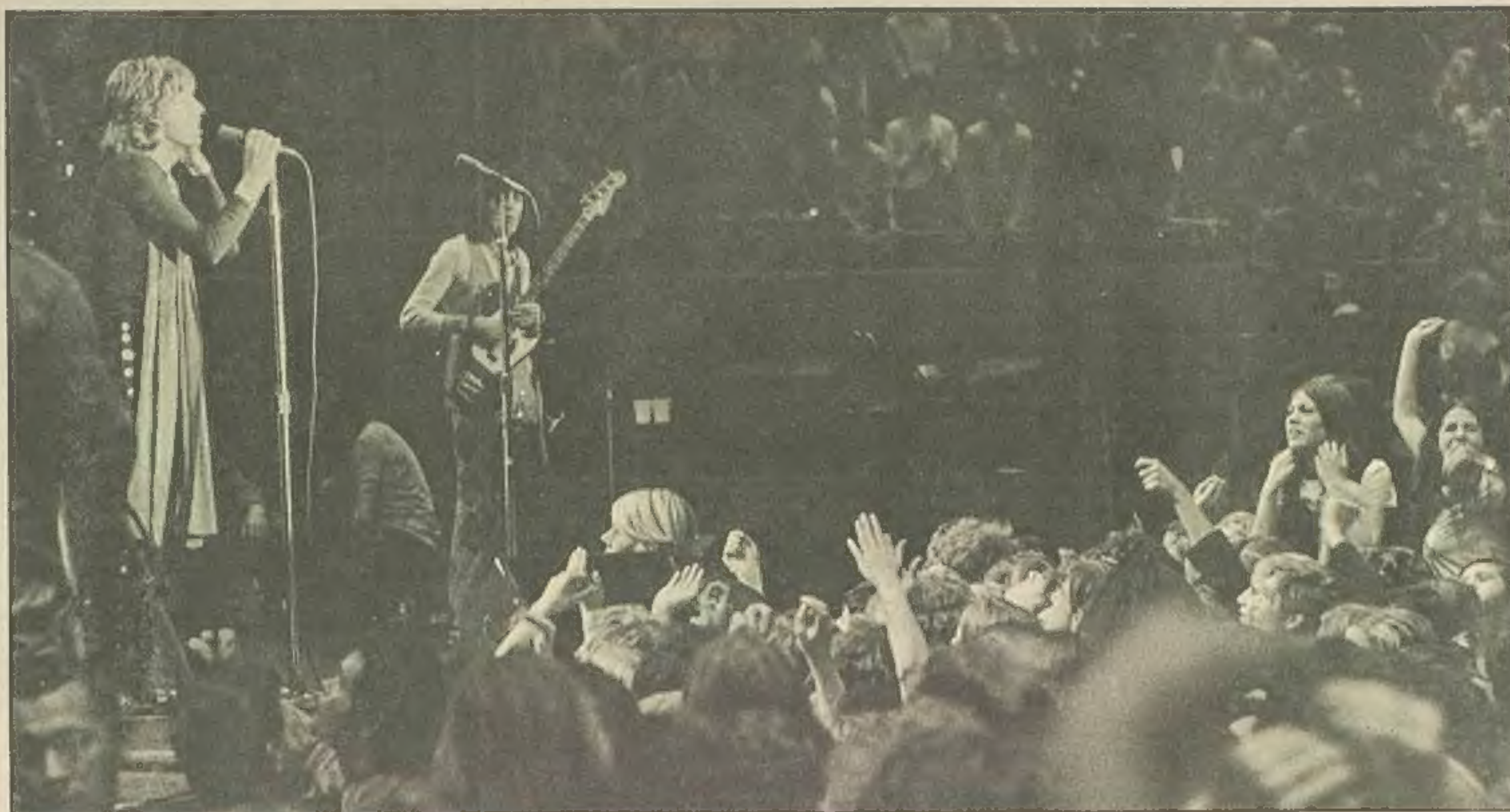


fat mattress are eric dillon jimmy leverton neil landon noel redding









PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN

Devils dancing on stage: They were THAT close to grabbing Mick's scarf!

## They Put the Weight on Mick & He Carried It

BY GREIL MARCUS

OAKLAND, California—We flooded into the Oakland Coliseum in 1969 with memories of the Cow Palace in 1966—but this time there weren't any twelve-year-old kids kicking over the seats and wetting their pants. The Sixties are over—the first thing that hit you when the Stones came out on stage was the evidence of the years in Mick Jagger's face. It seemed to have fallen into place for good. His features were no longer supple and loose; they were hard and thick, like the marble ridges of a statue. But that's a long way from the House of Wax. He still looked beautiful.

Jagger was dressed right out of *Sympathy for the Devil*, but for me the costume didn't take hold until near the end of the show, when it no longer seemed like a costume. Black tight pants with silver studs up the side; a black blouse with a beige horseshoe on it, special astrology for the warlock's tour; an Uncle Sam hat out of Ginsberg; and a red scarf that might have been ten feet long. Keith Richard, Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, even Mick Taylor, they all looked like *Rolling Stones*; but they weren't stepping out. They put the weight on Mick, and he was carrying it. The band was nervous, and it wasn't all that clear whether or not they were going to make it this time.

Listen to the audience on the live cuts from *Out of Our Heads* or *December's Children* or to *Got Live If You Want It!* There must have been a time when the Stones played to crowds that didn't rise up screaming the moment they hit the stage, kids possessed with that Stones' demon that made them charge the bandstand with every new song, keeping up the clamor until the Stones had played their last encore and left for good—but if there was such a time it's been a long, long while. Those times are here again, and both the Rolling Stones and the audience had to take this night and make a great show out of it regardless.

The screams don't come so easy any more. The flashing excitement of simply looking at the Stones is displaced. Dylan doesn't tour, the Beatles don't tour, and it's been three years since any of us have seen Mick Jagger. So we had to look at him to make sure he was really there. The giant TV screen up above the stage held images that in an odd way were more real than the show itself—somehow it made more sense to see a picture of Mick Jagger than to see Mick Jagger himself. We were all quite out of time.

"So happy to be here, and all that bullshit," said Mick, after the opening shot, a metal-hard "Jumping Jack Flash."

He was clearly pissed that the crowd had clapped with merely uncertain enthusiasm for both his entry and for his first vocal. He'd danced stiffly on that first number, feeling out the stage, but the audience had been feeling out Mick. It was as if there were complaints that this band had been, you know, "over-hyped."

Things had not gone smoothly during the first set, some hours before. Richard's amp had blown, and he'd tossed his see-through plexiglass guitar into the air and walked off stage. The Stones had been forty-five minutes late—not, as Jagger told the audience, because no one came to pick them up at the airport, but because Tina Turner had put on such a dynamite show the band hadn't wanted to follow her too quickly. Then in the middle of "Satisfaction" Bill Graham and the tour manager got into a pushing and shoving match right on stage. A hassle all around. That was what some people talked about when they left the first show—that and the bad sound.

It was 2:30, the Stones had been on for ten minutes, and while Jagger pranced with growing enthusiasm and Richard stung the hardest notes from his guitar, the sound system booming in perfect balance, the audience was still warming up. "Oh, Carol!"—"Oh, groovy, Chuck Berry, hmmmmmmmmmm . . ." "Sympathy for the Devil" somehow slipped past. We were, I think, judging the music, not responding to it, and this too must have been new to the Stones. Years ago we'd just groove with the loud hum of the band and the ranging dark cheer of the crowd into one giant instrument: *THE STONES!* And us. Now we heard the guitar solos.

Mick sneered at the audience. "Since you're all so quiet tonight . . . Since you're all sitting down, well then, we'll sit down too." He and Keith Richard squatted down for two slow southern blues: "Prodigal Son" from the last album and a new one, "Gotta Move." They were a lot of fun. Keith played a very classy old steel guitar, and Mick found the night's best moment up till then when he let out with a soft, low Robert Johnson moan—very moving, very intense—while he mugged at the audience and rolled his big eyeballs.

There was a queer distance between Mick and the Stones—this devastating band and their devouring leader—and the audience. It'd be easiest to think the reason was the massive Oakland Coliseum, but it was more than that. We've grown up with the Stones, and we are more likely closer to where they are than we were four or five years ago—we have influenced them too—but somehow this closeness of spirit increased the distance between the Stones as performers and ourselves as the audience. Or perhaps it was another incident that brought the new feel of the concert home. I walked upstairs to the men's room between acts, and sitting on the can I noticed two cats blowing each other in the next stall. Somehow I can't imagine that having happened at the Cow Palace in 1966.

The transfiguration of wet pants has come—She blew my nose, and then she blew my mind . . . closer and farther away. Mick kept trying to catch it.

They did "Love In Vain," one of the most beautiful of all the songs by the great Robert Johnson. It was a triumph. Mick Taylor handled the break with a finesse of his emotion, and Jagger used the spaces of the tragic blues to summon up all of his power: "The blue light . . . was mah bay-bee . . . and the red light . . . was my mind . . ."

And it's hard to tell and  
It's hard to tell and  
It's hard to tell . . .

All my love's in vain . . .

The music got better and better and the applause was just applause. Into and out of "I'm Free," a rollicking "Under My Thumb" with Mick breaking loose on stage and still looking for his audience. Kids were moving down the aisles, sort of wandering along, as if they hoped no one would notice. They were eagerly and persistently hustled back by the floor crew. The guard near me was an old black man with a tam-o'-shanter. Would have been a respectable job for Hayakawa.

"Slowly rocking on," as Mick put it, frowning, they went into their new numbers. "Midnight Rambler" was the first. It'll rank with "Sympathy for the Devil," "Salt of the Earth" and "Goin' Home" as a Stones classic. What an amazing song! On and on it went, Mick now looking the part his clothes had created, falling to his knees, the notes from the two guitars surround him and finally us—a dark, evil song, dripping with the spirit of the Rolling Stones. There was movement in the band, and the audience was on the edge of real excitement. Jesus! On the edge! It was that hard, even in the midst of such brilliance. "Live With Me" was next, beginning with the line, "I got nasty habits, baby . . ." Chuck Berry riffs flew in and out of the choruses, Mick spinning, clapping his hands, one-two-three-four over his shoulder, dipping his scarf low, forcing a memory of how fabulous he'd been in "Sympathy for the Devil" forty minutes before. "Yessa, pleased to meet you, baby"—whooshing into a mannered bow—"Hope you . . . guess my name . . ." And the concert was finally catching up with us. Then a dramatic, shouting "Gimme Shelter," Mick dancing faster, Keith Richard beginning to move out, and the place was getting itchy. A girl was bopping in her seat and the guard told her to stop. She didn't.

"I can't see anyone," yelled Mick. "We wanna see who we came to play for. Turn on the lights!" All the light went up and the aisles began to fill with real urgency. Mick played to the crowd, pushing them on. If he couldn't make them rush the stage, pushing to get to him, waving their arms and forcing everyone else to stand on their seats and wave their arms, then he'd have had it as MICK JAGGER OF THE ROLLING



STONES. He'd be Mick Jagger, Movie Star, or Mick Jagger the Recording Artist, but that was not what it was about and that was not what mattered. And now, with the lights on, perhaps it was embarrassing to be calm and restrained, or perhaps the Stones were more real, out of the spotlight and just part of the celebration. But Mick had brought it off; he'd really had to do it himself.

"He could play a guitar just like ringing a bell," and Keith Richard can do that, but by this time he was playing as if a bomb had just gone off in Chuck Berry's bell-tower. Huge notes and titanic bursts of sound commanded the crowd up to the stage and pushed more people up against the vanguard as the Rolling Stones powered in to "Satisfaction." It was like a blur. Devils dancing on stage. No more feeling it out. The stage was showered with joints. The Stones flashed grins at each other and now that the big TV screen had faded the music seemed louder and you realized that some of the audience was really that close to grabbing Mick's scarf.

This wasn't any ritual that the Stones and the audience were acting out in respect for something that had happened years before. Mick and the band had reached for it and won. It was real . . . BUMP-BUMP-DA-DUMP-DA-DUMP-DA-DA-DA-DA I met a gin-soaked barroom queen in Memphis . . . The blur moved faster, Mick mincing beautifully, finally shooting his arm out in one motion and twirling it above his head in another: I met her on the boulevards of Paris . . . Keith bent down almost to his knees, shaking notes out while Mick Taylor carried the solo, Mick flying from one side of the stage to the other, whirling to a dead stop, grabbing the mike and blurting out more lines: *The lady, she covered me with roses . . .*

They ended it past three-thirty in the morning with "Street Fighting Man." Jagger seemed to draw himself up over his own height as he gestured for the words—the hall was fully lit, as if we were stealing a thrill from someone's closed-door idea of what the concert was supposed to be. It got away. Mick waved his arms until the crowd waved back and then stepped to the edge of the stage and blew astonishing kisses—with both hands—to everyone, Mick Jagger singing with his rock and roll band—a glorious moment.

I knew it had really happened that way when I got home around five A.M. Pinned to the icebox was a note: "Just came by after the concert. Wasn't it great!!! We got within five feet of Mick!" And not without his help. In a way, that was the best part.



## Janis Busted for Naughty Words

TAMPA, Fla.—Janis Joplin, she of the kozmic blues and temperament, was busted November 15th for using "vulgar and indecent language" during a performance at Curtis Hixon Hall punctuated by push-and-pull fights between enthusiastic fans and frightened authorities.

Janis was charged on two counts, the first on a city warrant quoting her telling the mobbing audience: "Now listen, we can't go fucking with each other because that'll give them (the cops) something to chomp on. If we don't hurt nothing, they can't say shit." The second count was added by Detective L. Napoli, after Janis yelled at him off stage and told him she was going to kick his face in.

The volatile singer was arrested in her dressing room at midnight, following the one-hour set. She was jailed for an hour before release on a \$504 bond. She was scheduled to be in Municipal Court last Thursday, the 20th.

When Janis and her band opened their set, the initial blast was so great that many in the crowd of 5,000 began moving toward the stage. People jammed the aisles and floor in front of the stage and sat down. At this point, there wasn't the potential riot reported by the cops and management.

But police started moving into the area and in front of the stage, pushing the fans and telling them to get back to their seats. Janis reached down, tapped a cop and said: "Listen, Mister, I've been to more of these things than you have, and no one's ever hurt nothin'. They're not hurting anything; leave them alone." At this point she was polite.

The crowd cheered as she started singing again. A cop with a bullhorn kept hustling the crowd and, interrupted again, she yelled, "Don't fuck with those people! Hey, Mister, what're you so uptight about? Did you buy a \$5 ticket?" At this point, authorities behind the curtain asked her to tell the kids to sit down. "I'm not telling them shit" was her reply, and the show went on. After her next song, she made the declaration quoted in the police report.

By this point, the hall managers were quite upset about the thousands of kids standing and dancing on their upholstered seats, so the lights came on and the power on stage was cut. A message was given to Janis, asking her to tone the crowd down and pacify the police. The show ended with some of the crowd seated on the stage but orderly and quiet as Janis and her band concluded their show.

When Janis left the stage, she confronted detective Napoli, the loudest man with the bullhorn, and verbally lashed him, calling him a son of a bitch and telling him she would kick his face.

Meanwhile, across the Florida peninsula, the West Palm Beach Pop Festival, with an appearance by the Rolling Stones scheduled for November 30th, was imperiled by the actions of a county commissioner hell-bent to stop it. He moved to re-zone the speed-way where the festival was being held to prevent rock and roll from rearing its ugly head.

But festival promoter Dave Rupp says he'll do anything—even go to jail—to get it on.

## Who Let the Kinks In?

BY LORAIN ALTERMAN

NEW YORK—After four years on the other side of the Atlantic, the Kinks have returned to America. Despite their absence from live performances here, the British group has built up a following who appreciate leader Ray Davies' brilliant satiric lyrics.

"It wasn't that we didn't want to come back," said Ray Davies. "We weren't allowed to come back. There were permit problems. We did want to come back a few months after the last tour."

Ray didn't want to discuss what the problems were. It wasn't because of drugs. In England the Kinks are known as a hard drinking bunch. At one press reception they were seen chasing a journalist down Frith Street after they had gotten into a fight with him at a press reception. The Kinks maintained their reputation of boozing and brawling.

British pop music observers say that

LEE TANNER



"Don't fuck with those people," she yelled

Ray and his brother Dave often fought on stage. Their angry antics during the first U.S. tour got them in hot water with the American Federation of Musicians who then barred them from further appearances here until the Kinks apologized.

Ted Dreher, assistant to the president of the American Federation of Musicians, could not find any reference to the Kinks on file. But he did say that, in general, the Anglo-American musicians' reciprocity agreement allows either union to withhold permits for a group if they behave badly on stage or fail to show for scheduled performances without good reason.

Davies said: "I'd like to tell you about what happened but there are some things I don't want to talk about. It's very difficult and we're very lucky to come back."

If Davies does have a nasty temper, it doesn't show during interviews. No show biz temperament. He sits quietly over his beer, shifting awkwardly, like a boy afraid he'll say the wrong thing on his first date. While performing, he exhibits more ease, more cool.

"I think I'm the same on stage and off stage," Ray said. "I'm probably more at home on stage. I don't know why I should feel that way. You're limited on stage. You say one line and it's got to be right. Off stage there's more freedom, but it's really the same. It's all a stage."

When Ray talks, you wonder if he isn't saving all his wit and incisiveness for his songs. Like "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion," Ray said: "It wasn't a person I was writing about, but a particular group of people, like the trendies. The thing that annoyed me is that they're not the only people like that. Everybody does things because other people do them, whether they think it's right or not. It's as broad a thing as that. Although it is good to use a thing like that about the clothes to hang the idea on."

Like other groups, the Kinks began by playing other people's songs. Then Ray began writing. "The first stuff I did for the group because people were trying to manufacture us into things," he said. "I thought if I was going to do other people's rubbish, I might as well do my own."

As he put it: "If I wanted to say something and got really worked up about it, people would laugh. They take

the piss out of anyone who gets intense. If you can be smart and funny about it, somehow they listen to you and don't really argue. Then you put your point of view over with a certain amount of wit.

"I'm not very witty at all. I feel intensely about a lot of things but it might come out in a funny sounding way. If you can make a funny song and then have one very hard line, you reach people. That's just a construction thing."

Arthur, the Kinks' latest album, is actually the score for a musical play Davies and Julian Mitchell wrote for European television. Said Ray: "All of the songs are connected and part of the story. At the same time we tried to make the album stand up on its own in the same way I want the story to stand up on its own without the music."

Now Ray is working on a screenplay for a film and says that several people in Britain are interested in producing it.

He thinks that rock definitely has a place in films or in the theatre. "You've got to find something that your audience can relate to," he said. "Like when they used Simon and Garfunkel's music for *The Graduate* rather than a complicated score. That's a step in the right direction."

## Jim Morrison Takes A Trip

LOS ANGELES—It was a bad couple of days for Jim Morrison.

On Monday (November 10th) a judge in Miami said he would have to stand trial on four charges stemming from a Doors concert held there last March.

And on Tuesday he was thrown in jail (in Phoenix) on two new charges—"interfering with the flight of an intercontinental aircraft" (a federal rap) and public drunkenness.

In Miami, Morrison went before Dade County Criminal Court Judge Murray Goodman in a brief arraignment hearing and said he was innocent of misconduct charges accusing him of lewd and lascivious behavior, indecent exposure, open profanity, and drunkenness.

The judge set bail at \$5,000 and scheduled the trial for April 27th, 1970. He also allowed Morrison's attorney, Max Fink of Beverly Hills, 30 days in

which to file motions, with additional time if needed.

Morrison left Miami immediately after the hearing, flew to Los Angeles, and the following day was aboard a plane for Phoenix to attend a Rolling Stones concert. With him on the flight was Tom Baker, an actor best known for his role in Andy Warhol's *I, A Man*.

They were allegedly drinking and annoying the stewardesses, so the pilot called ahead to request police meet the plane. Local police, feeling they lacked jurisdiction over aircraft in flight, called in the FBI, whose agents boarded the plane as soon as it was on the ground. But according to Fink, the arrest was not made by the FBI, who took Morrison to jail; it was a citizen's arrest made by the pilot.

It was some time before Morrison and Baker were formally charged and they consequently spent a night and a day in jail, thereby missing the Stones concert. Finally, local police hit them with a drunk charge and the FBI came up with the "interfering" rap. Each posted \$2,500 bail on the federal charge and the \$66 bail on the other was waived.

Morrison was scheduled to return to Phoenix November 24th for arraignment.

## Ginger Baker, Gunslinger

LONDON—It looks like Ginger Baker may join Mick Jagger in the cinematic saddle. The Blind Faith drummer has been offered a starring role in a Brigitte Bardot western called *Zachariah*, and after reading the script he says it's very likely he'll take the part.

The part calls for Baker to play a professional gunslinger. Shooting on *Zachariah* is currently scheduled for February of next year. It will be shot in Hollywood.

According to the Stigwood office, the film offer first came up earlier this year when *Zachariah* was to have been a product of Apple Films. Now it is in the hands of producer Lawrence Kubik.

Despite the warmth of Baker and his management for the film scheme, it's understood that the deal mostly hinges on Blind Faith's commitments for next January and February. They'll appear no more this year, but offers are in for German, British, Scandinavian and U.S. tours early next year. And right now Blind Faith seems to have the edge for Baker's services. Someone close to B. F. says: "If Blind Faith says, 'oh shit, let's go on tour,' the Bardot epic is down the tubes."

But then it is in Blind Faith's interest to effect an enduring image. Right now the four principals are too busy with individual gigs to act like Blind Faith. Those who claim Blind Faith is an artificial non-group pasted together strictly for cash are watching closely.

## Low Expectations For 'Strawberry'

BY MICHAEL GOODWIN

SAN FRANCISCO—MGM is making a movie of James Kunen's *The Strawberry Statement*, a moving drama of individuals caught up in the tumultuous thrills and chills of the student revolt at Columbia University. Lacking footage of the actual event (Newsreel, the Movement film group, have flatly refused to have anything to do with the production) the picture is being shot in San Francisco and Stockton, California.

The film will star Bruce Davison and Kim Darby, is budgeted at something around three million dollars, and presently employs a union production crew of forty. MGM has retained the right to do the final editing.

The crew is made up of a few young people and a lot of Hollywood Old Men. They chew cigars, and complain, and send looks of hatred at director Stuart Hagmann, who is 28. Stuart seems to have his head in a good place; at least he was insulted when the subject of the film *Che* came up. Unfortunately, without the final cut, having his head in a good place may not help much.

Asked how he felt about working on *Strawberry*, the star, Davison, said he was frightened that it might end up being a burn. But he also said that if Stuart and the cast can keep it together, the film could be a meaningful, if small, comment about the conditions we are living under.



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## I'd Rather Be Burned in Canada...

BY RITCHIE YORKE

TORONTO — Canada is certain to liberalize its marijuana laws. And there is more than a slight possibility that sometime in 1970 grass will become legally available, through government-operated stores.

The Canadian government has apparently decided that it is time for someone to lead the way on the whole dope issue. Much of the credit must go to Canada's 50-year-old prime minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who has obviously paved the way for such a move.

The announcement came at a time when the United States was proceeding with legislation to toughen up existing anti-grass laws, and also conducting a witch hunt to prevent the stuff from being brought into the U. S. from Mexico.

A statement by Health and Welfare Minister John Munro came as no surprise to heads here. Munro has on several occasions mentioned that he felt marijuana was not a lethal weapon (as virtually every government in the world had claimed).

Munro said this week that increasingly widespread use of grass clearly showed that harsh penalties were not working as a deterrent. "If the penalties were a deterrent, there wouldn't be increasing use."

The same week, Ontario's supervising coroner, Dr. H. B. Cotnam, revealed that he had told the Committee he thought marijuana should be made legal in Canada, and its sale should be permitted in government-controlled stores. Cotnam was supported by a healthy number of politicians and Family Court Judge William Little.

Asked to comment on the suggestion, Health Minister Munro, said that because he had established the Committee on drug use, it would be wrong for him to act before hearing its views.

Munro stressed that while the laws of marijuana are likely to be eased, he has a very different view of hallucinogenic drugs such as LSD.

"I don't think there is any doubt in anyone's mind that LSD is a very dangerous thing," he said.

In the structure of present Canadian dope laws, smoking grass is not a criminal offense, but under federal law possession of it is. So far this year, 832 people have been arrested in Toronto on charges involving grass and hash. But generally, the laws have not been strictly enforced.

## Two Moratorium Days: So What?

There have been two Moratoriums (moratoria) for peace now—the most recent, November 14th and 15th, attracted nearly half a million marchers in Washington and San Francisco—and so what? Greil Marcus offers this analysis:

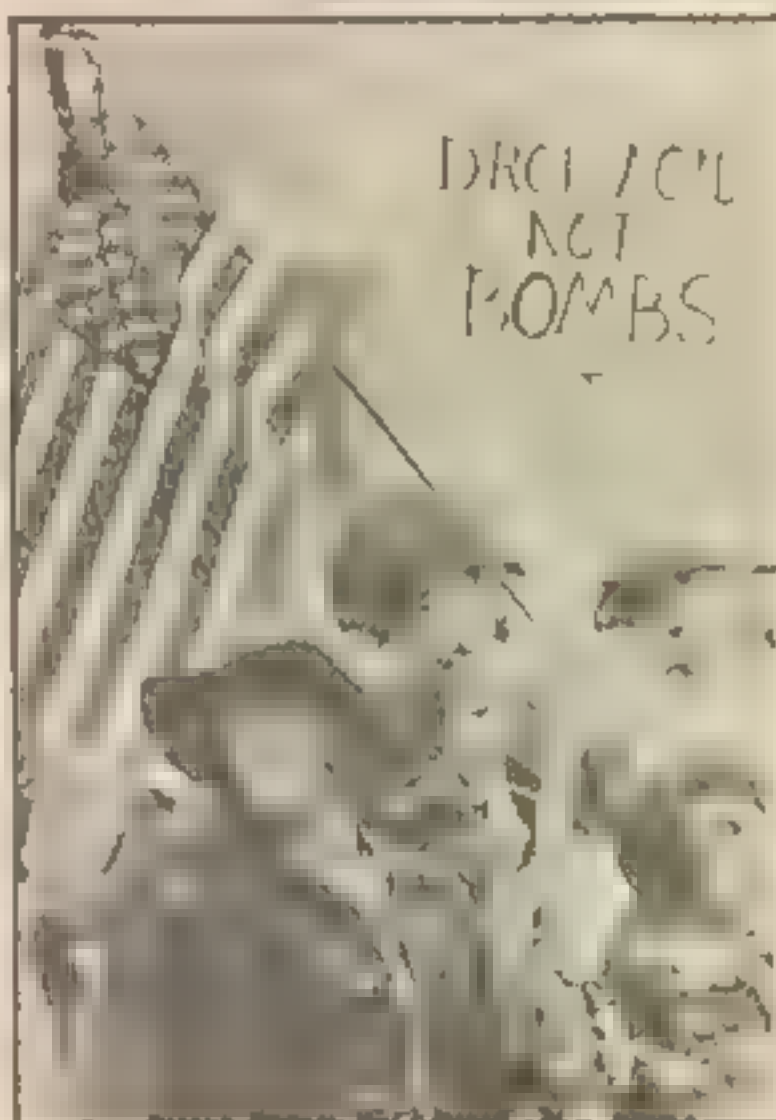
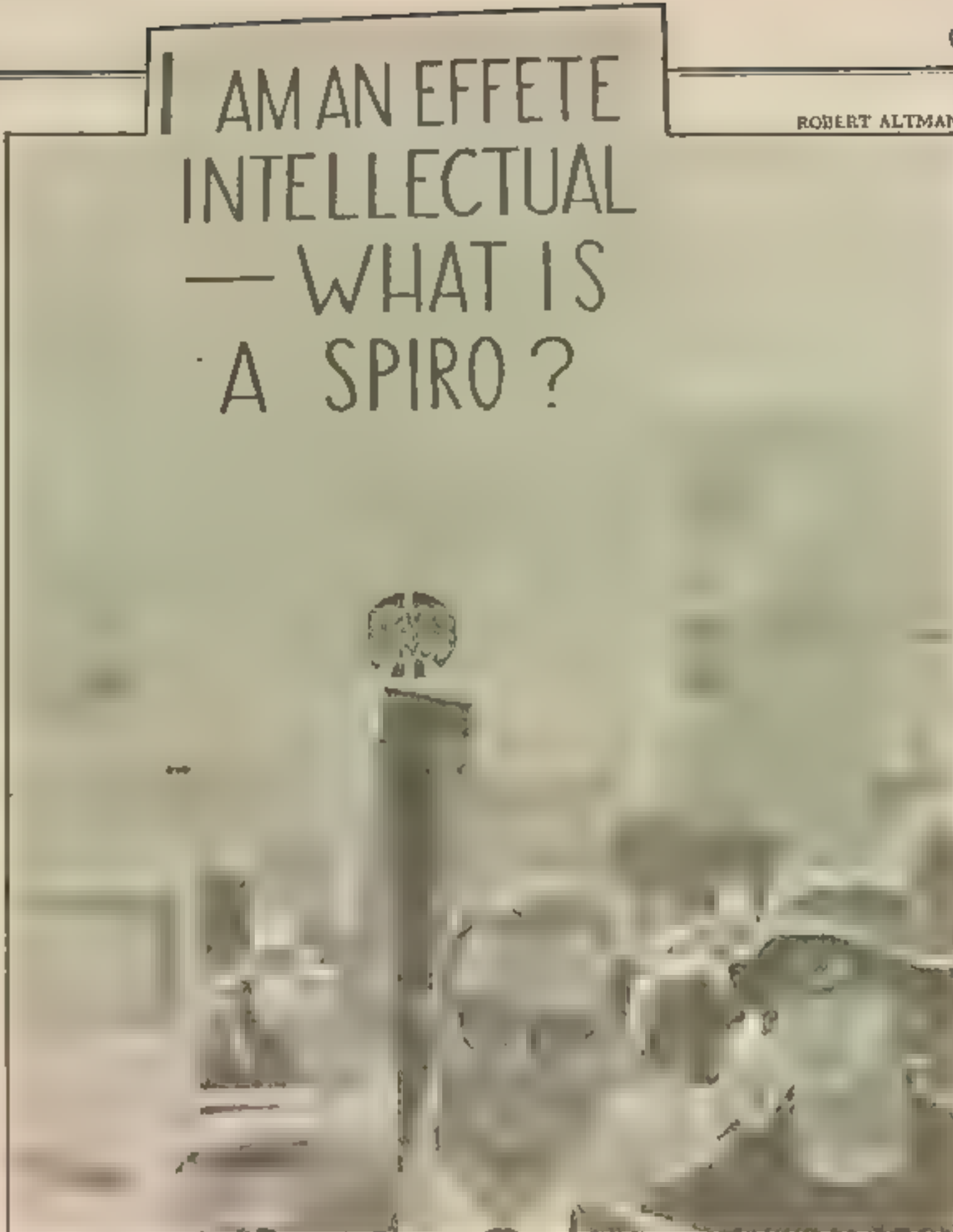
['MISTAKES' IN OCTOBER]

The Moratorium of October 15th was a success—it has been so pronounced by everyone from those who organized it to Hubert H. Humphrey; but in a way that has been mostly ignored, the first Moratorium was a dismal failure. Its failure was one of rhetoric, and of the feelings and perceptions that underline the rhetoric of the day. We have missed the point.

The point is that the Vietnam War has been and remains a profoundly vicious act of crime. We have destroyed the better part of a nation, its culture, its history, and large numbers of its people—intentionally and systematically. When this was first perceived, back in 1965 and 1966, men and women said exactly that—that we were engaged in a terrifying policy of genocide and fire-war, that the true crime was not the loss of the lives of our own but of others whose bodies we did not bother to count.

And the slow surge of protest against the war was designed to make the deaths of those faceless souls meaningful to us, so that we might fully comprehend the vastness and the personality of our acts. Now the language has surrendered to the happy anticipation of an end to the war—"it is not worth the life of one American soldier."

True, as that is, it is not truth—the



*The Moratorium: Thousands marched for peace in Vietnam on November 15th. In Washington, 300,000 listened to Mrs. Coretta King, Senator George McGovern—and, briefly, Tim Leary. In San Francisco, the single moment that galvanized the 150,000 throng was Steve Stills' thundering performance of "For What It's Worth," in light rain, as the mists swirled at day's end.*

truth is that the war, from our side, our support of the governments of the south, can never be worth the life of a single one of the men, women and children we have destroyed. That the war may end will not erase the fact that we have destroyed those people and cursed the lives of those who have survived.

The Vietnam War is not an accident, not a mistake—it was and is policy, and it was and is supported; and if support is waning, it is only because people are tired of it—and because the war has become, of all things, a scapegoat for complex, terrible problems that its end will not solve. The War in Vietnam is still America in Vietnam, and it will continue to be—we will remain there, in debilitating spirit, long after the War ends.

[PROUD EYES IN NOVEMBER]

The November Moratorium was a "success" too. Huge crowds organized into massive, peaceful rallies, one on each coast—in San Francisco they called it "Woodstock West." There was a problem, though—someone let one of those black men on the stage.

David Hillard—who remains to speak for the Black Panther Party now that Bobby Seale has been sent to prison by Judge Julius Hoffman, now that Bobby Hutton is dead, Huey Newton in prison, and Eldridge Cleaver in exile—was

shouted off the platform at the Polo Grounds Rally in San Francisco. Carelessly and perhaps clumsily ignoring the nature of the crowd before him—white, hopeful, fun-loving and self-satisfied—"he laid on a rap of heavy politics," as Scoop Nisner of Radio KSAN-FM news put it. It was tough, obscene, uncomfortable and angry. The crowd didn't like it—it made them uptight. And obviously, an anti-war rally is the place to stay cool. "Crazy Spade."

Part of what Hillard said, in a more vicious and persecuted way, was this: You may want peace, but if you do you have to recognize the injustices that are built into this society and that are the basis of the war, the injustices that will continue after the war is over. Peace means nothing without justice—and you have to fight for justice. And Hillard was shouted off the stage with outraged cries of "Peace! Peace!" which meant shut up and fuck you. It was somehow groovier to cry "Peace." More hypocritical, but groovier. "And," said Scoop Nisner, "the crowd went back to love and limelight, and the Black Panther Party was forgotten."

In a strange way the Great Vocal Minority joins the Great Silent Majority. One calls for Order and the other calls for Peace—calls out "Peace!" when someone disturbs its own order. Justice—a structure keeping open the spaces of freedom—is flimsy. It gets in the way of Order, and this November an angry speech from a man whose friends have no space left got in the way of Peace. But it's cool. If we don't mind the theft of another's freedom we probably won't even notice when our own is missing.

## Bill Graham's Amateur Show

SAN FRANCISCO—First Bill Graham got mad at Rahsaan Roland Kirk because one of his band members was tardy. Then Kirk got mad at Graham because—Kirk says—one of Graham's men prevented Kirk's piano player from making the gig on time.

The result: Graham summarily fired Kirk and his band, and Kirk is plenty bitter about it.

Blind multi-horn jazz player Kirk (whose new first name, Rahsaan, recently just "came" to him) was scheduled to make his third Fillmore appearance for Graham (this one at Winterland, with Led Zeppelin) on the November 6-8 weekend.

Opening night Kirk's pianist had not yet arrived backstage by 10 P.M., when they were supposed to start, and Graham hit the roof. "What do you think I'm running here," he reportedly yelled, "a fucking amateur show? Get your band

up on the bandstand. You don't have a band!"

Meanwhile, pianist Ron Burton had gotten into a hassle at the front door. Graham's house guards finally let him in 20 minutes after Kirk's set began. After the set, Burton and Kirk went to the guards to seek an explanation. Unhappy that the (black) guard was making a joke of it, Kirk (who is also black) told him he could do without the Uncle Tomming.

Says Kirk: "By the time this got back to Bill Graham, he said that I had called his guard a 'white man's nigger.' And he went and got the black man to prove it. In other words he used the black man to fire us. He wasn't man enough to do it himself. He had to get another man and do that same old 'baby' stuff. He asked the guard, 'Did he say this?' And he answered, 'Yeh, he said it.' So Graham said, 'If he said that you said this, well, this guard has been with me for four years, so you're gone. Bye.'"

Graham paid them for three nights work, but Rahsaan Roland Kirk—one of the most acclaimed of contemporary jazzmen, and one who always speaks his mind—felt he and his group had been demeaned, nonetheless.

"People feel," he said, "that when they put us on a bill with rock groups they're doing us a favor—they're getting a lot of people there who never heard you. Well, that's true, but it ain't no one-sided street. I don't stand up there with no tin cup playing for people. I'm giving them something. I'm giving them part of me."

Asked for his side of the story, Graham made no comment, on the grounds that he digs Kirk as a musician and as a person, and didn't want to say anything that might cost the jazzman future employment.

## Immediate Sues CBS for \$7,200,000

NEW YORK—Super-suave Andrew Loog Oldham, a leading British impresario since his late teens, one-time manager of the Rolling Stones, presently President of Immediate Records, Inc. and Immediate Records, Ltd., is suing CBS Records for \$7.2 million, charging breach of contract.

What happened first, says Paul Banes, General Manager of Immediate, is that CBS Records President Clive Davis told the 25-year-old Oldham that he was a pig-headed and irresponsible young man. Further, said Banes, Davis told Oldham that he never wanted to see him again.

Oldham had long stood out at Columbia with his imperial ways. In one of his last appearances, said a Columbia source, he and a henchman burst into a meeting over which Mr. Davis was presiding, to announce that the Amen Corner's "Half Way to Paradise" was No. 1 in England and "you motherfuckers have three weeks to do the same here."

A week Davis spoke to Oldham, however, Columbia renewed its option to distribute Immediate's product. "There was nothing we could do about it," said Banes.

Columbia had one set of tapes in the house, those for the new Nice album. The album was released October 15th, by Epic Records, the Columbia subsidiary which handles all the parent company's custom labels which include Date, Fillmore, Okeh, Ode, Barnaby. Simultaneously, Immediate Records released exactly the same album through its own quickly-found distribution network. Only the cover was different from the album released and distributed by Epic.

"We had already announced in the trade papers two weeks before," said Banes, "that we would be releasing the album on October 15th. So Columbia releases the album at the same time and we end up selling against ourselves."

In its suit Immediate is charging that CBS failed to manufacture and release numerous recorded performances, deliberately failed to "use its best efforts" and failed to make timely payments. Immediate is also charging that CBS is preventing them from getting other distribution. The \$7.2 million is \$2.4 million in damages trebled.

"All we want to do is sell records," says Banes. "And they say our material (including Small Faces, Humble Pie, Nice, Amen Corner) 'isn't suitable' for their market here. Like they said 'Lazy Afternoon,' which was Number Two in England, wasn't commercial."



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# Joni Mitchell Hangs It Up

LOS ANGELES—Joni Mitchell has announced her public retirement, claiming her performance schedule has made it impossible to continue a songwriting career and develop her interest in painting.

She conveyed this feeling through her manager, Elliott Roberts, as she left her Los Angeles home for a month-long vacation in Canada. Roberts said his client would spend most of that time with her family in Saskatchewan, performing only once during the month, at what he called "a nuns' convention near Toronto."

"She hasn't been able to write since trying to become a super star," Roberts said. "Next fall, after she gets some more material together, she may want to do some isolated concerts again, but I doubt it. Performing just isn't what she wants these days."

The "retirement" involved cancellation of two important February dates, in New York's Carnegie Hall and Constitution Hall in Washington, while Roberts said an additional 15 concerts had been refused in the past weeks.

Not counting the performance for the nuns—one of whom was reported to be a close friend of hers—Miss Mitchell will appear in the U.S. only five more times. These concerts will be at Boston Symphony Hall, December 5th; the University of Hartford, December 7th; Springfield College, December 10th; the College of Holy Cross in Worcester, December 12th; and Kleinman's Auditorium in Buffalo, N.Y., December 13th.

Her last scheduled appearance will be in Royal Festival Hall in London, February 7th.

# Masked Marauders Expose Themselves

SAN FRANCISCO—The Masked Marauders (Lennon, McCartney, Harrison, Jagger, Dylan, et al.) have released their album. Also, Paul McCartney is dead, and masturbation causes warts on the hand.

The Masked Marauders LP is out, and it is pretty much the album described in ROLLING STONE's joke/review in the October 18th issue—Dylan singing "Duke of Earl" and "Season of the Witch," Jagger singing "I Can't Get No Nookie," and Lennon declaring "I'm the Japanese Sandman"—with one major difference: the songs were performed not by Dylan and company but by a Bay Area rock band in a four-track garage/studio.

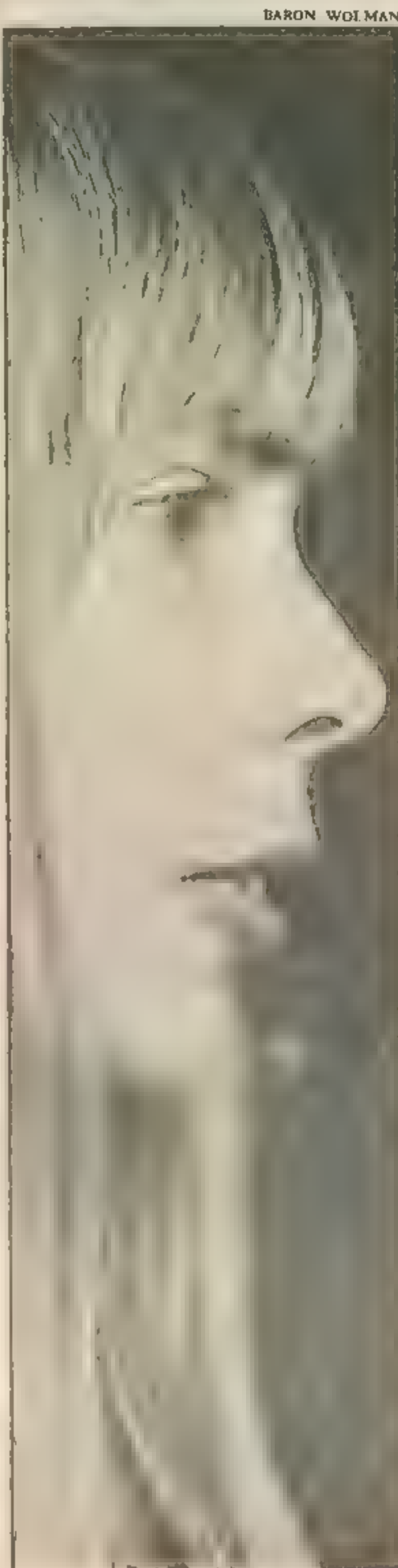
The LP and a single, "Cow Pie" b/w "Nookie" are the logical, inevitable culmination of the Masked Marauders review, an innocent joke that resulted, seemingly, in everything but laughs.

The review was written by Greil Marcus, who bylined it "T. M. Christian" (as in *The Magic*...) and sprinkled it with numerous giveaway lines—"An eighteen-minute version of 'Season of the Witch' (lead vocal by Dylan, on which he does a superb imitation of early Donovan). The cut is highlighted by an amazing jam between bass and piano, both played by Paul McCartney" . . . "an indescribable twelve-minute John Lennon extravaganza, James Brown's 'Prisoner of Love,' complete with a full ten-minute false ending" . . . "Dylan shines on Side Three, displaying his new deep bass voice with 'Duke of Earl' . . ." and on and on. It was, literally, unbelievable.

But almost from the day of publication of the review, response has been serious, urgent, even blind in the face of subsequent clarifications and explanations of the gag.

Record stores and radio stations bore the brunt of the first wave of belief; they turned to ROLLING STONE, whose editors complicated the matter by standing by the review. Albert Grossman and Allen Klein, managers of all the Marauders except Al Kooper (listed as the producer), expressed puzzlement, while Kooper, talking to a reporter, made it seem like something was up by answering "No comment" to all questions.

The second wave came from record companies anxious to help "Deity Records" distribute the seemingly hard-to-find LP. By now, New York Magazine had picked up the item and run it straight. On the west coast, Ralph Gleason exposed the review as a put-on in the San Francisco Chronicle, but no one



Joni: no more performances

would believe him, especially when a tape of "Cow Pie," "Nookie" and "Duke of Earl" was aired on KMPX-FM in San Francisco one day in mid-October. It was the joke-turned-hoax, as ROLLING STONE writer Langdon Winner and a number of cohorts assumed the Marauders identity to ride the crest of the second wave.

The tape, done by members of a Berkeley band, the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band (a Vanguard group with one LP out, *The Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band's Greatest Hits*), with Winner on piano, included a serviceable imitation of Jagger yelling for some "nookie!", a Nashville-fringed instrumental with a Dylanish voice asking, at the end, "It is rolling, Al?" and a spindly reading of the Gene Chandler oldie, "Dylan's" voice, strangely enough, is an oldie itself with a definite Blonde on Blonde streak to it. "A new, deep bass voice," indeed.

No matter. The music freaks freaked and lit up KMPX's switchboard asking where to buy the album. The Masked Marauders, conceived in cynicism, was given birth by popular demand.

Winner, the Skiffle Band, and assorted friends then went into a four-track garage studio in Berkeley to do an LP. They consulted rock and roll attorney Brian Rohan to check out legal hurdles, then accepted a distribution offer from Warner Brothers (six companies were in on bidding), and launched a trade-paper publicity campaign that has been kept alive by a gullibility among the industry at least equal to that of the

consumers.

Confusion could be understood. A head record shop in San Francisco advertised the non-existent Masked Marauders LP as their "album of the week" in the local Good Times newspaper; the tape had spread to Metromedia's KSAN-FM here as well as to several stations in Los Angeles and one in New York. And Circus, a teen pop magazine, fell for the gag and ran a straight, unknowing Marauders item.

"Cow Pie" and "Nookie," done that one evening in Berkeley, were released as a single on October 22nd (on, as named by reviewer Marcus, the Deity label), and despite the songs' titles (which have kept the record off AM stations), it was a "pick hit" with four stars and the whole trip—in both Record World and Cash Box (this despite at least one line of X-rating proportions: "She was lying on the bed . . . I said come on, baby . . . give me a little head . . .").

Record World, along with Billboard, printed verbatim press releases worked up by jokers at Reprise Records, dated "Hudson Bay, Canada" and including quotes from an equally non-existent Deity President, "Solomon Penthaus." Cash Box, on the other hand, ran a story detailing and explaining the joke.

But as late as last week, Variety wasn't sure what was going on. The show-biz bible ran a short story on the Deity-Warner Brothers deal, and included the single among their "Best Bets" list, with the following description: "The Masked Marauders' 'Cow Pie' is an instrumental with country flavoring and a contented sound. 'I Can't Get No Nookie' ups to a hardrock tempo for a Rolling Stones parody allegedly sung by Nick Jagger."

The single is still drawing re-orders from distributors, according to Warner, but the weight of the Marauders has now shifted to the LP, a one-record set that includes "Cow Pie," "Nookie," "Duke of Earl," and at least five other things: "Season of the Witch," with intro singing by Dylan and Jagger; a "rip-snorting version," according to Warner, of "Japanese Sandman," "Book of Love," "More or Less Hudson's Bay Colony Apparently," and a wrenching exercise in honesty called "Saturday Night at the Cow Palace."

The next Masked Marauders single will probably, apparently, be "More or Less," a tune that features evocative lyrics alluding to "not worrying about tomorrow or today, with our feet in the fireplace . . . in scenic Hudson's Bay." The sound, according to one person allowed at one of the six LP sessions, is "a blend of Byrds, the Band, Dylan, and a bunch of others. It's everything you've heard the last year in rock and roll, and they'll probably get sued by everyone."

The album is due out this week. And if people failed to laugh at the Marcus review, wait 'til they get a hold of the record itself.

# The 'Zombies' Are A Stiff

NEW YORK—The Zombies are no more. There is a group calling itself the Zombies, but these Zombies are not the Zombies who made hits of "She's Not There," "Tell Her No," "Time of the Season." Those Zombies are British and split apart two years ago.

The group now calling itself the Zombies have British accents. Sort of. Sometimes. And sometimes they forget. Then they drawl. And refer to "you all."

Chris White, bass player for the British Zombies during their four-year span, is good and pissed off. The pseudo-Zombies, he says, "are taking money from our fans and are dragging down our reputation."

They are also attempting to take money from Columbia Records, the parent company of the Date label on which the Zombies recorded. "They had the cheek to phone up Columbia in Dallas and ask for \$1,000 publicity money," reports White.

In Denver, says Columbia flack Marshall Blonstein, the new group advertising themselves as the Zombies asked for \$1,000 again, this time to advertise themselves. Both times they were turned down. But they were not deterred from going on with the same name. On October 21st, the "Zombies" opened at the Whiskey Au Go Go in Los Angeles. "People were calling me from all over," said White in New York, "telling me

how bad these Zombies were, asking me to please say they're not the real Zombies. It's really been a nasty thing."

The real Zombies started out in 1963 and fell apart at Christmas of 1967 when they decided they weren't going anywhere. They made an album, *Odyssey and Oracle*, which was put out in England. It got nice reviews but didn't sell, and Columbia didn't release it in the U.S. because they didn't feel it was sufficiently commercial. "Time of the Season" was pulled off the album and sold 1,400,000 as a single, however. By then, the real Zombies had split in all directions, and were unable to capitalize on their belated success.

Despite requests to cease and desist, the American Zombies have been continuing their perpetration, running through the British group's repertoire and reputation. Cornered, their manager, Bill Kehoe of Delta Promotions in Bay City, Michigan, told ROLLING STONE that the Zombies had started in 1967, see, after the lead singer of the original Zombies was killed, and two other guys left, see. "See," he lied, "the original Zombies were from the Florida area and the Texas area, and they disbanded they had personnel problems, they just kind of dissipated, and this summer another group took their place. They really liked the original Zombies, see, they really admired them."

"Uh, no, they're not a new group they used to be the Excels . . . oh, for about five or six years."

# Kinetic Playground Burns: Arsonists

CHICAGO—Arsonists using gasoline and railroad flares set off a fire which destroyed much of Aaron Russo's Kinetic Playground (the dance hall in *Medium Cool*) on North Clark Street here.

The November 8th blaze completely burned out the projection booth, destroyed the light show, blew out the public address system, and ruined much of the equipment stored there by various rock groups. (Iron Butterfly had been the headline act Friday night, the Who were to perform Saturday.)

Russo estimates the total damage at between \$100,000 and \$150,000, and says the Playground will be closed for a month to six weeks.

Further, Russo says he hasn't seen or heard from the police. Lt. William Smith of the Bomb and Arson Squad says his men are investigating, but haven't been able to get hold of Russo. "How the hell are we going to get hold of him? They say he's in New York." He wasn't, and ROLLING STONE had little trouble reaching him, in Chicago.

Russo has various theories about why anyone would want to burn the Playground. "The neighborhood didn't want us, right from the beginning. There was a bomb threat earlier in the week before the fire, and some guy was circulating a petition to get us out." The Playground, a former ice rink, is located smack in the middle of Chicago's famed Appalachian ghetto, and the Southerners weren't too happy about having Chicago's heads rallying on their very doorsteps.

And apparently some of the heads themselves were becoming more and more dissatisfied with the Playground. There have been complaints that Russo is more interested in making money than in presenting good rock music. The weekend before the fire, he allegedly packed so many in to see the Who at \$5 a head that the fire department had to close the place at midnight.

There have also been rumors of employee difficulties, with reports of long hours and low and supradic pay.

None of this, however, quite justifies arson. Nor the fact that there was no newscoverage, except for brief announcements on WLS, a Chicago Top 40 station, and a short back-page mention in the Sun-Times.

Lt. Smith of the Chicago police is convinced SDS and the Weathermen (the militant faction of SDS) are the culprits. Whoever did it, Aaron Russo isn't giving up. He's booking the acts originally scheduled for the Playground into other Chicago locations, and he's going to reopen the Playground as soon as he can. "I can't quit now," he says, "but I keep thinking—what if there are kids in the club next time? What if innocent people are hurt?"



Today a lot of frustrated young white boys are trying to sing black men's blues. Every month their albums come pouring into the local record stores...packaged in 'Dem' witty fold-out photos of 'Hip' down-home shacks, 'Groovy' ghetto tenements and all the other plasteo-agonized symbology of the 'funk' they think they're into.

It's pure shuck and everybody knows it.

The blues is not black, it's human...truth human. You can't cover your skin with chocolate syrup and call it bar-b-que...no matter how good the syrup is. You don't need to.

Joe Cocker is a perfect example. He doesn't cover up anything. On his new album from A&M Records, you'll simply hear a 24-year old Englishman singing his guts out...nothing else.

Nothing else because there's nothing left...and that's exactly why Joe Cocker is probably the greatest white male blues singer alive today.

Joe Cocker...from A&M Records.







**SAN FRANCISCO**—His bass stood alone on the altar as six old-style jazzmen played over the casket containing the body of Pops Foster. It was the music Foster had played in the early days of jazz, with King Oliver and Louis Armstrong—a song called "Gettysburg" that dates from Civil War days, another called "1919 Rag," and one that Foster, who died at 77, had specifically requested for his funeral: "Just A Closer Walk With Thee." "For Pops," intoned the parish priest at Sacred Heart Church, "today is a new day of freedom from pain and suffering . . . a homecoming . . . a victory . . ." Foster had died in hospital following six intestinal operations during the

past year. His last public performance was at the Berkeley Jazz Festival this Spring, where he displayed all his familiar verve and drive. Standing outside the church afterward, trumpet player Amos White, a contemporary of Foster's at 80 (and, like Foster, a black man), paid tribute to Pops' pioneering style. "He certainly was ahead of his time." Asked—by a white newsman—why so few people play the old New Orleans jazz these days, White, who still performs professionally, replied gently and without apparent bitterness: "Why, because you boys stole it from us."

## Drug Rap: 3 for The Price of 1

BEN FONG-TORRES

**SAN FRANCISCO**—They drove this narcotics agent right out of their classroom. He had come to clue them in on drugs—something all high school kids should know about, of course—and he thought he'd really show them something. So he passed this real live joint of weed around the class on a plate. And when the plate had finished the rounds and got back to him, see, it had *three* joints in it. The narc mumbled, stumbled, and made a hasty retreat.

Dr. Richard Blum, from Stanford, looked out at the 400 high school editors seated under the orange icicle chandeliers in the Hilton Hotel's Continental Ballroom, where the Tom Campbell Drug Rap had just begun. He had recounted the story, and gotten a laugh, but he couldn't say what it meant.

But the kids, who'd come to the Hilton from all over Northern California, now loaded down with Instamatics and free Cokes and spiffy Tom Campbell Drug Rap press kits and, of course, faculty chaperones, knew what it meant. It meant that such events as the Tom Campbell Drug Rap were unnecessary. They know what drugs are about because most of them take them; they know the arguments against dope and drug abuse because that's all they get from the authorities at school.

The Drug Rap was, let's say, a commendable effort on the part of KYA, the "music power" station, and Tom Campbell, an artificially-sweetened KYA DJ, and Coca-Cola, who bankrolled part of the expenses (along with cash prizes for articles about the Drug Rap).

They made sure the Rap wasn't slanted either pro- or anti-drugs. Timothy Leary, tanned and tunic-shirted, smiled for all the thinnish school paper photographers and told the kids how to avoid violence. "Use g-r-a-s-s." UC Berkeley physiology professor Hardin Jones accused Leary of indirectly causing "more deaths and maimings, through drugs, than the Vietnam war." Al Rinker of the Haight-Ashbury Switchboard called for "creative use" of drugs, while Rick Chapman, Harvard graduate and noted sporting partner for Tim Leary, quoted Peter Townsend quoting the Meher Baba saying "Strengthening the illusion of life by drugs is one of the worst things you can do." And Drs. Blum and Joel Fort eschewed definite stands, calling merely for a bit of reason to counterbalance the overreaction to the nation's so-called "drug problem."

But it's all been heard before, so the Drug Rap was more entertainment than enlightenment, with much of the entertainment being Tom Campbell's and the six panelists' attempts at enlightenment.

Since the event was being broadcast live on KYA, the participants were asked to keep opening statements to five minutes each (the entire Rap lasted an hour and 20 minutes). All of them went over the limit, sending the clock-conscious DJ into nervous dances at the sidelines. Campbell would wave his arms, tap a speaker's elbow, or clump up to the rostrum next to the speaker and fidget, effectively running the statements clear off course and diverting audience attention.

As moderator, Campbell gave the audience a full dose of his locally-infamous brand of desperate, sugar-sugar sincerity. The kids, for the most part, snickered at him, as they did when shots of the Coca-Cola logo and a KYA embossed transistor radio flashed at them in the KYA-produced slide presentation opening up the Drug Rap. Coke wasn't a sponsor of the show, but its presence was everywhere—at two bars flanking the ballroom doors, on a banner draped in front of the panelists' table, and throughout the press packs, which included bios of the speakers and Tom Campbell, a Tom Campbell Drug Rap notebook, a KYA Pentel pen, and a questionnaire for the editors' response to the Rap.

A lot of good points were made—loud applause greeted Dr. Fort when he told a black kid, "Schools are irrelevant, a bore, and enslaving." He had earlier decried schools for overreacting to certain drugs while leaving out Establishment drugs like alcohol and nicotine. But most questions and answers were as rushed, clipped, and ignored as the opening statements, so Leary couldn't even respond immediately to Dr. Jones' charge of his causing more American deaths than the whole Vietnam war (Leary squeezed in a meek reply later, but that, too, was rushed).

The point is obvious. An effective Drug Rap would offer diverse opinions—as this one did—and aim at a mass audience—as this one did. But it would also have breathing time—at least several hours to do justice to all the various viewpoints and necessary quotations of medical/scientific/legal data. And it could not afford to be tainted by either a ratings and show biz-dominated radio station or a plug-happy corporation that deals in a drug-tainted drink.

If KYA was listening, the point was obvious. The high school editors snickered while they kept taking notes. The radio audience probably snickered, too—and tuned another station.



BY AMBROSE HOLLINGWORTH

High and clear in the Southern Heavens, on the edge of the Celestial Sea, swing the stars of Sagittarius, gate-keepers of the central glory of the Milky Way. Called the Illuminator of the Great City, Light of the White Face.

According to an old book, after the great flood subsided and everybody was talking it over, God made a covenant with mankind in which He promised it would never happen by water again and also that the sons of Noah would one day regain their lost place as the Kings of the Earth. As eternal reminder of this double promise God placed the rainbow in the sky as the arc of the covenant. The rainbow, promise of a clear clean sky and fresh air after the storm is a traditional symbol of Sagittarius, the fiery optimistic Sign following watery purging Scorpio.

All cycles come from the Ninth House of Heaven. Cause and Effect is the basic cycle and the principle of karma. The gambling halls of the world are supported by the Sagittarian fascination for the turning of the wheel. "All things to their creator return." Life is movement and all movement is in cycles. A cycle is made up of departure, turning point and return.

Aries and the Mutable Signs (Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces) often suffer from a severe speech amphetamine. These are the Signs of articulation, of putting it into words. The larynx or voice box was once part of the creative

organ along with the brain and the genital. The potency of speech is regulated by the economy of its use. Restraint builds power. Speech handicaps and impediments are typical of the karma of overtalk while refusal to talk at all is like refusing to create, which was the sin of the fallen angels.

Mercury in Sagittarius is the Sign of the scatterbrain. Intellectual and intelligent as this position may be, the thought process here is like the flight of an arrow; once on its way it cannot be disturbed or it will not reach its conclusion. Often people with Mercury in Sagittarius are prophetic in their speech and their writing.

Practical idealism is one of the virtues of the sons of the warrior of the rainbow. This often expresses itself through rhymes and rhythms.

Running through the trees is an action symbolic of the Ninth Sign. Freedom of movement is esoterically associated with the legs in general and the thighs in particular. The outdoor olympics were a Sagittarian celebration of these Truths. Athletics, held in scorn by the hip ethic, is vital to physical consciousness.

Jupiter, Lord of abundance and laughter, largest of known planets, is this esoteric ruler of Sagittarius, the Sign of the big picture. The view from the Ninth House of Heaven is a sweeping view, hopeful and long ranging, unobstructed and clear, not restricted to "now," not caught in local details.

Planets in Sagittarius or the IX House of an individual birth chart are noticed to be much more refined than in any other place on the chart. The VII House and the Sign Libra are next in this respect. The very subject of refinement itself is extremely difficult to discuss or understand except from a refined point of view. Refinement of food usually turns out to mean the removal of that which makes it digestible. The esoteric meaning of refinement is the removal of the precious stone from its matrix, taking the diamond out of the rough. And one can have a refined body but an unrefined mind or refined thoughts and actions but unrefined emotions or any other combination. The refined includes the classical which means that which is always appropriate and graceful.

In the great Ninth Mansion of Heaven is the Hall of the White Knights, mighty heroes of the Light, mortal men whose life and being are dedicated to the extermination of organized evil on and about the planet Earth. These are St. Michael's storm troopers, the specially trained elite of the First Ray. For they so love their fellow-man that they willingly do whatever it takes to protect him from those who would enslave or destroy him. Only they who have passed the initiation of upper Sagittarius and are no longer influenced by the passions and pulls of the animal senses have the sword and shield necessary to meet the Nazgul.

The upper Initiation of Sagittarius is represented by the Centaur of Thessaly, the galloping body of a horse, from the shoulders of which rise the upper torso arms and head of a man shooting an arrow from a bow. Man rises up out of the animal (which is already running hard, i.e. doing its best) and yet there's even more. There is the arrow.

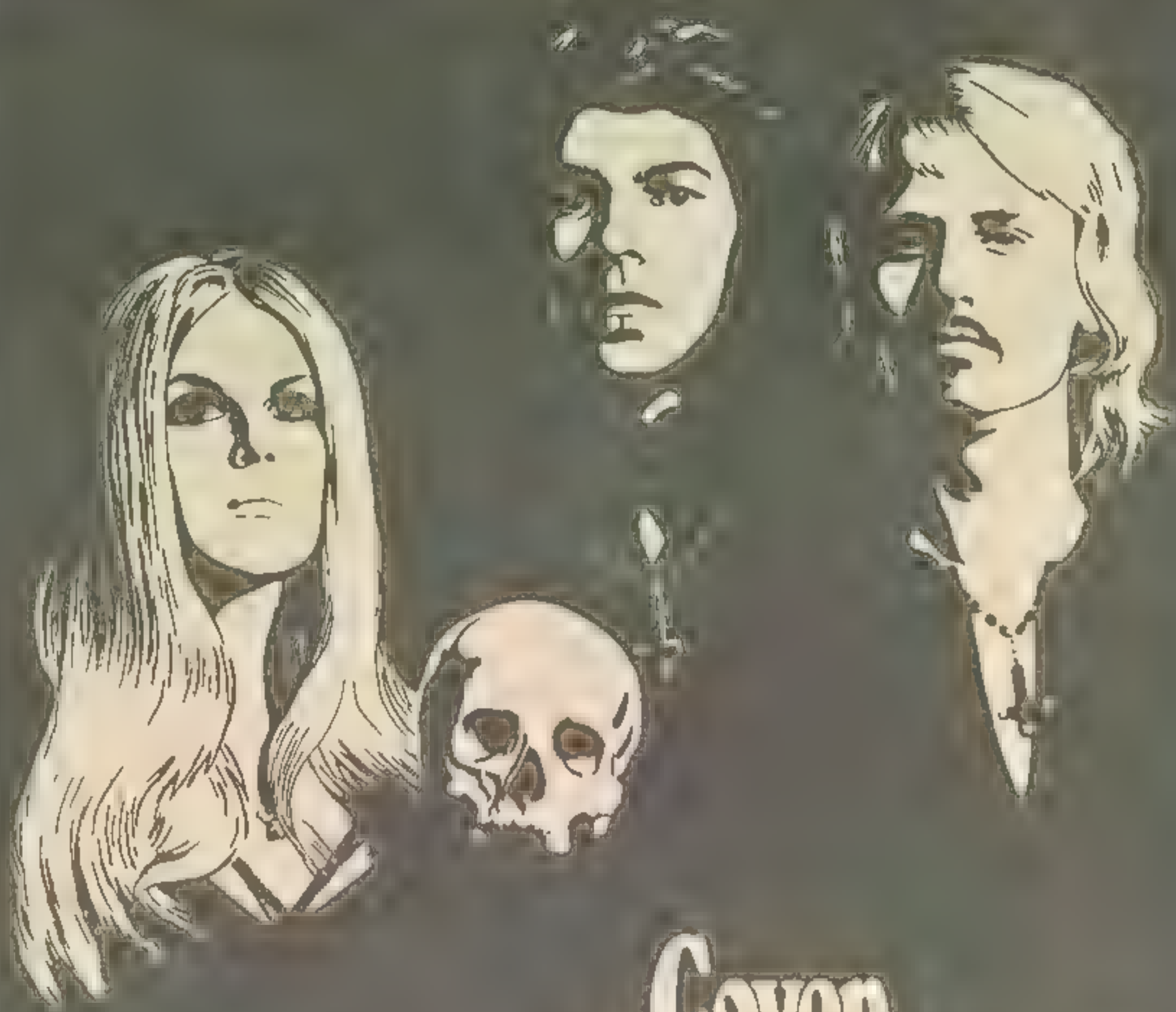
The freedom of Sagittarius is in the release of the consciousness which follows transmutation of man from animal-man through a quickening of the natural process of evolution. Actual structural changes of the brain and the organs take place. Through lower disciplines higher freedoms are attained that we can more effectively serve the life, liberty and happiness of nature and all mankind.

Blue, A flat, Tin, Horse, large animals (the dog is not the favorite animal of Sagittarius although in folk tales are to be found men to hold nocturnal dog barks), ins, sapphire and star sapphire, tall trees, wide-winged birds, cathedrals, high-flying airplanes, long skirts, the Christmas season, large bells, major chords, pipe organ and brass, choral singing, high leather boots, all pomp and rejoicing.

## Omission:

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## ROBBIE ROBERTSON



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN

BY HOWARD GLADSTONE

Robbie was in Toronto for two weeks producing an album for a singer-composer named Jesse James Winchester. It was two-thirty in the afternoon when I knocked on his door, but he was just getting up after a long night session. As we sat in his room and talked there were several phone calls from people involved in this production, as well as calls to and from Woodstock and New York for the final preparations of the release of the Band's second album.

Even though he was quite tired at the time, he was willing to talk openly and honestly. I had the impression that "Take a load off Fanny" was really more than just a line from a song—more a way of life.

Has the success of the Band changed anything at all?

It's changed nearly everything. It's changed the music a little bit. It's an incredible thing. I don't even know if we're successful. It's crazy, it really is.

There's just a few groups that have been together as long as we have, and one is the Creedence Clearwater. They've been trying to make it now for eight or nine years, and finally made it and are right up there, and I just heard they're splitting up. That has a lot to do with success too. Everybody gets to be a different kind of person, and it's not as tight as it should be.

Is it happening to your group, do you think?

To a certain extent. We've got a pretty down-pat thing, but it's still hard. It's harder for us now than it's ever been. We're not breaking up, but just keeping it together . . . the heads.

I find it difficult to make out some of the words of the songs on the album. Like "Chest Fever," for example. Could you tell them to me?

I don't remember them offhand, to tell you the truth. We're actually putting out a book of *Big Pink* and this new album, and it will be a big songbook. Garth is writing all the music, and

Levon is writing all the words. They've just got a certain kind of handwriting. Garth can do it so it looks like some kind of machine, and Levon's good at printing letters. And we've got a lot of pictures we've never had the opportunity to use. I have a funny attitude to words though. I grew up on rock and roll music and there were no words on the back of the album. I learned the words to all of Little Richard's songs the best I could, and what I couldn't figure out didn't matter.

Well, on "Chest Fever" you get some idea of what the song is about without really knowing the right words . . .

A lot of people have recorded that song, and I've never heard anybody record it with the right words. I know when they're wrong, but I just can't remember, 'cause I don't ever sing the song. I'm sure Richard and Levon who sang it would remember though. I write quite a few songs.

Did the reason you included "Long

Black Veil" on the album have anything to do with the mountains around Big Pink? You know, "She walks these hills" . . .

Well, not really. I just remembered the song somewhere back in my memory and sang it for Rick one day and he remembered it very well. It fit well with the other songs. One of the big problems that we think is going on is that there's so many groups and so many song-writers that the value of a song is becoming less and less. Everybody's writing songs, so all the good ones are mixed in with all these billions of other songs. We were just trying to get across the point that we don't feel we're the only songwriters. We didn't do it on the new album, but we'll do it again. We got into an altogether different kind of package on this new album, and it just wouldn't have fit.

Were the songs of *Big Pink* mainly new songs, or had you had some of them lying around for a few years?





Some of them were written a couple of months before. It went back as far as three months before we recorded the album right up until when we were recording the album. On the new album, most of it was written while we were there. "To Kingdom Come," for example, was written while we were recording.

*You look really tired.*

Yeah, I am. I've been going for a long time. I'm just one of those kind of people who insists on doing more than he can. I've been wasted for a year. The new album has really wasted me too. We got this brainstorm of doing it ourselves, and I was writing the songs while we were doing it.

*You wrote all the songs?*

Well, one of them I wrote with Levon, and about three of them I wrote with Richard. And I wrote all the rest of them myself. Half of them were written while we were recording, and I engineered it. It was really a lot of work. I was wasted before we began, and I'm just not together after that.

*Would you say there was a leader in the group, or is it more a co-operative effort?*

Well, neither, actually. We have something else going. I don't really understand how it works, it just goes that way. Everybody plays a total different part in the group. There is no leader, nobody in the group wants to be a leader. I do a lot of the out-front stuff, but the guys do a lot of the back front stuff.

*It seems to me the idea of the group, of the sound, is so many different parts that never get out of hand, that go together so neatly. Like several individuals forming a solid whole.*

Well, that's the idea.

*It worked on the first album.*

Oh, it definitely works on the second album. It's the third album now. We're still writing songs for it. We're getting into that now. I've found a kind of song, a style of writing, that I like very much.

*You almost did the whole musical score for Easy Rider?*

Almost. We didn't like it quite enough. It was good, but not quite . . .

*Is the whole band planning to be in a movie? Was it an Antonioni film?*

No, Antonioni wanted us to do the music to a film. But this guy named Joe Massat from Apple Films brought us this script called *Zachariah*. He had us playing a band of outlaws. He saw that picture of us on the *Music From Big Pink* album, and said "there they are."



HERMAN SURKIS

It was so obvious. I never got around to just telling him an out and out "no," and he went and sold the movie. The people who bought the movie think we're going to be in it and do the music with George Harrison, and it's not true. I spoke to George Harrison just a few weeks ago. The guy, Joe Massat, is really a nice guy, but it's not true.

*Tell us something about the Isle of Wight.*

I thought it was great. I thought it was fantastic. We played good. We played about 45 minutes by ourselves, then stopped for about ten minutes, then came back on with Bob. We played for about an hour, and then came back for an encore and played about another 15 minutes. We were on stage for about two hours, and thought we really played good. The English groups all came down to hear it, and it was fantastic. We recorded it, and they're supposed to be mixing it.

*I remember about four years back when you did the concert with Bob Dylan here in Massey Hall, and there was the big hassle about him going electric.*

We appeared for two years with him, and it was like that all over. All over Europe, Australia, the Scandinavian countries, the United States, and Canada. They booed us everywhere.

*How long ago did you stop touring, and what were you doing between then and the time Big Pink came out?*

We stopped touring around '66. We were just as tired as Bob was. We did the basement tape with Bob. He did the *John Wesley Harding* album. We completed a film. The television company didn't think it was very good. So we weren't just exactly sitting around. We weren't playing concerts, that's all, but we were doing everything but. It was a very healthy time. I was much healthier than I am now.

*Do you like the concerts?*

Yeah, I do. It's just what goes with it. Like this . . . [indicates hotel room] . . .

*Is the idea behind the picture on the inside of Big Pink of all your next of kin taken from "Wheel's on Fire?"*

Well no, it wasn't from the song. It was just about what was going on. You know, the punky attitude that had to do with music—hate your mother and stab your father. It's kind of a trend of some sort, and this was a statement that we weren't there. We don't hate our mothers and fathers.

*That's what "Tears of Rage" is about, isn't it? You know, the parent-child thing, but presenting both sides of the picture. And the frustration on both sides.*

Well, I agree. It's from a parent's side of view. So what if your parents did you wrong? Maybe they did, but so what? Everybody's just doing what they can do, right or wrong. I'm just tired of hearing all of this—that little girl Janis Ian. You know, Jim Morrison and those people. I just think they're a drag. Even if that is their situation, who cares? That's got nothing to do with music.

*What do you think of Procul Harum? They have the same instrumentation as you, and on a few songs there is a similarity between both groups.*

Right, right, it's true. The only thing that I really know about them is that "Whiter Shade of Pale." Their whole thing to me sounds like Percy Sledge, "When a Man Loves a Woman," for ever and ever and ever. I've heard vaguely a few records by them, and they're still singing that same song. I don't know why they want to do that. Whatever the similarity, I must say we're not really conscious of it. We've had organ and piano for ten years. I don't know how long they've had it. We got ours from gospel music. That doesn't have much to do with Procul Harum.

*What do you think of the Byrds?*

They're all right, I guess. Sometimes they do something nice, mostly bad. Is there anybody who you like?

Yeah, it's pretty inconsistent. It's pretty hard to make an album with ten or eleven good cuts. Almost all albums are half good and half not good. I really enjoyed Dr. John's first album. I like the better things by the Beatles and the Stones. I'm just pretty obvious in what I like. I don't like noisy stuff too much, 'cause it's just noise.

*Well, for a time that seemed to be the trend.*

That's why we thought it was time for us to make our move. Somebody had to do something. That San Francisco thing was just too bad.

*That the album came out when it did was a statement in itself, then?*

Oh yeah, we could have done an album anytime. It was planned. So was *John Wesley Harding*.

*Did you work on that at all?*

No, we'd much rather work on our own records than work on Bob's records. He's not really into the music like we are. He's really into his end of it, so we just as soon he'd done that with somebody else. We just care too much. And you know, we've had some thoughts of doing some things together. He came back after recording half of *John Wesley Harding* and said, "Can you put on the lead guitar, and Garth the organ?" We said, "No—it's small time." We may decide to make an on-purpose full fledged album, but we'll have to find a compromise to do it. But we still enjoy playing together a lot.

*Whose songs do you do when you play with him?*

Any songs. We don't practice anything for any reason. We play for pleasure. We aren't practicing to play anywhere.

*Do you like the basement tape you did with Bob?*

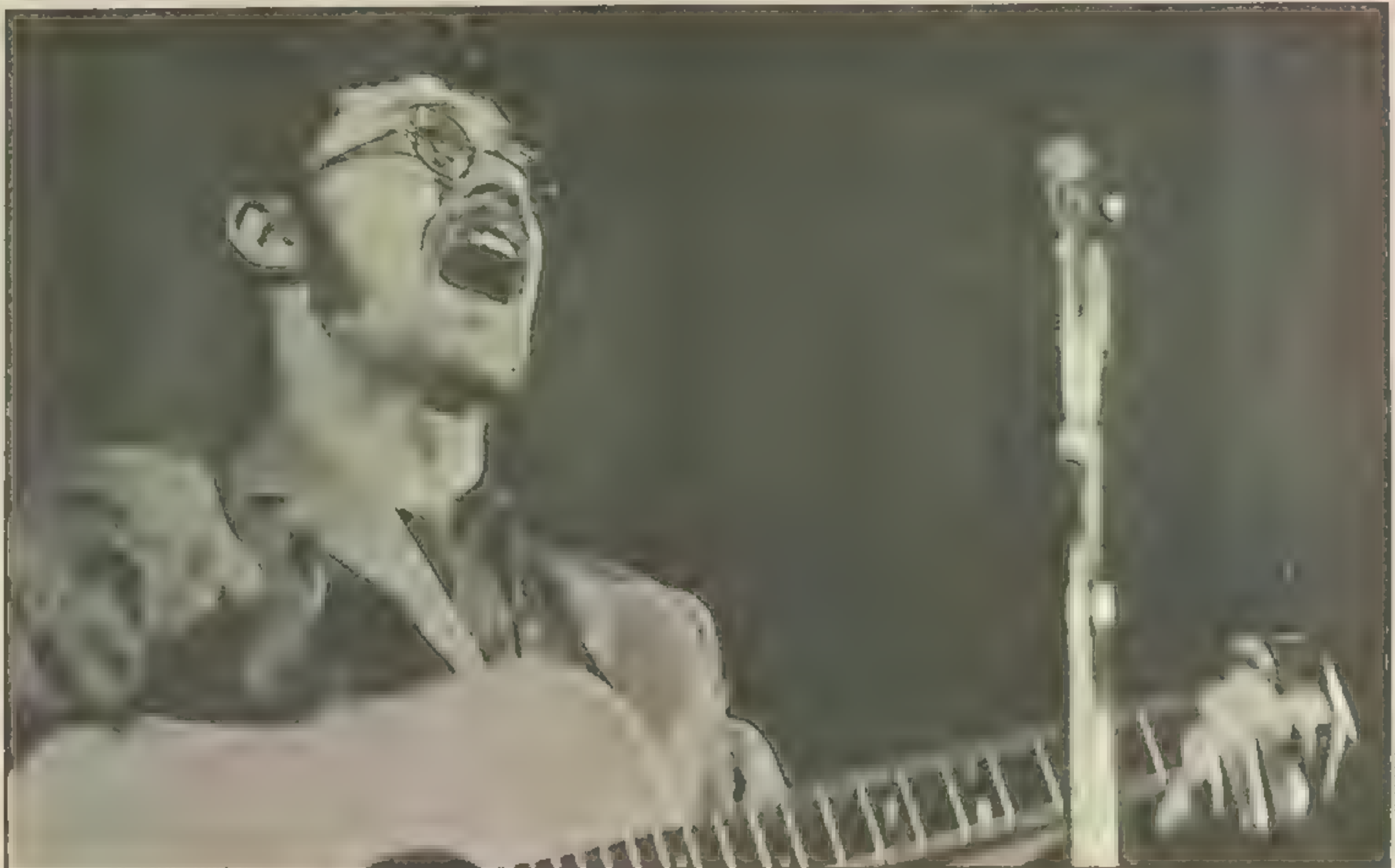
Sure. Now they're bootlegging it, and that's enough to want to make you release it. We have the master tape in Woodstock, and it's fantastic quality, much better than the one they're playing. They've got a tape of a tape of a tape of a dub of a tape of a dub that was actually recorded in the basement of Big Pink.

*Wasn't Music From Big Pink?*

No, it was Richard and Rick's house. We just practiced in the basement. That's where it was all written, thought of, and arranged. If we would have

—Continued on Next Page





Continued from Preceding Page  
been somewhere else we would have done something else.

*How did you like Woodstock?*

I thought it was kind of remarkable, the happening, that's all. It was a drag playing. We got even less than response from the audience. The event was not the music, the event was the people. We were like Muzak. They made a big thing out of it, but it wasn't anything so special. It was just special that the people dug each other enough to stick it out. We did about half a good set. Groups weren't showing up, so they had to put them on when they came. We played in between Ten Years After and Johnny Winter, and we came out like a bunch of preacher boys. It was very inappropriate for us.

*How did you come to write "The Weight"?*

I just wrote it. It's just one of those things. I thought of a couple words that led to a couple more, and the next thing I knew I wrote the song. That song was the only song on *Music From Big Pink* that we never did rehearse. We just figured that it was a simple song, and when it came up we gave it a try and recorded it three times or four times. We said that's fine, maybe we'll use it. We didn't even know if we were going to use it, and it turned out to be the album.

*Well, I wouldn't say that. It just brought attention to the album first. Like in my case, I liked the album when I heard it. So I listened again and it began to grow on me. You realize that it is a subtle statement.*

We try to do that on purpose. If people can, they will listen just once and throw it aside. If they can't, they'll listen again and again.

*Calling it simple country music, or folk rock music, is really misleading.*

Yeah. The new album is more complex. It was harder for us to play, for us to cut it. It's not the same thing over again. It sounds a lot different. We played it for quite a few people, and a lot of people who found it difficult to get next to *Music From Big Pink* find it easier to get close to this album. For what reason I, for the life of me, can't understand I don't understand not being able to get next to *Big Pink*. It almost seems it should be the other way to me, but it isn't for some reason. I don't understand any of it anymore, I've come to realize. You do your best just trying to make it, and I can't figure it out at all. It gets too complicated.

*On a lot of songs you switch instruments. On "Caledonia Mission," for example, doesn't Levon go to acoustic guitar and Richard to drums? You recorded it that way, I guess?*

Yeah. On the new album, Richard



plays drums on about half the songs. Not that he's a drummer at all, but it gives it a loose floppy feeling. You can tell the two styles very distinctly. Levon plays very fat, you know—boom, boom, boom—while Richard sounds very chunk, chunk, chunk. It's much higher sounding. It's an interesting thing to have two people who can do that. You can change your rhythm, it isn't always the same person doing the same thing. We switch instruments just to take some of the stulteness out of it.

*You don't do very much singing on the album?*

I sang on "To Kingdom Come." On the new album I don't sing at all. I can hear it when someone else is doing it, but when I'm singing I can't hear it. That way I can tell if it's right if they're doing it. I was engineering, writing, and playing guitar, and I just didn't have time. Everybody played many, many instruments on this album.

Levon sings the lead on "Rag Mama Rag" which is very interesting because it has no bass, it has tuba instead. Richard's playing drums on it, Levon's playing mandolin. John Simon's playing tuba, and Garth's playing piano. Rick plays fiddle. It's totally switched around. That was really a fun song to do. Another interesting song is "Cripple Creek." Did you hear that one yet?

*You did that one live at the Toronto Pop Festival?*

Right. But we really didn't get to do it because of the equipment breakdown. It was awful back there, there was a crackling noise, and nothing was coming out of our monitors. If we had've been smart we would just have stopped and said we'll be back when they get it fixed. We did do that, we did it twice, but we weren't insistent enough. We'd stop, but they'd say "we've got it now." We did another song and it was the same. It was terrible for us, we were having an awful time. They kept saying that they had it perfect, and they kept

doing that until we were finished playing. The people were nice. They were nice just out of niceness. But we'll make that up. We'll play in a real nice hall. We'll play good. We've played good most places.

*You did so many of those pop festival things. They never turned out like they were supposed to.*

Yeah, that's really true. I don't understand to this day why we did those things. We did it in Toronto because it was Toronto. We did it in Woodstock because it was originally supposed to be in Woodstock. We thought we would just drive down the road, play, and come home. And it turned out it wasn't in Woodstock. The Isle of Wight we did 'cause we wanted to go to Europe to visit with our musician friends, and we wanted to do it for Bob, 'cause he really wanted to play. So that's really what it's all about. We were offered a lot more than we passed on. They all at the time seemed to have a legitimate reason. I doubt if we'll ever do another one again. They just turned out to be a super-group thing. By the way, did you get to see John Lennon [at the Rock and Roll Revival]?

*I came very late, and just heard Yoko Ono's music, or screaming, or whatever you want to call it, and saw the Doors, who were a drag. They haven't done anything new or gone anywhere in a long time.*

They're just a little too political. I don't know what they're talking about. I don't know what all the jibber-jabber is. It's not pleasant to my ears, that's all. Poetry, wow. I guess Bob is really responsible for all that poetry, but I just never looked at Bob as being a poet. A fine song-writer, but a poet? I don't know how he feels about himself, though. I don't know anything about poets. It's okay, but I'd rather hear a good song any day. All that jibber-jabber stuff, I just don't think it's valid.

*Well, that's what distinguishes a good song: having the right words to fit the right music in the proper balance.*

Well, that's the idea. It always has been, and always will be until everybody gets too spaced out to sit still.

*Isn't a lot of the more simple stuff coming back in as a sort of reaction to that kind of stuff?*

I've heard so little I really can't say. But if so, I'm sort of sad to see that happen too. We certainly didn't want everybody to go out and get a banjo and a fiddle player. We were trying to calm things down a little, though. What we're going to do now is go to Muscle Shoals, Alabama, and record four sides, four psychedelic songs. Total freak-me songs. Just to show that we have no hard feelings. Just pretty good rock and roll.

*What do you think of the Beatles' new album?*

There's only one real good song, and two or three that are OK. The *Get Back* album isn't good.

*Some of the songs sound like they just wrote them and immediately recorded them.*

It's not really valid. It's their way of being spontaneous. But anybody can do that. You know, "Come on, dig it, dig it." But their other album, *Abbey Road*, is much better. It's got about three things that are really exceptional. The very first song on the album, a John Lennon one . . . about holy rollers, or something. He sings a few phrases. The next one's a drag. It's one of those Paul McCartney pinky-dew songs. "Your Mother Should Know" type songs. But the one after that is probably the best song George Harrison has ever written. Called "Something," it's really pretty. The next one is good too. Paul McCartney really screams it. There's a couple of other good ones too, and there's some noisy shit. They're still really good.

*Do they play for their friends?*

They play in a room, they don't perform while we sit down and look. We will play. John Lennon always is playing. If he's not talking, he's sitting at the piano, singing . . . uh, Love is the answer.

*Do you like Bob's new album, Nashville Skyline?*

Sure. Most of it. Some of it's not as good, but that's on all albums. He can still really play. You just get to a certain point when you've made yourself a certain thing, and the public makes something out of it. But there's still something else past the point where you're good, like the Beatles. Or the Stones. Bob.

*Bob has always been a puzzle to a lot of people. I never knew whether it was just myself reading into his albums, or whether he was really going through all the things I was going through. Know what I mean?*

Right. That don't matter. You shouldn't really be concerned, you should just be concerned with the outcome of things. Whether he cares about love at all, whether he thinks he's putting the world on, doesn't really matter. It doesn't matter what he thinks. It's what you think. It's what you get out of it. It wasn't meant to be any more than whatever you see.

*Well, is there really any such thing as a put-on? Who are you putting on? The world or yourself? Do you know how Bob feels about that?*

I don't know. We don't talk at that level.



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# RCA



If you live in or around L.A., this ad is academic. The Guess Who will be at The Forum November 29. Better you should catch them live, anyway.



## The Family Dog Becomes a Family

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO—Every Tuesday afternoon they meet, always at 1 p.m., and always late, because kids and dogs want to get used to the place, and a few friendly totes have to be taken, so serious talk doesn't begin 'til past 2. Hard to say who "they" are, because faces change from week to week. But every Tuesday about a hundred heads—most of them musicians, light show artists, and film people—gather at the Family Dog on the Great Highway, and eventually they take shape as The Common, the free-form answer to Chet Helms' anxious call two months ago for "a new form" for the dance/concert scene.

The Common is greeted outside by the rolling Pacific Ocean across the Great Highway and by the sun upstairs. Inside about all there is is a blank calendar drawn on a stretch of butcher paper. Chet may have the weekends booked, but that leaves three or four nights a week to be filled.

Somebody speaks out. He wants to do an ecological trip, with a couple of bands maybe, and some films, and have a display and some talks explaining ecology. Under questioning, it's discovered that nothing's together: No sponsoring ecology group, no bands, no production outline. Ecology's put back.

The Anonymous Artists of America is part of the Common today, and they want to stage "An Evening with AAA," with the band and a dozen other things—Walt Disney flick, belly dancer, light-show dance, other bands, maybe a wedding. Far out, someone says, and no one disagrees, so the AAA has a tentative date.

Another idea—a flamenco and classical guitar jam with rock bands—is greeted by a field of nods, and it's put on the calendar.

Bob Ellison of the light show Garden of Delights wants to put on a workshop with a number of light shows on the floor, with the audience able to munge and do lights with the artists, and everyone digs on that.

And a horror flicks night is all right, too, and the unfilled calendar is filled; the unfinished business finished.

It took a sad, messy strike by San Francisco light shows to do it, but Chet Helms' Family Dog is, for once, more a family than a dog, and his ballroom is finally, in November, what he wanted it to be when he re-opened at the beach-site hall last June.

Back then, at a press party called while workers were still painting and polishing the old slot-car race rink, a majestically robed Chet paced around the room, nervous with anticipation, and told the press that the room would be a "sanctuary—a sacred or consecrated place" for communal recreation—"refreshment of the strength and spirits after toil" through drama—"the whole produced with reference to truth or probability and wuh or without the aid of music, dancing, painting, and decoration."

Chet was talking, quite persuasively, about a new form—but he was reading his definitions out of a slick press pack, the operation was being financed by investors under a new corporation, "Associated Rubber Dog," and when you got right down to it, it was the same old Chet Helms from the old Family Dog at Van Ness and Sutter—hopeful but hopeless, chasing after Bill Graham's Fillmore operation, running himself into deeper financial holes each weekend. The light show



Chet Helms, seated at center, with glasses, decided the time had come to stop killing each other off

BARON WOLMAN

WEDS NOV 4 <sup>th</sup> VIRGO MOON PARTY	ATTENDANCE 127	TOTAL INCOME \$127.00
	EXPENSES \$24.70	NET LOSS
NOV 5 <sup>th</sup> WEDS FAMILY MAN FAMILY ETC.	ATTENDANCE 100	TOTAL INCOME \$100.00
	EXPENSES \$26.70	NET LOSS
THURS NOV 6 <sup>th</sup> ACOUSTIC STRING NITE	ATTENDANCE 111	TOTAL INCOME \$111.00
	EXPENSES \$26.80	NET LOSS

strike, with some 60 shows demanding higher wages and putting together picket lines for both the Dog and the master, could have been the last straw.

Chet turned it into the first weed of a whole new high.

The Common was Chet's answer to the strikers' demand—"Let's talk it out with the community," he told the Light Artist Guild's heads. "Everybody—not just the Family Dog and the light shows—is involved with how we distribute the few potatoes we have."

The first Common meeting, on August 2nd, on the weekend of the strike, got the

people together; the second one weeded out Bill Graham, who left with a torrent of loud "fuck-you's" to the hip community. Since then, the Common has been busy making the Family Dog a sanctuary for communal recreation through all forms of dramatic arts.

Among Common-produced shows: A light show jam featuring 18 light shows and taped music (no live bands) that drew 800 people; an incredible night of square dancing; a Tom Mix Memorial Ball; a Holy Man Jam with Tim Leary, Alan Watts, Rolling Thunder, and others; various shows featuring Jerry Garcia's

moonlighting cowboy band, the New Riders of the Old Purple Sage; a series of film orgies, an ecological jam, a digestible blend of rock bands, lights, films, and displays that dissipated only when the speeches—interminable raps that clouded ecology's thesis—began.

Common prices are, by San Francisco standards, uncommon—79 cents for a Virgo un-birthday celebration; a buck for most other productions; two or three bucks on weekends, when either the Common or Helms will book the show. At the center of the Common are Helms, the man who's declared an end to Dog capitalism; Garcia of the Dead/Sage, and David LaFlamme of It's A Beautiful Day.

At the beginning of most Common meetings, Helms lays out a rap explaining what and why the Common is: "It's a large number of people who found themselves dialectically together but who were doing something wrong, and therefore killing each other off, you know? The basic idea is to have frequent meetings of primarily performing people, with an area allowed of times to do just Common shows."

"One of the things we've all come to agreement on is that we need a showcase, a platform, a classroom," Helms says, "open to all contributive energies."

But not all energies are necessarily contributive. In fact, a lot of bad ideas have floated through a lot of stoned heads to make the profit motive as untenable as it is unimportant. So far, two out of every three Common shows have ended up with a loss. One event, a flea market, drew 8 (eight) people. Too, despite all the talk about "community" and "family," the Common has rarely really gotten together to work on and support shows. Three or four people will suggest an idea and a hundred others say yeah, but in the end it's still three or four people doing all the work, the work of a hundred people. The Common has asserted that you live by learning. Still, you can die by starving, and some changes are definitely needed.

Helms made a move last week, a week marked by another public announcement of the Family Dog's financial troubles. \$10,000 in arrears and \$4,000 in debt to the Internal Revenue Service, Helms was in danger of having his place padlocked by the taxmen. He faced the Common and told them yes, the Common will be as it has always been—with but one change in its anti-structure: From now on, in the interests of the Family Dog's investors, there'll be a man there who can say no to really hopeless proposals for Common shows. The man will be Chet Helms. The Common said yeah.

"What it is," Chester explained later, "is that the Common started as a performer's group and ended up as a group of junior-league promoters. I haven't the time to teach them about all the shit I went through for two years, so rather than just let people fill the calendar for the sake of filling dates, we won't worry about the calendar; we'll worry about the show."

The Common's idea of profit-sharing still stands. Money will be divided equally among producers and performers, so that a band and a light show receive the same money for a night's work. This was the idea that stopped the light show strike; this is the idea that has kept the Common together—and will keep the Common together, if and when they get around to working consistently towards profits, towards survival of the body as well as the spirit.



# PERSPECTIVES: ARE WE LOST IN A NEW DARK AGE?



BY RALPH J. GLEASON

It's God that's dead, not Paul. Everybody's got it wrong, outsiders and insiders, straights and heads. God died a long time ago and John announced it publicly when he said the Beatles were more important than Jesus.

The thing is that nobody believes in anything any more and human beings have a great need to believe. If you remove or destroy man's objects of belief (as God has been removed and destroyed) then man will invent other things in which to believe. The Beatles are only a part of it, though an important part. There has been deep religious significance in the reaction to all the artists, from Ray Charles on. The laying on of hands, the necessity to touch, the icons and the idolatry.

And when, as with the Beatles, there is an absence of personal manifestation in Candlestick Park or Shea Stadium, then the faithful give free rein to loose imaginative play and mythology fills the void.

There are two aspects to it; the morbid and the joyous. The morbid side constructs with L. P. material detail the clues to Paul's death and passes on with infinite embroidery the story that Dylan is a vegetable following his accident, that he is in a hospital for life, a basket case, or dead.

The joyous insist on believing in something that would be a gas if true and which we would all dig being real. Thus the insistence on believing in the Masked Marauders. Even when I printed that the Masked Marauders were a joke, a put-on, actually members of the Cleanliness & Godliness Skiffle band, people did not want to accept that. They wanted to believe that Dylan, Lennon, Mick and the rest had hibernated in Canada and produced the album. As evidence, they pointed to the tracks being played on the air. Two hard-headed businessmen, record distributors, insisted on getting the rights to handle it. New York Magazine printed a serious announcement of its existence. So did Billboard and Record World and Cashbox, too, I believe.

Nothing is too far out in today's world. Miracles are standard operating procedure and the divine is commonplace. If man can set foot on the moon, why can't thousands of people involve themselves in a conspiracy to conceal the death of Paul yet reveal it by obscure and intricate clues? After all, there was a fool on the hill, or a man on the grassy knoll, wasn't there? And isn't everything a conspiracy, trial or not?

People called me, wrote me and said to me when we met that I was wrong about the Masked Marauders being a gag and it was further proof about how I am always wrong and that anyone could tell it was Mick singing "I Can't Get No Nookie." It seems to be true that you can't get out far enough to tip your hand. They will believe, no matter what you say.

Take the mythical Arizona Peace Festival. In the first place, Billboard is a responsible magazine and would never print a story like that if it wasn't ostensibly true. But Billboard, like the rest of the establishment, knows that something is happening. Mr. Jones, and will lend more credence to a clearwater statement by a youthful, supposedly hip person that it would ever lend to the same rap laid down by a grey-haired veteran.

And like a good deal of the recording business, Billboard doesn't realize the truth of what the John Birchers say about the Beatles (they are out to overthrow the government) is just that. The truth (though not for the reasons the Birchers claim).

So the story is printed. Everybody wants to believe it. Even those who look at it and know it carries within it the seeds of its own falsity, insist on maybe it's true. Because they want it to happen.

People in this society want so desperately to believe that they will believe in the most impossible conspiracies in the absence of a positive thing in which to place their faith.

Nature abhors a vacuum. We all learned that. And now mythology is filling the vacuum left by the death of the institutions of the Elders of the Tribe. If God is dead, then the whole Judeo-Christian ethic is without substance and if this is so, there is no yesterday and no tomorrow and anything you can think of can happen.

So are we lost in a new dark age, mindless and irresponsible in a non-linear world built on flashes and hits and visions? Sometimes it seems like it, but I am deeply committed to the belief that we are not. That man can save himself.

The truths in which we need to believe are all inside us and that message is being sent back to us again and again by the poets and the musicians who, whether they are conscious of it or not, are the true religious figures of this New Time. It makes no difference if the Beatles insist that what they say is simple and without hidden meaning. The point is how it applies to us.

The need to believe is there. The knowledge is implicit in life itself and the desire to believe so overwhelming that non-belief cannot be tolerated. It is part of the life support system and it must be there.

When, as in this present time, the institutions and the heroes and the Gods of civilization crumble, and one needs no particular door to perception to see them crumbling all around, then something must take their place.

Hopefully it will be something positive. I believe that it will be because I believe in life. Sometimes, in the absence of a positive thing in which to believe, negativity becomes paramount and rumors and mythology and speed paranoia conspiracy theories rush in like a Wasatch Zephyr to fill the void.

Those standing on the sidelines or otherwise disconnected from it all can never know the difference between the dream and the myth. Since time out of mind they have tried to sell nails from the cross as well as postcards of the hanging. They will continue. But what we must do is to be aware of what it is, think through it all and make the interface between the old and the new cultures strong enough to carry us. Meanwhile, we may have to carry that weight a long time.



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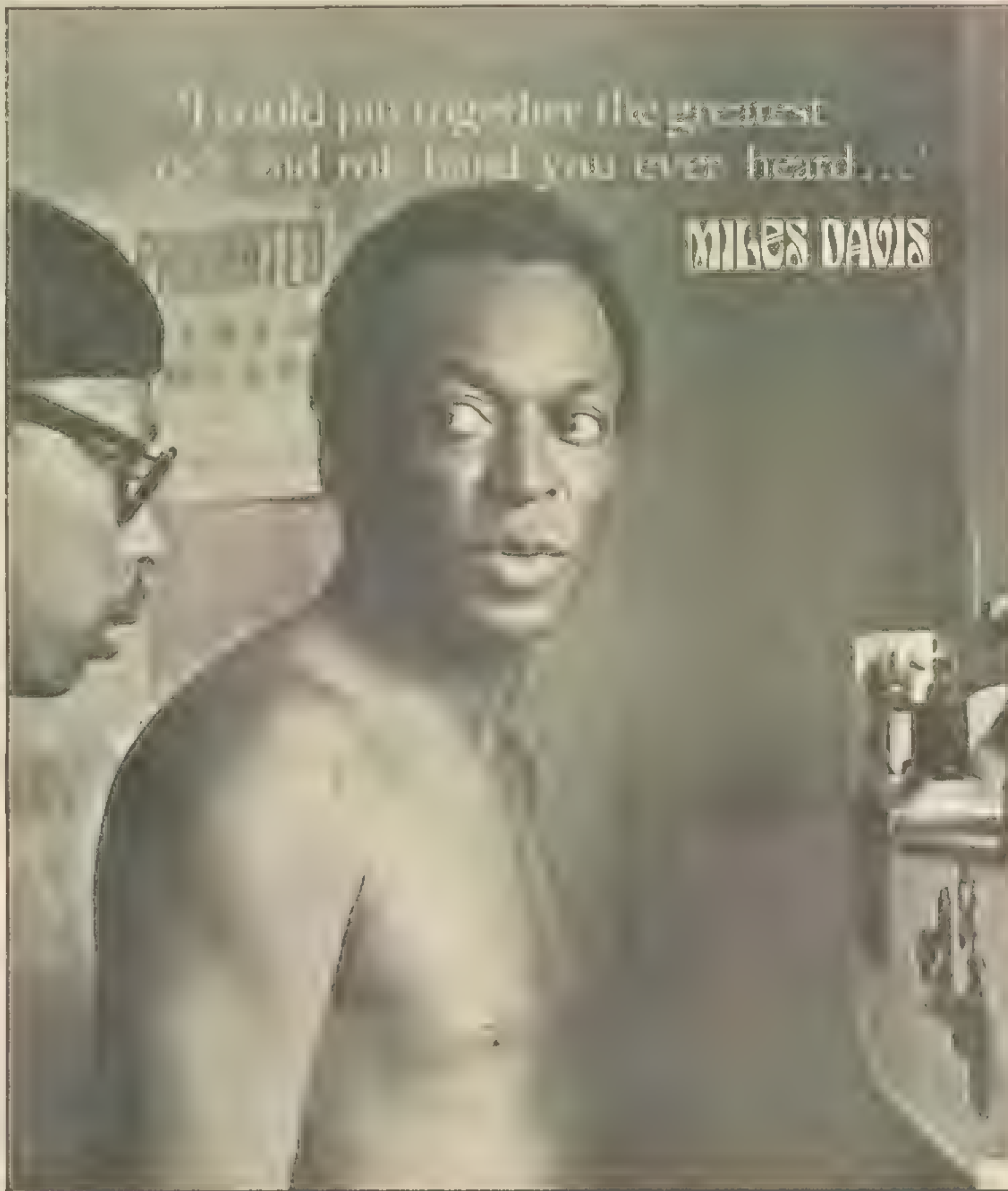
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN

BY RALPH GLEASON

Miles Davis stands in relation to jazz music as Hemingway stood to the American novel, as Picasso stands to art.

What he does can change—and has changed—jazz history. His is the kind of creativity that is not limited to personal virtuosity but is based upon a conceptual capability that opens the doors to perceptions of new ways to view music.

In a music which is turbulent, constantly evolving, subject to whims and fads and exploitation, Miles has been for almost twenty years the public conscience of his art.

At the end of the Forties, he pioneered in the use of harmonies and tonalities which evolved into the "cool school." His series of 78 rpm discs cut then for Capitol (still available and fresh sounding on a Capitol Birth of the Cool LP) are definitive.

Then jazz becomes lost in the miasma of modern classicism. It lost its balls. Miles brought it all back home with

one appearance. He came on stage at the Newport Jazz Festival and he played a blues. It was so funky, so down home, so deeply grooving and swinging that the whole cool school was wiped out in less than a year. The blues was called "Walkin'" and his disc of it, on Prestige, remains a classic, one of the most influential recordings of the Fifties, as musicians all over the world abandoned the conventions and tricks of the cool to follow Miles.

Since that time, Davis has led a succession of small groups, quintets and sextets, which have set the pace in jazz. He joined with composer Gil Evans to produce a series of Columbia albums by larger units. Sketches of Spain was and is a remarkable achievement, sounding as modern as tomorrow's news after almost a decade. With John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley and Philly Joe Jones, he made the intriguing All Blues, quotations from which you hear today in blues bands and rock groups and jazz combos.

No single personality in jazz has set

style and led movement to the degree Davis has. He comes from the music of Charlie "Yardbird" Parker and began as an obvious follower of trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie. But like all true creators, he quickly abandoned anyone else's mold to make his own. What Miles plays sounds easy. He does not accentuate the speed or the runs or the swooping leaps and strides across intervals from the bottom to the top of the horn as the virtuoso players do. Instead Miles packs into his playing the kind of intensity that is rare in any performing artist, and even in jazz only a few have managed it.

When he plays a blues he has the searing concentration of emotion Blind Willie Johnson got in "Wreck of the Titanic." When he plays a ballad, he sings through the horn with the eloquence of La Nina de los Pienes, Edith Piaf, Ray Charles or Nina Simone. When he finishes playing he is damp and emotionally drained from the effort. It is almost painful.

Like all great creative artists, he has

big ears. He is the first major jazz artist I know of to seriously listen to Jimi Hendrix and Sly Stone. He was listening to Dylan before most of the "Subterranean Homesick Blues" fans ever heard of him, just as he dug flamenco and classical and all other kinds of music.

And above all he is the most honest musician I have ever met, of any kind, of any color. "Don't ask me nuthin' 'bout nuthin', I just might tell you the truth" might have been written for Miles. But then he is so totally concerned with music, and music means so much to him, that he can be blunt and honest where others have to be more diplomatic. Miles is all music. He gives you no clues. He doesn't tell you it's a soprano on "In a Silent Way" nor does he tell you how many hours of thought and planning and rehearsing went on before the two sessions (of three hours each) in which the album was cut. The message is all in the music and the music is all that matters. Which is the way it is with a major artist in any field—the art is all there is.



## By Don Demicheal

Miles Davis was leading his quintet through a roaring version of "Walkin'," and the small bandstand at The Plugged Nickel, the Chicago jazz club, was literally rocking with the music's heated vibrations. Miles, knees bent, shoulder hunched, horn aimed on a 45 degree angle at the floor, blew wide open into the microphone. The rhythm section wrapped itself around his solo, rising to meet him as he soared, whipping over him when he coasted. At the end of the chorus, he took horn from his lips, wiped his mouth with the back of his left hand and looked around the crowded room with a pained expression.

After what seemed an eternity—*is he through or isn't he?*—Miles leapt back into the fray with a ripple of notes that twisted and squirted upward with astonishing speed.

At the bar, a middle-aged patron rubbed his ears, squirming in obvious displeasure. "That's not music to me," he shouted over the torrential blast from the bandstand. He stabbed a forefinger at his temple. "Too much jamming it in. Too loud. They're all good musicians, but . . ."

The man really loved Miles, he was quick to add—the way he used to play six or seven years ago. Those pretty things, like "My Funny Valentine."

"I wouldn't even come down here," he said, "except I know Mike [the club's owner], and he lets me in free."

Davis finished his solo, carefully placed his horn on the piano and walked toward the bar as Wayne Shorter got into a soprano saxophone solo.

The man at the bar smiled as Miles passed him. "Great, man!" he offered, but Miles kept on toward the end of the bar as if he hadn't heard. The diminutive trumpeter ordered a nonalcoholic drink and perched himself on a bar stool, a worried look on his face.

Miles and I had never said much to each other—and there had been more than a little animosity on his part—during the seven years I was with *Down Beat* magazine. Stories about Miles' salty relations with jazz writers are legion, and, many of them, firmly based in truth. My first encounter with him was in 1960. He was in Chicago, playing a Rush Street club, I had just recently joined the *Down Beat* staff, and I was eager to present him with the magazine's Critics Poll plaque (one of dozens of awards he has won over the years).

[YOU'RE A SAD MOTHERFUCKER.]

Asked whether it would be possible to present the plaque to him at the club, Miles' reply was immediate and barbed: "You're not gonna plug that god-damned magazine on my bandstand. Give it to me at the bar."

Four years ago, at The Plugged Nickel, our last encounter had ended in a heated, profane argument that centered on *Down Beat*: the social attitudes of its owner; who do critics think they are, writing about music; if *Down Beat* is a music magazine, then it should publish nothing but music, no words; how he never read the magazine because it was prejudiced and why the hell did I (as editor) put Nancy Wilson's picture on the cover of a magazine that's supposed to be about jazz?

And so—though I left *Down Beat*'s employ two years ago—I approached Miles with some trepidation now. An interview had been arranged through an intermediary, but . . .

"I don't want to talk now, man," he said, not so much as a brushoff as a plea for understanding. "I'm thinking about this." His hand made a sweep toward the bandstand. "The music. Call me tomorrow."

The middle-aged man started again. He'd come to hear Miles and he hadn't heard any trumpet solos. (Miles had soloed on everything so far.) The conversation revolved back to Miles-ain't-like-he-used-to-be. About then Davis began an acid-etched "Stella by Starlight." He played it much as he has for the last several years—with an inner pain that touched the heart. The man at the bar finally quieted down.

A couple of days later, Davis said: "The old people come up to me and ask, 'Why don't you play the way you used to?' I say to them, 'Tell me how I used to.'"

The fans of Miles early Sixties style, despite all, have a point: the music of Miles Davis has continually evolved over the years, particularly the last few, during which it has grown out of bop and

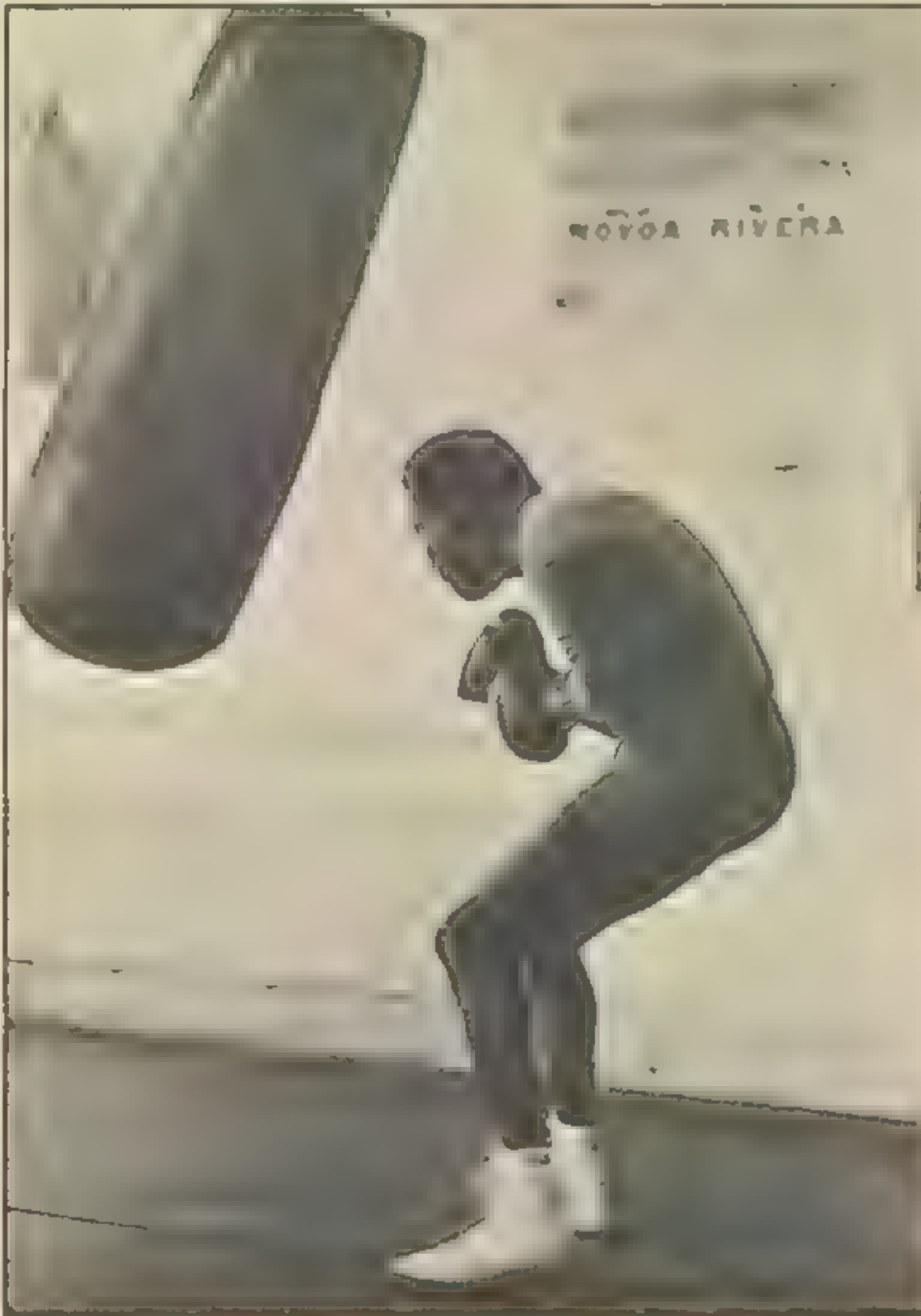
ballads into something that combines elements of rock and the avant-garde, something distinctly unique.

Yet Miles had a point, too, even if only by implication: there is a strong thread of continuity that runs through his music from the mid-Forties to today. Most would call it style; he would probably call it approach. Whatever it is, it suffuses everything he does—and he does everything his way, on his terms, whether it be playing music, conducting business, attiring himself (he has been in the advance fashion guard for at least the last 12 years) or merely talking about a wide variety of subjects, from music to boxing.

And everything he does (and some things he doesn't) are part of the Miles Davis mystique, which has grown to legendary proportions, fed by truth, half-truths, pure fabrication, and, most of all, by its bearer's sometimes brutal frankness.

concerning all the far-out Miles Davis stories that are in circulation. "They're probably all true," he said. There's the one about how he lost his voice (the Davis voice is a legend unto itself): He had a throat operation in the early Fifties and was not supposed to speak for a period of time, but he became so angry at a record company owner that he began to shout; from that moment, so the story goes, he has not been able to talk above a hoarse, rasping whisper. Another version of the story substitutes a booking agent for the record company man.

Davis doesn't come close to fitting the stereotype of the black jazz musician. He is not from a poor family (his father was a well-to-do dental surgeon), nor was he reared in a big-city ghetto or sharecropper farm—he grew up in East St. Louis, Illinois, where his parents were solid members of the middle-class—the black middle-class of a



Miles is almost as proud of his capabilities as a boxer as he is as a musician. At 43, he works out regularly at the legendary Bobby Gleason's Gym, and is of almost professional caliber in the ring. "I'm fast," he says. "The trainers can tell just by looking at me—I got small legs and round shoulders. Just like looking at a race horse—you can tell by the lines."

"I always thought that nobody could do anything better than me," he explained, when we got together to talk. "I don't have no second guesses. At least, I don't assume anybody can do it better. . . I'm just bashful. I have nothing to say that's bullshit. So when I hear bullshit, I can detect it."

"Like, I can't be on none of those television shows, 'cause I'd have to tell Johnny Carson, 'You're a sad motherfucker.' That's the only way I could put it. If I did that, right away they'd be telling me, 'You're cursing.' But that's the only way I can say it. I was supposed to be on Steve Allen's show, and I sent him a telegram telling him he was too white, his secretary was too white, his audience was too white. And he wanted me to play for scale! Shit. I can't be standing up there before all those middle-aged white broads . . . and all of them got maids. I can't be associated with that kind of shit. I got a maid myself. See, whatever they do, they're trying to get those middle-aged white bitches to watch it."

Miles chuckled softly at a question

viciously racist city, which means that, despite his family's affluence, he suffered all the indignities heaped upon black people in the United States.

"About the first thing I can remember as a little boy was a white man running me down the street hollering, 'Nigger! Nigger!'" he told a *Playboy* interviewer a few years ago.

[TWO KINDS: BLACK & WHITE]

He never denies his blackness—in fact, he is one of the heroes of the black community (little children run up to him when he strolls down the street). In almost any conversation with him, he makes reference to the difference of being black and being white in this country. His frankness has caused him to be called a racist. He most certainly is not.

Miles Davis at leisure is quite different from Miles Davis at work. Gracious, talkative, humorous and warmly human, he is excellent company. When he was at The Plugged Nickel, we spent two afternoons and a night hanging out. The afternoons were spent for the most

part in his Volkswagen bus (he still has the Ferrari) driving around the South Side as he talked and answered questions, a unique milieu in which to conduct an interview, it must be admitted. The night was passed at The Plugged Nickel where the Buddy Rich band worked on Miles' night off. That night Miles sat slumped at a table in front of the stand, not saying much but watching Rich like a hawk. (A good portion of the audience watched Miles watching.) Rich has seldom played better, and Miles made occasional knowing comments about what the master drummer was doing.

"Did'cha notice the way he cut into the band there?"

"Hear what that motherfucker did then? Just that little cymbal thing and it swung the whole fucking band."

The day before he had talked about his listening habits, among several other things. He said he listened to anything good. For instance, he admires Laura Nyro as a performer. Recently, when she recorded in New York, Miles dropped by the session to see what was going on. Laura asked Miles if he'd play on some of the tracks—she's a fan of his—and Miles studied the proposition, as he listened to what was going down. His conclusion was that—much as he'd like to play behind Miss Nyro—all the holes where he could play had already been filled in. Maybe next time.

Miles likes much that goes under the name of rock and roll. "But I don't like the word rock and all that shit. Jazz is an Uncle Tom word. It's a white folks word. I never heard that shit 'til I read it in a magazine."

There's rock bands and then there's rock bands, Miles says. "It's social music. There's two kinds—white and black, and those bourgeois spades are trying to sing white and the whites are trying to sound colored. It's embarrassing. It's like me wearing a dress. Blood, Sweat and Tears is embarrassing to me. They try to be so hip, they're not. They try to sing black and talk white. I know what they do: they try to get Basie's sound with knowledge . . . put some harmonies in it—instead of a straight sixth chord, they'd use a—shit, I can't call chords anymore—a raised fourth or some shit like that, with the tonic on top. It was done years ago."

"White groups don't reach me. I can tell a white group just from the sound, don't have to see them. It's all right for a white guy to talk about them, to keep up with what the white brothers are doing, but I listen to James Brown and those little bands on the South Side. They swing their asses off. No bullshit. All the white groups have got a lot of hair and funny clothes—they got to have on that shit to get it across."

"Some of those white groups are nice, though. I was listening to one last night—but when I listen, I put something in . . . like, 'that would be nice if they did such and such'."

"But Jimi Hendrix can take two white guys and make them play their asses off. You got to have a mixed group—one has one thing, and the other has another. For me, a group has to be mixed. To get swing, you have to have some black guys in there."

"See, white guys can only play a certain tempo. [Taps fingers at a medium tempo on the bus' dashboard.] They can play here, but they can't play here [slightly faster tapping] or here [fast tapping]. When you got a fast tempo, you got to have some shit going on—keep it running under. The average rock group can play at a medium tempo [tap, tap, tap], but a little more [tap-tap-tap], they can't play it. For me, if I listen to a white group, they got to have some spades in there for me to like them in more than one tempo. Spades got that thing—they can tighten it up. Tony [Williams] has a mixed group [a trio], and that white guitar player, John McLaughlin, wouldn't play the way he's playing with Tony if he was in a white group. John's harmonic sense is fantastic. But his time . . . Tony'll take care of that. Even with just a little luck he'll sound good."

[YEAH, THINK FAST]

Davis' new album, *In a Silent Way*, has McLaughlin among the personnel. Using a rock player seemed quite a departure, even for Miles, and one might wonder why he did it.

"I didn't use John as a rock player," he said, "but for special effects. John's no more a rock guitar player than I'm a rock trumpet player. You don't have

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to be a special kind of player to play rock. That's what we were playing when I first started playing with Eddie Randall's Blue Devils in St. Louis—played the blues . . . all the time."

Miles has never stood still. He has continually arrived at new concepts, new directions, and then, just as his colleagues in the jazz world have picked up on it, Miles is already someplace else. And somewhere else. His career is an elusive and tremendously influential path of changes.

His approach to trumpet comes up when Miles talks about his boyhood in East St. Louis. There weren't many records in the Davis household, but a lot of musicians came by to stay all the time, and Miles, aged 13, listened hard when they played.

"The approach to the trumpet by my instructor in St. Louis, Elwood Buchanan, is so slick. You can't help but play fast if you approach the trumpet like he does. He approached trumpet like he was going to really play it—and he did."

For example: "I wouldn't approach playing the trumpet like Louis Armstrong, 'cause right away it would stop me—that's too late for me. Know what I mean?"

That Louis has already done it?

"Naw. It's the approach. It's the difference between speed and the way you think and if you have to have a drink when you play, and it's the way Buddy Rich sits down on the drums—you know he can play fast by the way he sits. Speed, right there. The way Tony Williams plays, that speed. I mean, a fighter can look at a fighter and tell if he has speed. I'm fast. The trainers can tell just by looking at me—I got small legs and round shoulders. Just like looking at a race horse—you can tell just by the lines."

If Miles hadn't modeled his style after Louis Armstrong, what about Dizzy Gillespie? No, Diz wasn't so much his man as Clark Terry, fine trumpet player with Duke Ellington for years, whom Miles had heard often as a boy, and Buchanan, Miles' teacher, and an obscure player named Buddy Anderson—"those guys that play fast."

But Diz plays fast.

"Dizzy," says Miles, "didn't play fast like that—light and fast and under and fast."

Under? That's the difference, in Miles' terms, between a polished, well-schooled musician like alto saxophonist Benny Carter racing through his licks, and Charlie Parker, the spiritual/technical father of Be-Bop, playing fast. "I mean," Miles explains, "to play fast and take the drums away, and you still hear it fast but it's not a run." With time mixed into it. "Yeah. Think fast."

In 1945, when he was 18, he convinced his father to send him to the Juilliard School of Music in New York City instead of to Fisk University, his mother's choice. By that time he had been musical director of Eddie Randall's Blue Devils (a local high school band), written arrangements, been offered a job on the road with Tiny Bradshaw's band (his mother wouldn't let him go, and he didn't speak to her for two weeks), and filled in on a few gigs with Billy Eckstine's band, which then featured both Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. There was no achievement higher than playing with these cats in the whole realm of Be-Bop—except, of course, to split for New York, the capital of the new music itself.

[BIRD WAS GREEDY]

Miles spent his first week in New York—and his first month's allowance—trying to find Bird (Charlie Parker's nom d'Be Bop).

"I roomed with Charlie Parker for a year," Davis once said. "I used to follow him around, down to 52nd Street, where he used to play. Then he used to get me to play. 'Don't be afraid,' he used to tell me. 'Go ahead and play.' Every night I'd write down chords I heard, on matchbook covers. Everybody helped me. Next day I'd play those chords all day in the practice room of Juilliard, instead of going to classes."

Today, he puts down Juilliard because it graduates trumpet players "who haven't got tones good for anything—they have a legit sound, and it's a white sound." He quit the music school in 1946—"all that shit they were teaching wasn't doing me a damn bit of good"—and began playing with Bird's group, even though he was unsure of himself and often faltered. His recollections of

the great jazz innovator are less than fond.

"First thing, he was a dirty motherfucker, man. I loved to listen to him, but he was so fucking greedy. Just greedy—you know how the greedy people are. But he had a hell of a mind."

Parker also was king of the junkies, a side of him that had an influence on Davis.

"I got hooked [on heroin] . . . in 1949," Davis once told an interviewer. "I got bored and was around cats that were hung. So I wound up with a habit that took me over four years to break."

During the year he got strong out, he began rehearsing with a group of young musicians—among them baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan, altoist Lee Konitz, arranger-composer John Carisin,

Festival. Critics welcomed him back in open armed reviews (he commented later that he played the way he always played, so what were they talking about). His comeback, as one writer put it at the time, was in full swing.

He tied with Gillespie in the trumpet category of the Down Beat International Jazz Critics Poll, coming "practically . . . from out of nowhere," as the magazine described his feat. His Prestige records began selling well, and he was, with such public acceptance, able to form a quintet that was to become one of the finest—and most influential—in jazz history.

By the end of the Fifties, Miles Davis was one of the hottest musical properties, as the bookers say, in the country jazz or otherwise. And Miles had made

he returned to the band after a brief absence in late 1957.

"I found Miles in the midst of another stage of musical development," he said. "It seemed that he was moving . . . to the use of fewer and fewer chord changes in songs. He used tunes with free-flowing lines and chordal direction."

"In fact, due to the direct and free-flowing lines in his music, I found it easy to apply the harmonic ideas that I had. I could stack up the chords . . . I could play three chords at once. But on the other hand, if I wanted to, I could play melodically. Miles music gave me plenty of freedom. . . ."

Coltrane was talking about the modal pieces Davis was featuring more and more, compositions based on scales instead of chords. A Davis album made during this time, *Kind of Blue* (Columbia), influenced the shape of jazz almost as dramatically and widely as the Capitol Records made a decade before.

The music of Miles Davis today stems in part from that period but more from the influence of the young men he has hired since 1963. Before then, he tended to play with older men who had come up about the same time as he. In '63, however, his rhythm section consisted of men who had grown up on his music, not Charlie Parker's—pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist Ron Carter, drummer Tony Williams. Though these three have since departed, their replacements are of the same generation.

"I pick who I like," he said. "But they usually like each other too. All of them are talented, and when they play, it gets off the ground. I give them their heads, but I try to tell them what sounds best. I tell them to always be prepared for the unexpected—if it's going out, it might go out more, an extended ending might keep on going."

His sidemen during the last few years have always been young.

"They're the only ones I know who can play. A lot of guys are good musicians, but it's what they can do in my group that counts. You can't build a band on friendship. A guy might be a good guy, but if he can't play . . . See, if I was gonna get a drummer, he'd have to play fast, y' understand?"

"It's quality that makes music good. If you get the right guys to play the right thing at the right time, you got everything you need. I could take guys who've played with me—like Ron Carter, Herbie and Tony—and they could play anything. I could put together the greatest rock and roll band you ever heard. But the quality of music is in the musicians too. Guys get together and make music good. I've heard so many good songs fucked up because they weren't directed right, not going in the right direction. I've had Herbie and them start off in the wrong direction, and I had to say, 'Hey! Wait a minute.'"

Direction, as well as approach, is a strong member of the Miles Davis music structure. Each of his last two albums, *Kilimanjaro* and *In a Silent Way*, has a small line of type on the cover that reads: "Directions in music by Miles Davis." None of his earlier albums have it.

"It means I tell everybody what to do," he said lightheartedly. "If I don't tell 'em, I ask 'em. It's my date, y' understand? And I've got to say yes and no. Been doing it for years, and I got tired of seeing 'Produced by this person or that person.' When I'm on a date, I'm usually supervising everything."

[WHAT KIND OF SHIT IS THAT?]

Miles despairs of convincing anybody as to what is, and what is not, good music. To find good music, you've got to seek it on an individual basis. "You have to listen," says Davis, "learn by trial and error. You can't go by talk—that's the way people sell things. You can't sell anything. If you want to sell a car, paint it red. It can be the raggedest car in the world, but somebody'll buy it. Rebel with a natural—he's a winner today."

Then it's all just old-fashioned show business?

"Yeah. A white man can take a black man with a natural and run him for Congress, as long as he's good looking and a little tall. Sell him but don't sell him. Y'know, 'If so-and-so were in Congress, he'd . . .'" Or "So-and-so doesn't want to be in politics, but . . ." Same thing in music. Look at Johnny Winter—that ain't nothing. They're telling the black people that he's not exactly white.

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"I have always thought nobody could do anything better than me," he says. "I don't have no second guesses . . . That speed and slick shit—you got to have them brothers there because there are things that they did when they were little kids that the white boy don't know about . . . In other words, you could put Mike Bloomfield with James Brown and he'd be a motherfucker."

pianist John Lewis—who got together to play and talk music in arranger Gil Evans' basement room in New York. Evans, the oldest of the group, had been chief arranger for the Claude Thornhill band and Evans' scores had made a deep impression on Davis when he first heard them (they have remained musical collaborators through the years).

"He liked the way I played and I liked the way he wrote," Davis says.

The music played and written by the men in Evans' basement was bop-derived but more tightly arranged, more languid, cooler. The records the nine-piece group made under Davis' name, for Capitol in 1949 and '50 set off the so-called Cool Era of jazz.

Ironically, as the cool school—consisting almost exclusively of white musicians—gained the ascendancy, Miles Davis' career faded to the point of oblivion. He was reduced to playing as a single at any club that would give him a few nights' booking, and with any local rhythm section that might (or might not) do an adequate job of accompanying him.

In 1954, however, his fortunes and personal life changed for the better.

"I made up my mind I was getting off dope," he said. "I was sick and tired of it. You know you can get tired of anything. You can even get tired of being scared. I laid down and stared at the ceiling for 12 days, and I cursed everybody I didn't like. I was kicking it the hard way. It was like having a bad case of flu, only worse. I threw up everything I tried to eat. My pores opened up and I smelled like chicken soup. Then it was over."

The next year, Davis was given a rousing reception at the Newport Jazz

it without selling out. His music was as uncompromising as ever, perhaps more so. Everywhere he played, whether at a night club or concert hall, the people queued up in lines that sometimes stretched a block. Many came to see rather than listen, for it was during these heady times that Davis ceased being just a superb musician and became a personality.

The people loved it when he turned his back on them, when he walked off the stage during others' solos, even, by God, when he didn't show up. He could work as much or as little as he wanted, and his price was high. Young men copied his tastes in clothes (then it was very Italian, now it's sort of personal mod-ish). The stories of his cars (much interest in his white Ferrari), his amours, his cursing, his boxing—all were grist for the legend mill. There was even a Bell Telephone ad that showed a man in a hotel room talking into a phone saying something like, "I was sitting here thinking of you white Miles played 'My Funny Valentine' and I thought I'd call. . . ."

[I PICK WHO I LIKE]

"All the money, cars, clothes, the bitches—all that was to match my ego," he says today.

Musically, he had reverted in part to the Bop of Parker, but with greater flexibility, sophistication and lyricism. Out of that rich ground, however, other flowers grew.

Saxophonist John Coltrane, who was a member of Davis' group during most of late Fifties and who in the Sixties became a musical giant in his own right before he died in 1967, once described his impressions of Davis' music when



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and telling the white people he ain't exactly black. Now, what kind of shit is that?"

A couple days after the Buddy Rich night, I met Miles at Johnny Coulon's gym on 63rd Street where he works out when he's in Chicago. After he'd sparred and boxed a few rounds, skipped rope, punched the small bag awhile, got a few pointers from a trainer, had Coulon (a little old man who was bantam-weight champ many years ago) give me the visitor's tour of the gym, and had changed from his fight togs (he has a white terry-cloth robe with his name inscribed across the back, just like pro fighters) into a fringed outfit that was reminiscent of the Old West, we headed for the parking lot.

Before we got there, a car stopped beside us, and a man jumped out. It was Larry Jackson, who had played drums with Miles when both were boys in East St. Louis. He is now president of two Chicago locals of the United Steelworkers, a fact that Miles kidded him about unrelentingly. Rich's name came up, and Jackson said, "Miles always loved Buddy. He used to tell me all the time, 'Play like Buddy.' He always wanted the drummer to play like Buddy Rich."

Jackson and Miles' eldest son, Gregory, joined us for lunch at one of Miles' favorite eating places, Floogie's. (Gregory is also a boxer and won three titles while he was in the Army, a point of considerable paternal pride.)

With all of us crowded into a booth, Miles the Provider emerged. He made sure everybody got something to eat, offered to share his food (he's now a vegetarian as well as a nondrinker and nonsmoker), advised his son on what to eat, and generally held court.

When we left the restaurant, a huge man with a cane called out, "Hey, Miles. You're looking good."

Miles gave the man a mock blow to the stomach and said, "How ya doing, Kid."

"You know Kid Rivera?" he asked me. "He was one of the greatest, wasn't you, Kid?"

"Those days are gone, Miles."

"You look like you could still go a few rounds."

We went on to the parking lot and climbed into the bus. As he drove, Miles rambled over a wide range of topics.

[IT'S A GOD-DAMN LIE!]

He talked about why he boxes—it gives him strength, is good for his wind, makes him graceful and shapes his body. To play music well, a musician must be in good physical condition.

"And the way I play," he continued, "I play from my legs. You ever notice?"

I allowed as how I'd noticed he bent his knees.

"That's to keep from breaking my embouchure . . . If you drop your hands, you'll break your embouchure and break the flow. . . ."

I still wasn't clear what he had meant the other day about mixed groups. When he said mixed groups, did he mean it in the traditional way—that is, musicians of different races?

"The race has a lot to do with it, man, because black people can swing. There's no getting around that."

White people can't swing?

"Uh-uh."

What about Buddy Rich?

"Buddy Rich is some different shit, man. How many Buddy Riches you got? You got one Buddy Rich. I'll tell you one thing, if Buddy's got a black audience, he plays different. You just get vibrations from black people that are swifter than from white. That's why when Mike Bloomfield plays before a black audience, his shit's gonna come out black."

His own group's playing for a black audience is not much different.

"There'd be just a slight change," he answered. "We'd just tighten up a little more, y'know. It's an inner thing. It's just like if you're playing basketball and you got five black brothers on the team, they got some inner shit going that you can't get from a white guy. Now, when you get a white guy in, you usually get him for strength or for some sort of shot . . . he's got a good eye or something. But that inner thing and that speed and that slick shit—you got to have them brothers there because there are things that they do that they did when they were little kids that the white boy don't know about."

Miles had hired the pianist Bill Evans, who is white, for the simplest possible reason: "I liked the way he sounded.

But he doesn't sound now like he did when he played with us. He sounds white now."

But his ex-drummer, Tony Williams, a black man—that's another matter Williams is just possibly Miles' favorite musician. "Tony can swing and play his ass off. Tony Williams is a motherfucker. To me, the way you think about Buddy Rich is the way I think about Tony Williams. I don't think there's a drummer alive can do what Tony Williams can do."

"When I play, I want whatever is going on to be going on. I don't want it to be no . . . well, to say bullshit is too easy an out. I want it to be . . . That's why I like Buddy and I like Tony, because if they do something, they're doing it. They're doing it to finish it, y'know. To end it. You know

the theory, which has been expressed by some noted academic or another, that since European music is directed toward chords and chord changes, and African music isn't . . .

"It's a god-damn lie," he shot back. "African music is directed to sound. That's the way we play."

"I mean chords," I parried.

"Chords? We don't play chords, we play sound."

"I'm talking about chords—stacking notes on top of each other. With this in mind, he felt that Be-Bop, because it was so directed toward chords, was more white than black."

"He's full of shit. And he must be white. Yeah, that's why he'd say some shit like that, 'cause white men don't know anything about music and sound, y'know. The only thing they can do is

be a motherfucker."

We had been driving all the while since leaving the restaurant. By this time, we were heading toward the Loop, going past the rows of public (i.e., black) housing that line the west side of S. State Street.

We stopped for a red light, and a passel of black children crossed in front of us.

"White people own all this shit," he said, hunching over the wheel and peering up at the buildings.

"Own the whole country," I added.

"They don't own me."

"You got a white booker, haven't you? A white record company?"

[THEY DON'T OWN ME]

"They do what I tell them to do, man. They don't own me. I make my own records. We're just in business together. I mean it's all right to be in business with a white man, but for him to own everything and dictate to you is outdated, and it was outdated when I was born. I've never been that way in my whole life and I never will be. I'd die before I'd let that shit happen to me. I don't know about any other bands, but when you say white booking agent, Jack [Whitemore] and I are good friends. Jack asked me, 'Miles, what you want me to do, which percentage you want me to take—five, ten or what?' If I don't feel like paying him shit, he ain't gonna say nothing, but I wouldn't take advantage of him, because of my attitude. He knows the way I think. And I don't want him to take advantage of me."

"You want to deal with guys who are fair," I observed.

"Right. But I think George Wein is unfair. I'm on his tour, but I think he's using me. I wrote him a letter and told him. He tells other people how much I make. He kinda glorifies that, y'know."

"We gave a benefit for the Metropolitan Opera band, and they don't even hire Negroes. And I was gonna tell Duke [Ellington] not to do it, but I told George, 'Now George, you make sure they hire some Negroes.' But a Negro player told me they got their white cousins and all that bullshit in line to play with them. That's some sad shit. That's when I talk about a white band and I say it's shit, that's the shit I mean, passing the thing down the line. [Nods head toward black people on the street.] See all those colored here? It'll be just like this 20 years from now. That's what burns me up."

The mention of the Metropolitan Opera triggered remembrances of his disillusionment with Juilliard and academic studies.

"They asked me did I want to be dean of Howard University's music department," he said.

Would he like to do something like that?

"Hell no! See, I don't think like that, man. I don't like them bourgeois niggers. That's why they're rebelling at Howard. For a long time, they wouldn't even have jazz concerts on the campus of Howard University."

The other day, he had said he was in favor of students taking over their universities and that if he'd had his choice of teachers he would have taken Dizzy Gillespie.

"I'd have different guys for different things," he said. "Get Dizzy for the freedom in music, and a white guy who's stricter on tradition and form, and learn both of them. Then you go your own way. Now you can get black people who've been conditioned by white teachers so that they can't think and they just know straight music—they don't know anything about no freedom in music. I mean, you don't need the white man no more at all. Now, I'm not one of those people who say Negroes are superhuman. But let everybody do his own thing. Let it come out the way it comes out, not the way you might want it to be."

As editor of *Down Beat* until 1967, Don DeMicheal led that jazz magazine to its finest flowering, now past. He presently lives and writes in Chicago.



Miles likes some of the new rock, he has reservations. "All the white groups have got a lot of hair and funny clothes—they got to have that shit on to get it across . . . these bourgeois spades are trying to sing white and the whites are trying to sing colored. It's embarrassing. It's like me wearing a dress."

what I mean? If you were boxing a guy and he kept pressing you and you knew he wasn't gonna lighten up unless you get him off your ass by slipping and sliding, setting him up and feinting him, well, that's what Buddy and Tony are. They play the fucking drums. But they're different. They're the same, but they're different. Tony plays more rhythms and times than Buddy.

"Buddy plays off his snare drum, but Tony can play all over the fucking drums—but with a sound that matches the chords that you're playing. Buddy doesn't play any fucking chords."

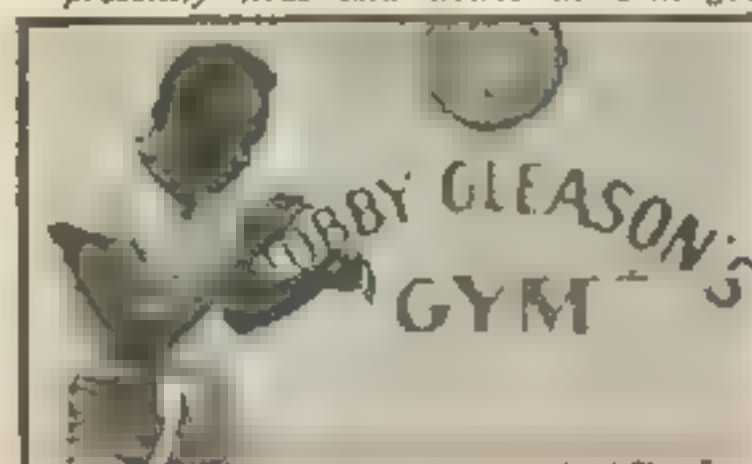
Chords?

"Chords. Sound. Tony plays to the sound, and what he plays to the sound is real slick shit. He might play a different tempo for each sound, Buddy's not like that; Buddy's straightforward. If you got something in mind for a drummer to do, and Tony can't do it and Buddy can't do it, there ain't nobody can do it. That's the way I'll put it."

Miles' fabled temper heated up at

try to make things so they can sell it . . . to finalize it by saying some shit like that. We play by sound. I mean I'll give Chick [Corea] a chord and the sound I want from the chord. He knows I'm musically intelligent enough to give him that. If I don't give him the sound and the approach, he can't play it the way I want to hear it. But there're so many variations on the sound I give him that he's got to get the sound first.

"A lot of people don't know that shit. They look at Buddy Rich and they idolize him . . . I don't blame you, 'cause he's a white man, and white people always idolize white people. They think Negroes are born with rhythm. But you got to cultivate that rhythm, man. I know some guys who'd be corny motherfuckers if they didn't have some other guys with them, and both of them are black. But one of them is almost corny and one is super hip, you put the two together and they get even . . . In other words, you could put Mike Bloomfield with James Brown and he'd





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Bass Strings  
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The Best Sulky on the Market.



No. 18151. Your choice of 14 or 16 inch. Our net cash with order price is \$36.00, and the price quoted is for the sulky delivered on board the cars.

The above illustration represents our new tongueless three wheel sulky with cast wheel in the furrow both in front and in rear of plow, and which is warranted to turn a square corner better than any other sulky made. It is light draught, simple in construction, very easily handled, and made of the very best material, and at the price we quote is the cheapest sulky on the market. It is made with best Bessemer steel wheels with movable boxes and has steel rolling cutters. In turning at end or moving about the doubletrees rise off the ground and the brake keeps the plow from running into the horses' heels.

Our Gang Plow for \$42.00.



\$42.00 is our net cash with order price for this plow. There is no discount. At \$42.00 we furnish this plow complete with land lever, wide shares, steel seat, double board, two large rolling cutters, wood hooks and four horse evener. It turns a square corner to perfection.

The above illustration represents our new tongueless gang plow which works perfectly with four horses abreast or strong out, the off horse in all cases walking in the furrow. It has the best steel wheels, spring lift, land lever, rolling cutters, leveling levers, adjusting land lever and perfect lifting lever, which gives it an edge over all other wheel plows. It is also made with out riding attachment when desired. Plows are made with double boards and steel seats. We can furnish it with arch or moldboard breaker bottoms when desired. All our tongueless gang plows and sulky are provided with a device for holding the plow from running on the horses' heels when the plows are out of the ground. This is a valuable improvement over all others. Weight of plows, about 500 lbs.

No. 18155. Our price for gang with 12 inch. \$42.00  
No. 18155 1/2. Price for plow with 21 1/2 inch plow. \$42.00

The King of Gang Plows.



\$42.00 net cash with order, no discount. We do not make any discount on plows, but we make you the price of \$42.00 for this gang plow delivered on board the cars at the factory from which point you must pay the freight.

No. 18156. Our price with 2 1/2 inch plow complete. \$42.00  
No. 18157. Our special price with 2 1/2 inch plow complete. \$42.00

The above illustration shows our improved old reliable gang, which works perfectly with 4 horses abreast, or 2 ahead of 2. Has steel wheels, spring lift, 2 cutters, 4 horse evener and neckyoke. Beams are very strong. It is very easy to handle, very easily carried on three wheels, and is guaranteed to be lighter on the beam than any other walking plow in proportion to the work done, and lighter with driver than any other wheel plow made. Plows are made with double board and chilled cast share. We recommend cast share for hard or sandy ground. Rods or moldboard breaker bottoms can be furnished for our sulky, gangs, etc., when desired. Special prices on application.

If there is any way we can serve you on any purchase whatsoever, do not hesitate to write us. We can save you money on almost anything that is made.

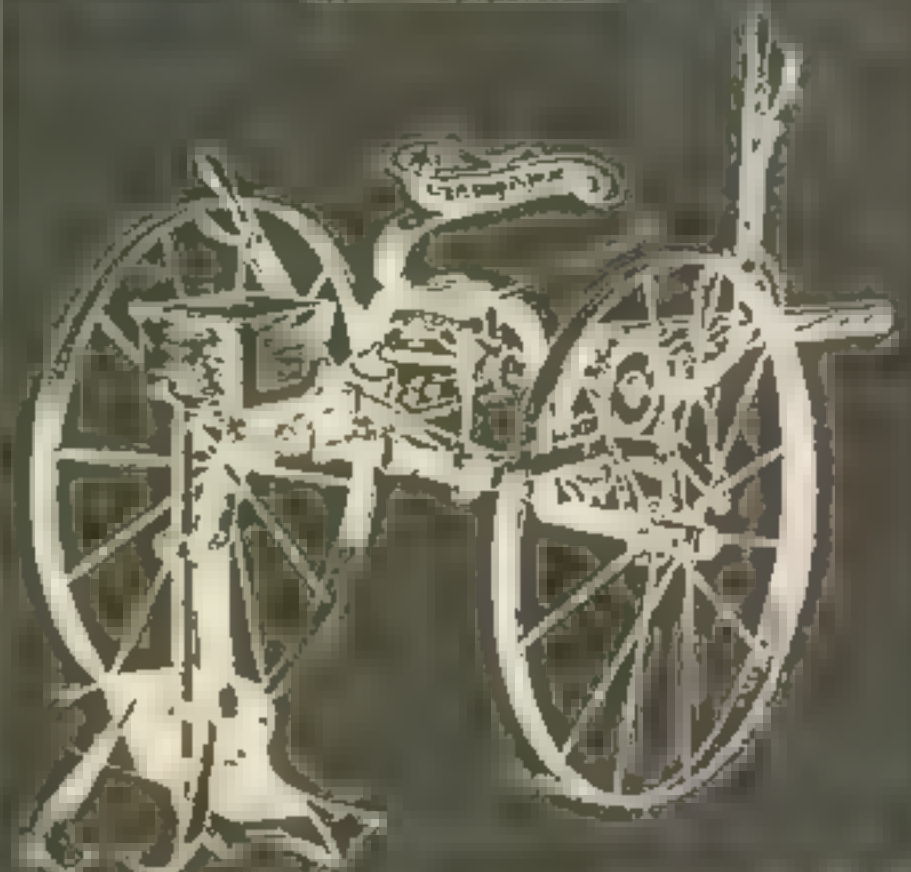
Our \$13.00 Subsoil Lister with Wood Beam Complete with Runners.



No. 18158. We furnish this lister in either 14 or 16 inch as desired. We guarantee this lister will score in all soils. The only lister on the market furnished with runners, easy to handle and will almost run alone. Weight of lister, 100 lbs.

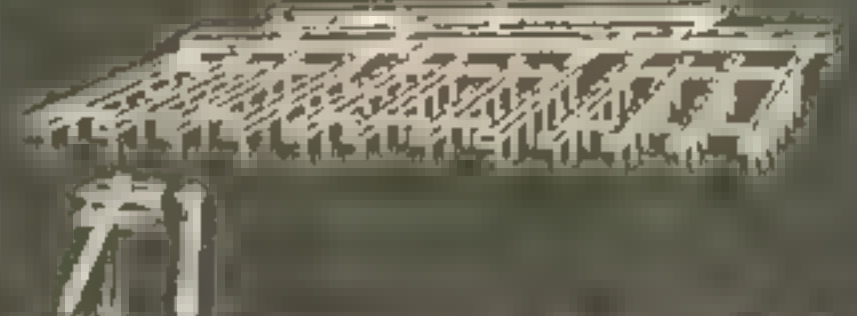
\$13.00

Our 14-inch Sulky Lister Complete with Covering Shovels for \$36.00.



Our 16-inch sulky lister complete with covering shovels at \$37.00. This is an old reliable lister and the only successful riding lister on the market. New triple seat off, spring lift and all the latest improvements. It has exactly the same frame as our old reliable sulky, and any farmer that has that sulky can obtain an attachment to convert it into a riding sulky at \$22.00 for 14-inch, \$22.50 for 16-inch, which includes triple trees, drill and stirrups. Weight of this sulky lister complete is 450 lbs. Price quoted is for the sulky lister delivered on board the cars at Altoon, Ill., from which point you must pay the freight.

Our Channel Steel Harrows at from \$7.90 to \$12.75.



No. 18162. 45 teeth, 3 sections. Price \$11.00  
No. 18163. 72 teeth, 3 sections. Price \$14.00  
No. 18164. 96 teeth, 4 sections. Price \$12.75  
We consider our channel steel harrow the best harrow on the market of any kind. It is simple and durable. It has no bolts and nuts to work loose. The teeth revolve automatically and it does perfect work in all kinds of soil. Has hinged drawbar and same steel rails as our lever harrows. We have put our prices below any competition and we shall hope to be favored with your orders.

Our \$9.25 Steel Lever Harrow.



No. 18165. Price with 64 teeth, 2 sections, flexible harrow. \$9.25  
No. 18166. Same harrow with springs. \$10.00  
No. 18167. 36 teeth, 3 sections, flexible harrow. \$12.00  
No. 18168. Same harrow with springs. \$14.50  
We make these harrows with both light and heavy rails, and guarantee the heavy harrow in any work. We will furnish new rails free if you break them. We make these harrows in 2 sections, 41 teeth, and in 3 sections, 56 teeth. We make these harrows with flexible or rigid frame as desired, the flexible frame having cross or trans bars only on the top, while the rigid has the cross or trans bars across both top and bottom. The rails are made of channel steel, very light and very strong, with a square hole at the bottom and a round hole at the top, enabling us to get the full strength of the teeth, which are fastened in by a hexagon nut on top of the rail. This harrow is a great improvement over any other harrow made and has features covered by our patent that no farmer will do without when once understood. The illustration above of our flexible harrow shows the spring device which we can put on either style harrow at an additional expense of 50c a section. The spring gives the teeth a vibrating or glancing motion which keeps them from gathering trash, causes them to pulverize the ground more thoroughly and prevents the teeth from being injured or bent when striking an obstruction. The springs can be changed to the ordinary style by changing the pins from the hole in front of the casting to a hole through the casting, and thus giving the operator both styles of harrow in one. This is the newest harrow on the market to set up, the castings being fastened to the rails and the cross bars attached with bolts.

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Wonderful in Value.  
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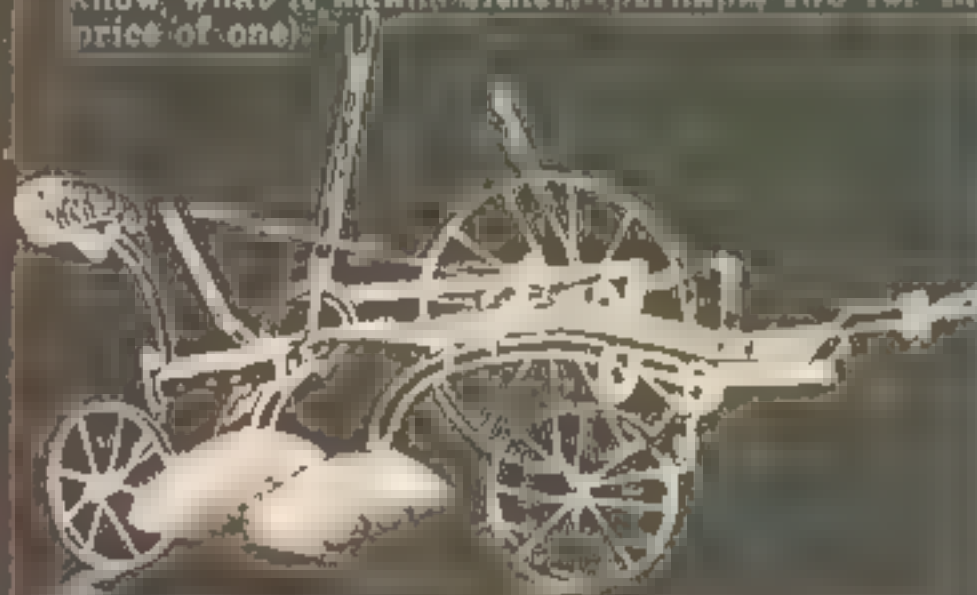
Ummagumma is not a brand of mountain plow. It's a brand of Pink Floyd. Contrary to popular opinion, Cyrus McCormick did not invent the Wasa Wasa. Edgar Broughton did. Alchemy is no fruit. It's the "Third Ear" creating gold by magic. This is a new HARVEST season that has nothing to do with traditional notions of reaping and sowing. Think about HARVEST as Malcolm does: as something nice and summery and friendly.

Malcolm Jones is the twenty-three year old master of the HARVEST label. With the support and backing of EMI, Malcolm created a residence for music from groups called "underground" and "experimental." In a short time, HARVEST has become something of a family, a home for quality avant-garde music of all kinds. HARVEST comes from England. Here in the U.S. we now have a glimpse of what's really happening over there.



"Ummagumma":

A two-record set by the Pink Floyd, one of England's top groups (and also very popular in the United States). Pink Floyd creates a sound that could be called "extra-terrestrial." The group believes its music should be useful and living. It is. All that and the title, UMMAGUMMA. We don't know what it means either (perhaps, two for the price of one).

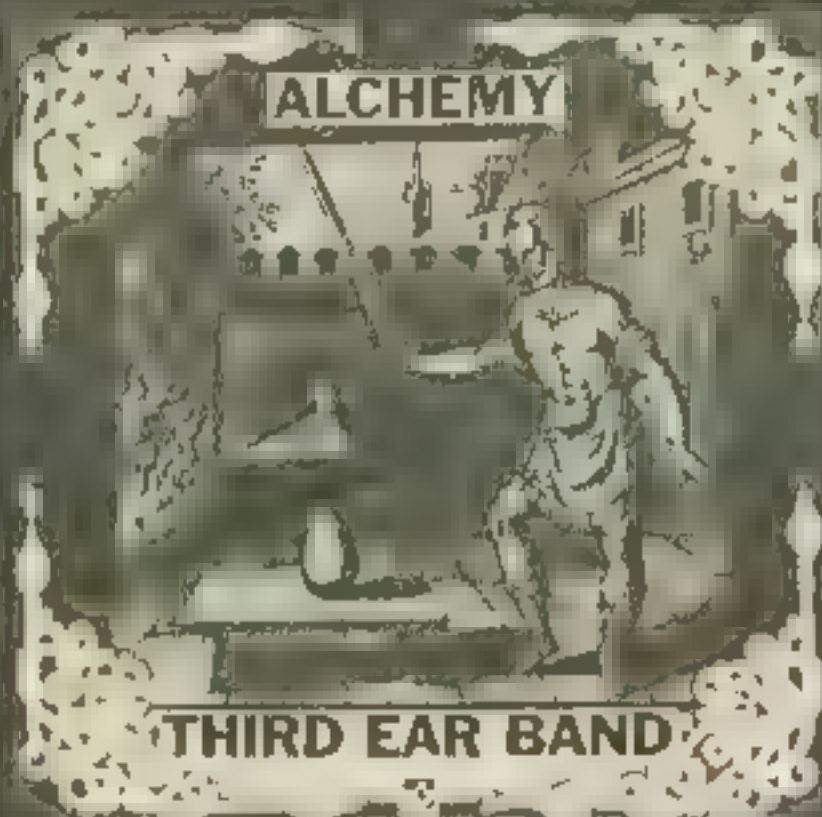


EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND  
WASA WASA



"Wasa Wasa":

Wasa Wasa is Eskimo for "from far away" which in this case means far away ahead of their time. The Edgar Broughton Band consists of three young men and a manager who is Edgar's mom. Like all the others on HARVEST, the Broughton Band has achieved immense popularity in England. Probably because of tunes like "Death of an Electric Citizen." You'll hear a lot of it.



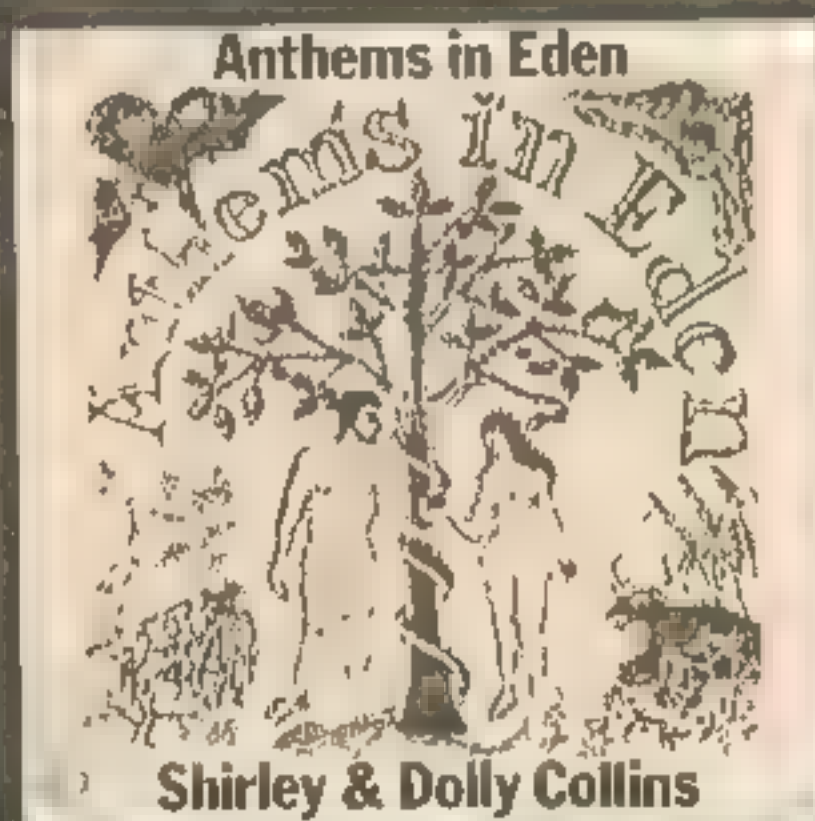
"Alchemy":

There isn't another group in the world that sounds like The Third Ear Band. They use instruments like Egyptian tabla, oboe, violin, viola, and cello. The sound is unforgettable, hypnotic and magic. The Third Ear Band has played to huge audiences in London, and the effect has always been the same. Thousands mesmerized, which isn't easy these days.



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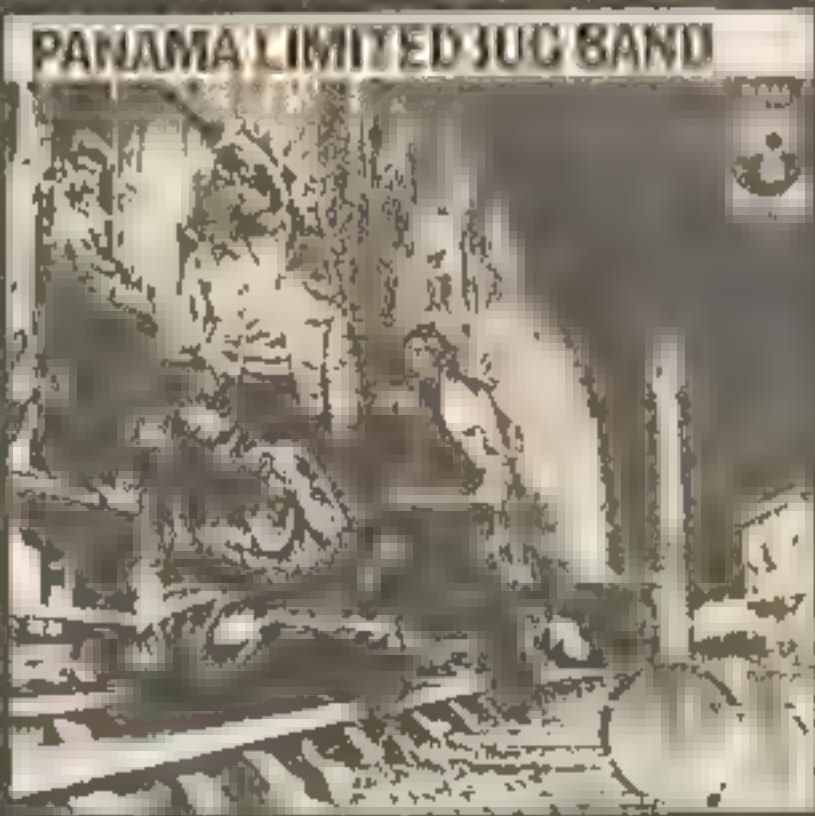


"Anthems in Eden":

Shirley and Dolly Collins have collected traditional material from times past, using medieval instrumentation. Together, they make music which provides a unique experience: music that has been called "primeval English pop." Consider the rebeck, the sackbut, the crumhorn and rackett. If you've never heard them before, they're here now. Instrumental for "Anthems in Eden."



No. 18151. Your choice of 14 or 16 inch. Our net cash with order price is \$29.00, and the price quoted is for the sulky delivered on board the car.  
The above illustration represents our new tongueless three wheel sulky with cast wheel in the furrow both at rear and in front of plow, and which is warranted to turn a square corner better than any other sulky made. It is light draught, simple in construction, very easily handled, and made of the very best material, and at the price we quote is the cheapest sulky on the market. It is made with best Hessemer steel wheels with movable bases and has steel rolling coulters, is turning at end or moving about the doubletrees rise on the ground and the brake keeps the plow from running into the horses' hoofs.



Panama Limited Jug Band:

Name of the group; name of the album. This young group of four guys and a girl have a beautifully funky jug band-folk-country-jazz-pop sound, and combine it with traditional music. Titles like, "Going to Germany," "Wildcat Squall." Listen for the bones, spoons, mandolin and jug. English style.

Watch for one English Harvest after another.

Here now, a Happy Thanksgiving and a cheery UMMAGUMMA to you all, EMI's HARVEST label. From Malcolm and the family.

Introduced in the U.S. by Capitol.

If there is any way we can serve you on any purchase whatever, do not hesitate to write us. We can save you money on almost anything that is made.

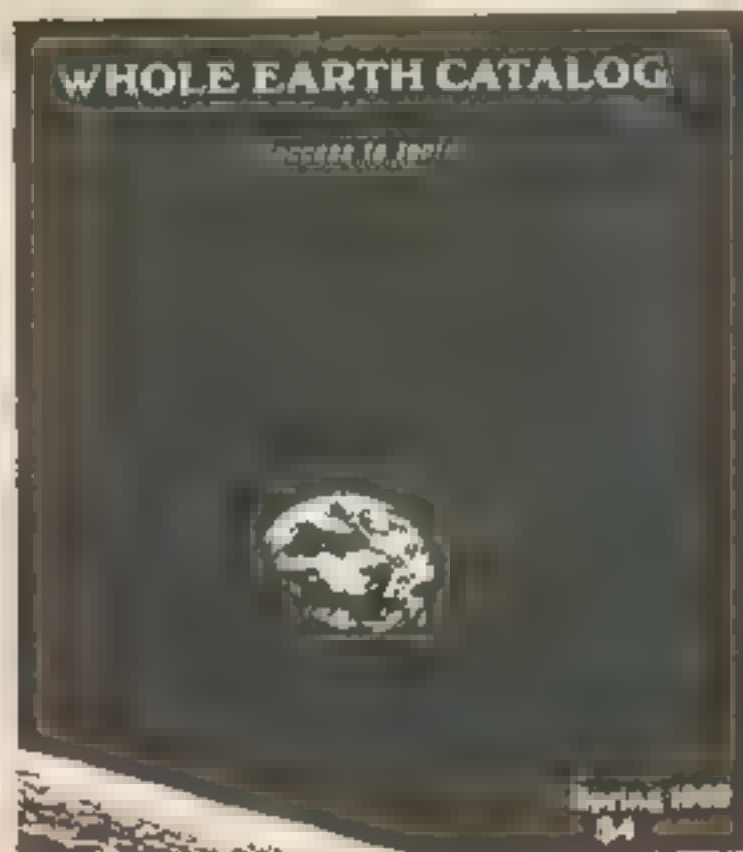




BARON WOLMAN

"When anybody dies," Brand said, "you get open to things. I began to think what I would like to do for my friends."

## THE ENVIRONMENTALISTS



BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

You can find out how to build a geodesic dome, the cheapest way to travel overland from Luxembourg to Nepal, where to buy the best constructed tipis, books on foraging for food and Moog Synthesizers.

There are excerpts from the complete writings of R. Buckminster Fuller, the *I Ching* and the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalog, tips on organic gardening and macrobiotic cooking and folksy reports from the "outlaw" designers and architects of the new long-hair communities in Oregon, Colorado and New Mexico.

All this, and a hell of a lot more, makes up the contents of the twice-a-year Whole Earth Catalog and its four annual Difficult But Possible Supplements. Now completing its first year of publication, the Whole Earth Catalog is a unique compendium of the hip and the homespun, of far-out technology and down-home atavism, dedicated to the proposition that "we are as Gods—and might as well get good at it," and to the assumption that anything practical, cheap, of high quality and easy availability can serve as a tool toward that end.

Visually, the Catalog is a richly textured, turn-of-the-Sixties funk collage of black-and-white photo-reproductions, line-drawings, hand printed correspondence and Victorian type-faces, all jumbled together on cheap paper like an early century mail-order catalog.

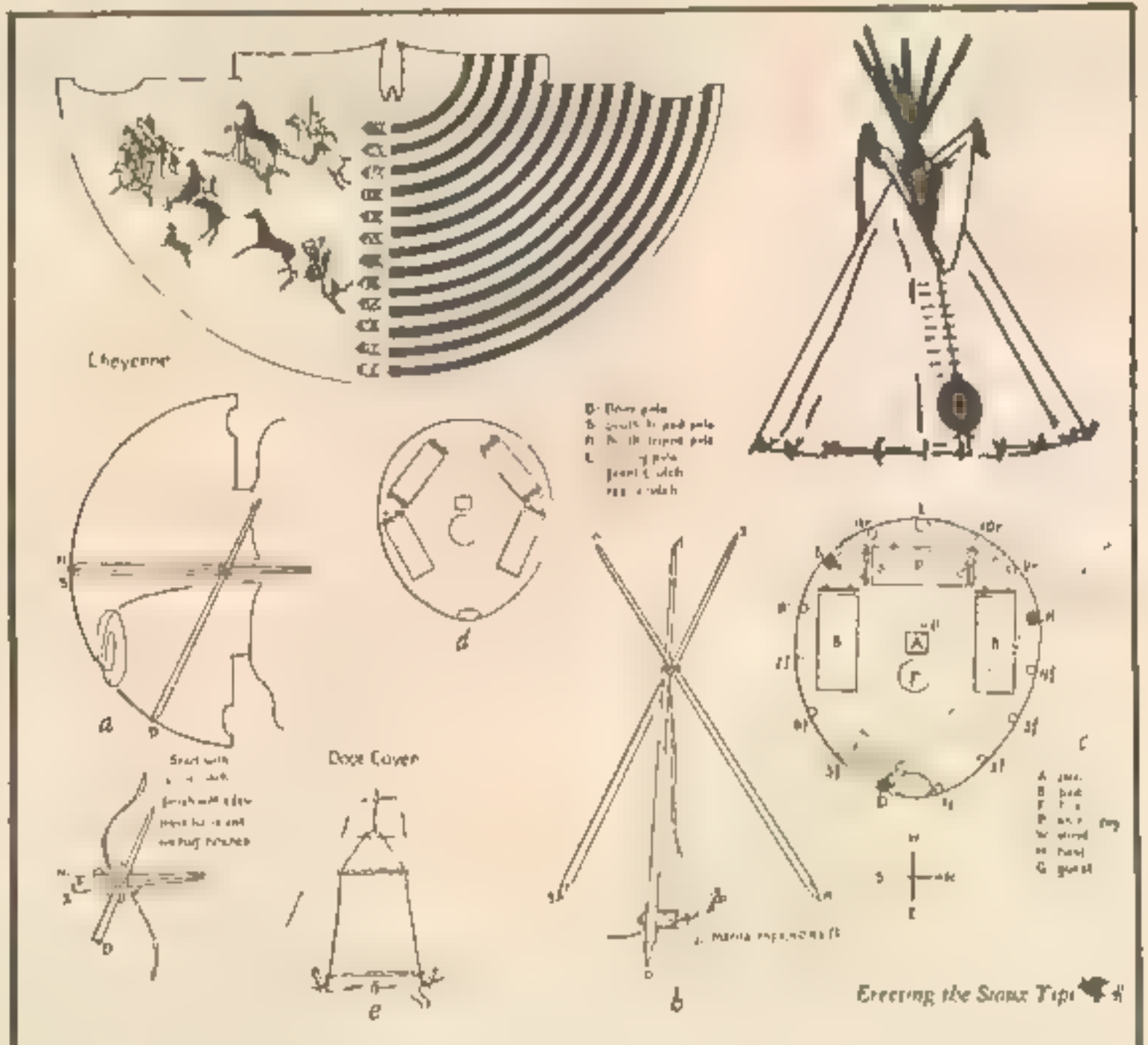
Editorially, the easiest way to describe the Catalog is on its own terms. Thus, the spring, 1969, edition contained entries on Understanding Whole Systems—

The Population Bomb, Tantra Art, Process and Pattern in Evolution—on adobe construction methods, the art of creative knotting, Dr. Hip Pocrates and Dr. Spock, there were photographs of the Earth taken from Apollo 8, and of the Plaster Casters' alleged replica of Jimi Hendrix' pecker taken from *The Realist*. The July supplement carried pieces on how to manage a rock group (from the Berkeley Barb), Experiments in Art and Technology, letters from Wes Wilson and Ken Kesey, and a frontpage feature on a road-race among buses on a commune meadow in New Mexico.

In general, the Catalog is a hefty 125-plus pages containing a more conventional listing of items and books, with reviews, excerpts and information on how to get them, while the scantier supplement is a kind of free-wheeling editor's mail-bag. Both, however, rely heavily on suggestions and evaluations from readers (who get paid \$10 per review), and the whole thing bears the unmistakable imprint of the Catalog's founder and editor, Stewart Brand. Brand provides the individual bits and pieces with a loose editorial matrix of laconic style and wry humor, a mixture of biological, metaphysical and communications jargon written with an earthy, mid-Western twang.

Similarly, the apparent chaos of form and content eventually yields up a highly coherent method that is as American as New England town meetings, the Farmer's Almanac or peyote rituals. For beneath a hip veneer of dymaxion design, exotic religious philosophy and faddish health theories, the Catalog celebrates an old-fashioned, fundamentalist individualism, the mystique of the self-taught, self-reliant do-it-yourselfer living in an organic relationship with his environment and on a level of collaborative equality with his fellows.

In contrast to the average mail order catalog's emphasis on assembly-line consumables, Whole Earth is built around the idea that everything from kaiboh boots to books on classic guitar construction and altered states of consciousness can qualify as "useful tools" contributing to "a realm of intimate personal power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment." From one point of view, the Catalog represents a use of Marxist assumptions toward the ideals of anarchism, an attempt to spread control over the means of production—and education—so widely that anyone who wants to can be the locus of his



Shelter & Land Use: Cheap, portable and easy to make tipis

own economic and political power. From another, the Catalog reflects an updating of the 19th century crafts movement to electronic age technology, and of New England transcendentalism to an earthy, peyote-vision mysticism in which the most visionary ideas are eminently practical and the most prosaic implements are sacred.

From any vantage point, the Catalog has been a huge success. Geared primarily to the educational needs of the new rural communities, it also performs useful services for the less pure of heart: Scotchng rumors of products we've all been waiting for, such as a combination Pill and aphrodisiac; providing information on home brewing and camping equipment for week-end drop-outs, guiding urban scufflers through the wilderness of New York in a comprehensive Baedeker called "Fuck the System" (for free food, show up at Jewish weddings or bar mitzvahs and say, "I'm Marvin's brother.")

"A lot of people have dropped out of

the economic system out of despair that there's nothing worth buying," Brand said. "In the Catalog, we try to show that this is not true, there are a lot of tools that are worth sustaining. The Catalog is aimed especially toward high school drop-outs—once they start their own education, they can do it all in the basement. But everybody wants to be more powerful than they are. A lot of our new subscriptions have been gifts from kids to their parents—or from parents to their kids."

The Catalog is published from a spacious, functional back room behind a store front in downtown Menlo Park, a wealthy San Francisco Peninsula community a few miles from Stanford University, although when the mood strikes, Brand will take off with his wife, an \$800 camera and a \$150 a month IBM Selectric Composer typewriter, and put an entire supplement together somewhere in Oregon or the Southwest desert. The store front serves both as a retail outlet

—Continued on Page 32



# Four albums guaranteed to prevent the feeling you've been crapped on again.

The Jeff Beck  
Group's vocalist  
is out on his own.  
SR 61237



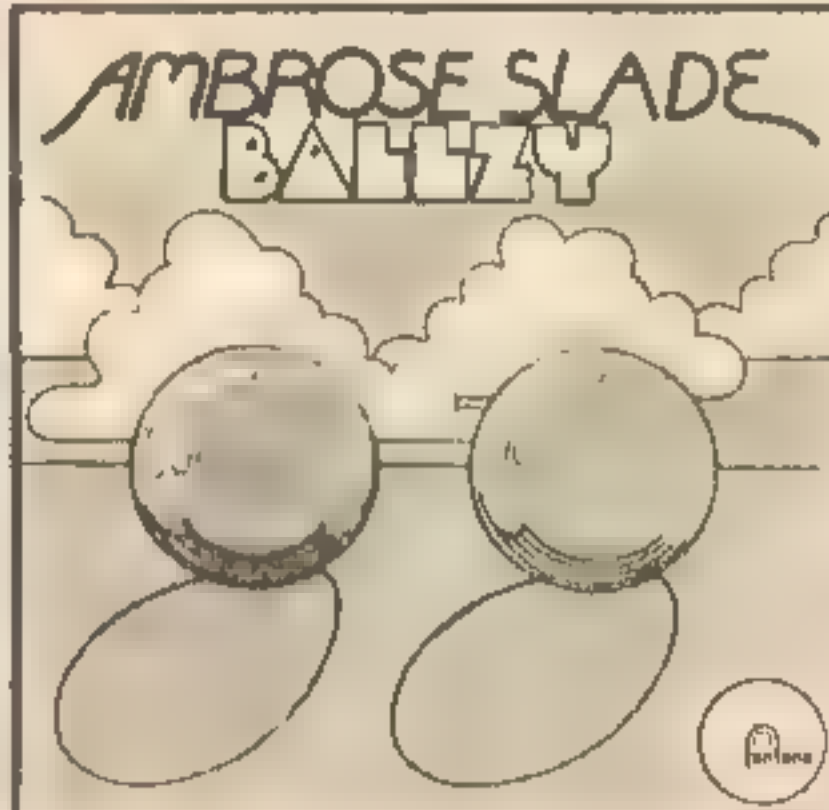
Every family album  
should be as beautiful.  
SR 61240



He's real. He says  
what's on his mind.  
SR 61236



They're Skinheads.  
With their own new sound.  
SRF 67598



Sometimes one or two cuts will sell you on an album. You buy it. Take it home. Play it through. And one or two cuts are all you've gotten for your money.

Four fine new albums change all that. Three are by great singers all in different bags. One is by a revolutionary British rock group. All are consistently good for body and soul. Pick them up.

You won't have to worry about coming out smelling like a rose.

From The Mercury Record Corporation Family Of Labels  
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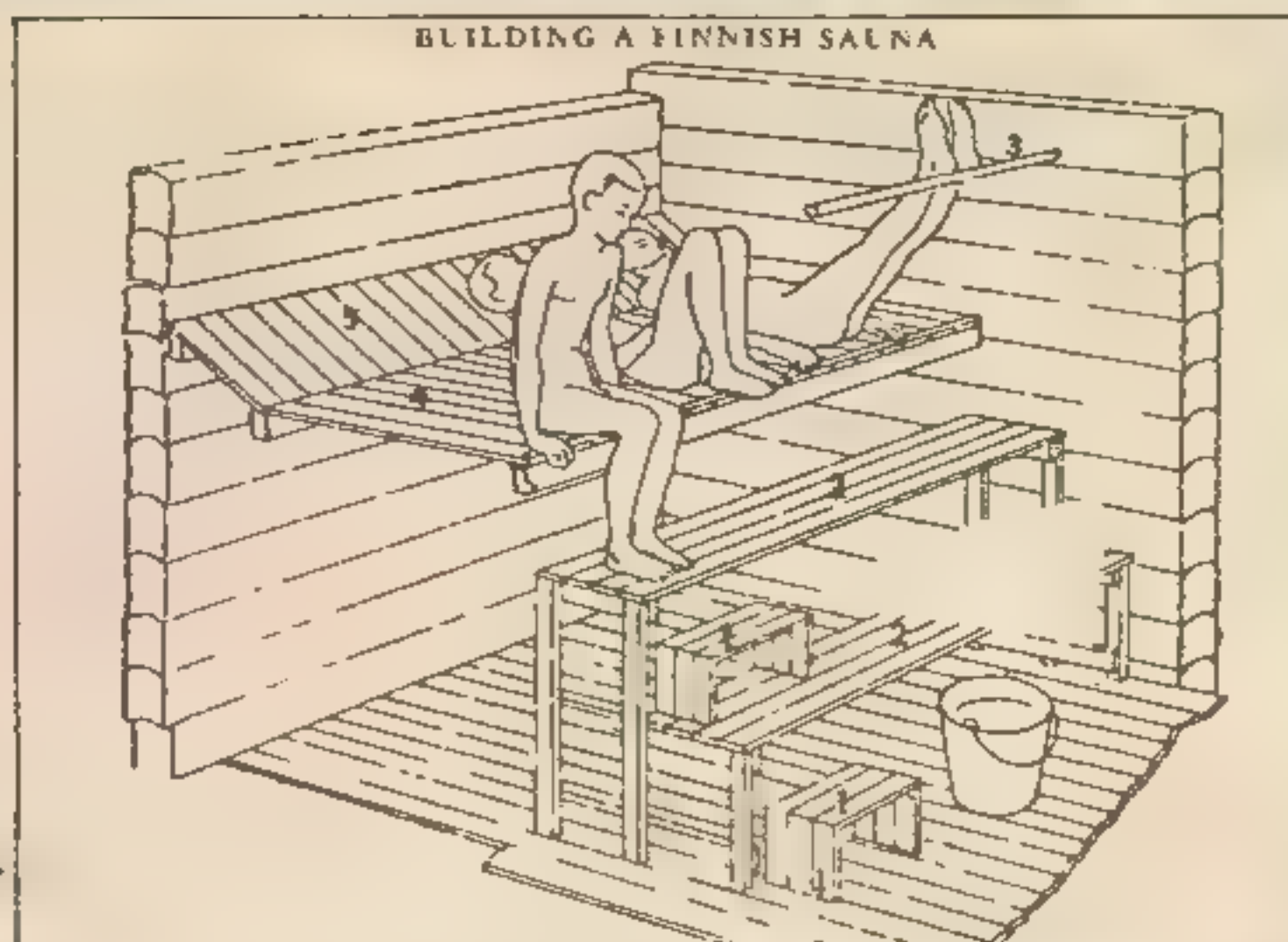


## ENVIRONMENTALIST



Contact, Stewart Brand and the non-violent foam sword

Community, left: A need for perspiration  
Industry & Craft, below: The graphics of  
M. C. Escher



Continued from Page 30

and a mail-order house for customers who find it more convenient to order here than through the sources listed in the catalog; it contains about 60 per cent of the books and items listed. A Whole Earth Truck Store, set up to travel to communes and other places, is temporarily inactive following the resignation of its driver who, according to an item in the supplement, was inspired by Baba Ram Dass "to seek a more direct route to enlightenment than wheeling and dealing."

Locating in Menlo Park was "a considered decision," according to Brand, who observes that the area has been a center for such examples of "far-out entrepreneurship" as Ramparts Magazine, the Stanford Research Institute, the International Foundation—one of the earliest organizations to conduct LSD research—and Whole Earth's parent organization, the Portola Institute, a non-profit corporation dedicated to innovative projects in education.

Brand, in his early thirties, sand-haired and spare, is uniquely qualified for his particular function, holding both a degree in biology from Stanford and an Acid Test diploma which is framed on the office wall. A native of Illinois, Brand was attending an academy in New England when he first read Steinbeck and found everyone "seemed to be having such a good time," he came west to join in. He "wasted four years at Stanford," during which he was a Sloan Scholar and received an Institute of International Relations Award for work with foreign students. He was also introduced by a professor to the post Beat scene in North Beach, where he said he finally found some of the qualities that Steinbeck had been writing about.

After spending some time there, Brand served two years in the Army as a photo-journalist in the Pentagon, "parachuting and skydiving" around Fort Dix and hanging around New York on weekends with Steve Durkee, an environmental designer. Back in San Francisco, Brand studied photography and design at the Art Institute, worked with designer Gordon Ashby on an exhibit covering the history of astronomy, now on permanent display in New York's Hayden Planetarium, and then created a slide-film-tape touring-show called "America Needs Indians." Research included living with Indians on the Warm Springs reservation in Oregon and with the Southwest Nava-

jos. "When I came back, I'd learned so much, everything was different," Brand says. "In Oregon I saw the anarchistic Sidcot Indians. The Navajos taught me organization. Anything I know about organization, I learned at a Navajo peyote meeting one night," Brand said.

While working with the Indians, Brand met Ken Kesey, who was also delving into Indian lore, and the two organized the famous weekend San Francisco Trips Festival in January, 1966, the prototype of rock dance/light show events. "All the people involved in the Trips Festival knew it was a new age—but we didn't know what," Brand said. "It was our trial by fire of a lot of things. A lot of people came out with a strong sense of power."

That spring, Brand and Durkee conceived the idea of a Human Be-In, and in the summer they took part in the big environmental show staged in New York's Riverside Museum. Then came traveling with Kesey's Franksters and, that fall, the Acid Test graduation rites. "Kesey pointed out that we had all gone through that door for a reason—and it was time to get back to what that reason was," Brand said. "Sixty-six was a water-shed year. People were moving out of the city, just like people had left North Beach when the rents went high and the scene became appalling and moved to the Haight. When the same thing happened there, where else could you go?"

Some of the oldest of the new communities like Drop City and Libre were then being formed, and late that year, Brand and his wife spent time in a commune in New Mexico—"It was clear that they were the cutting edge of something important."

The Whole Earth concept began to germinate in a peculiar kind of way back in 1966, when it occurred to Brand that, among all the photographs of the earth taken from various space flights, there were none that pictured the planet in its entirety. He set himself up as a kind of one-man movement, passing out Whole Earth buttons around the University of California campus—from which he was booted off for not representing a campus organization—rapping with space program technologists and directing inquiries to people like Marshall McLuhan and Buckminster Fuller as to why the Whole Earth was being covered up. "Of all these people, the only one who answered was Fuller," Brand said. "He wrote that I must be misguided,

and described mathematically how much of the earth's surface could be seen from one point."

Later, however, Brand met Fuller, and asked him what the effect might be on people if they could see the earth all in one glance. "Fuller blinked a moment, and then said to forget everything he'd said."

The idea of the Catalog was born a year and a half ago when Brand was flying back from his father's funeral in Illinois, and reading Barbara Ward's *Spaceship Earth*.

"When anybody dies, you get open to things," Brand said. "I began to think what would I like to do for my friends. Most had moved out to the sticks and the communities. I got this romantic notion of a truck, laden with things, that would come around like the old frontier medicine shows—an access mobile. That was the fantasy."

Fundamental to the concept was the plan for a catalog providing information on materials for "small scale access." A few of Brand's original ideas failed to come off, such as picturing each item along with a naked chick. Brand and his wife devoted more than six months to research, and put out the Catalog's first edition last fall.

Brand says the Catalog is "strictly an outgrowth of the commune movement" and it has paralleled the communes' phenomenal growth. "If it's a gold mine, then we're the shyster lawyers who are making a mint out of it," Brand says, only half-jokingly.

For a time, the office maintained a map pin-pointing the communes' locations, "but we lost track. There are a number in Canada and Minnesota, lots in Washington, zillions in California. The bigger and more stable ones are in New Mexico. There are urban ones in New York. The Canadian government has a unique one in Rochdale, an 18-story skyscraper completely in the hands of long-hairs. The speed freaks live on the 13th floor, and the motorcycle gangs are on the first floor to guard the place."

"In terms of evolution, their origins are in pedomorphism," Brand says. "Most of the communes are almost a purely pedomorphic thing, an extension of the juvenile. You can't go any further along the same root, so you go back, pick up a new root, maybe."

Brand sees the majority of communes as having their basis in "economic convenience and spiritual aspirations. These

are not making innovations, except in life styles."

Most, he adds, are beset by population problems. "Both the population explosion and the information explosion has caught them. If you let on you're having a good time, they come and see that you don't. You can't spread it that thin."

The Catalog contains its share of features geared toward these kinds of communities: Tipis, for example—"If you get into this thing very much at all, you gotta have a tipi." Brand chose the Catalog's Windsor type faces partly "as pure huckster theater—the thing that will move people is nostalgia"—partly because they reflect "where most of the communes are—in the late 19th and early 20th century."

But he is more interested in communities of dropped out scientists, solar engineers and dome architects who are exploring new systems and environments along the lines of Fuller's ideas.

"I'm an empiricist," Brand says, "and I suppose the key ingredient in my thinking is survival; that's what drives evolution. My assumption is, in the age of dinosaurs, the thing to be is a mammal. Those little shrews had all the marbles; they were able to diversify and adopt to their new surroundings. People who are dropping out are dropping out of specialization. This is the great effect of the whole drug and music culture; scientists and engineers see people having a good time, and here they have all these talents and skills and think they should be having a good time, too, but they're miserable. The Catalog is really directed toward this group, the people who want to get away from specialization for a more comprehensive, whole system thing. Gradually, they are coming up with whole new alternative ways."

Brand drew a graphic characterization of this group in a Supplement report of a recent gathering in the New Mexico desert designed to produce "a meld of information on Materials, Structure, Energy, Man, Magic, Evolution and Consciousness."

"Who were they? (Who are we?) Persons in their late twenties or early thirties, mostly. Havers of families, many of them. Outlaws, dope fiends, and fanatics, naturally. Doers, primarily, with a functional grimy grasp on the world. World-thinkers, dropouts from specialization. Hope freaks."

The Catalog reflects Brand's somewhat anarchistic political and economic phil-



## The Complete Walker

The joys and techniques of hiking and backpacking  
by Colin Fletcher  
aka: The Man Who Walked Through Time



Nomads: How to go for a walk and not have to come back

Survival, "People seem less interested in survival, more in the return of the frontier or maybe a sudden desert island. Fat chance"



The Cool—"better than a Jeep"

osophy, which puts a strong emphasis on entrepreneurship. It often forms a curious parallel with the kind of ideas set forth in Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*, which was based on a group of wealthy industrial and engineering geniuses who dropped out to a haven in the Colorado desert to wait for the rest of the system to collapse by their absence.

The ideas in *Atlas Shrugged* "inspired a lot of our operational stuff, just like Fuller did," said Brand, "because it works."

"Of all the big nasties—the church, education, business—the least nasty is big business. The school and drug cultures are both naive in their attitude toward business. The workings of business are really kept at a great distance from the consumer; he is sheltered from the amount of mark-ups, service charges and all the rest."

"But the soundest reports on the drug culture, for example, I found in the *Wall Street Journal*. These people are much more in tune with the individual American than politicians are. You have a stronger vote as a buyer than a voter; you can put them out of business."

Brand candidly concedes that he is more concerned with running a business than in a personal involvement with the community movement, though he and his wife continue to "community hop" occasionally. "I like all of them."

"When I was living with the Indians I got a lot of the simple life, gardening and so on, but after a while it gets boring," Brand said. "Also, most communities are too young. I'm happy with people my own age, about 30 years old. Finally, when you get to be around 30, you become interested in making a little money. I have my acid test diploma, and I try to avoid any chemicals," Brand added. "As far as we can tell, it's pedomorphic, it turns your head into a more primitive state. It is a fabulous way out of a bind. A caveman can see things that a businessman can't. But he can feel more gripped by them, too."

The operational philosophy of the Whole Earth Catalog is simple: Low overhead, complete candor and service to its readers.

The Catalog and Supplements are published by a staff of Brand and four other people, and their entire equipment fills five boxes. "When our first issue came out, *Consumer Reports* ran an article saying we obviously couldn't survive," Brand said. "It must have been

## THE BOOK OF SURVIVAL

Anthony Greenbank



Survival still



Kidney and head protection



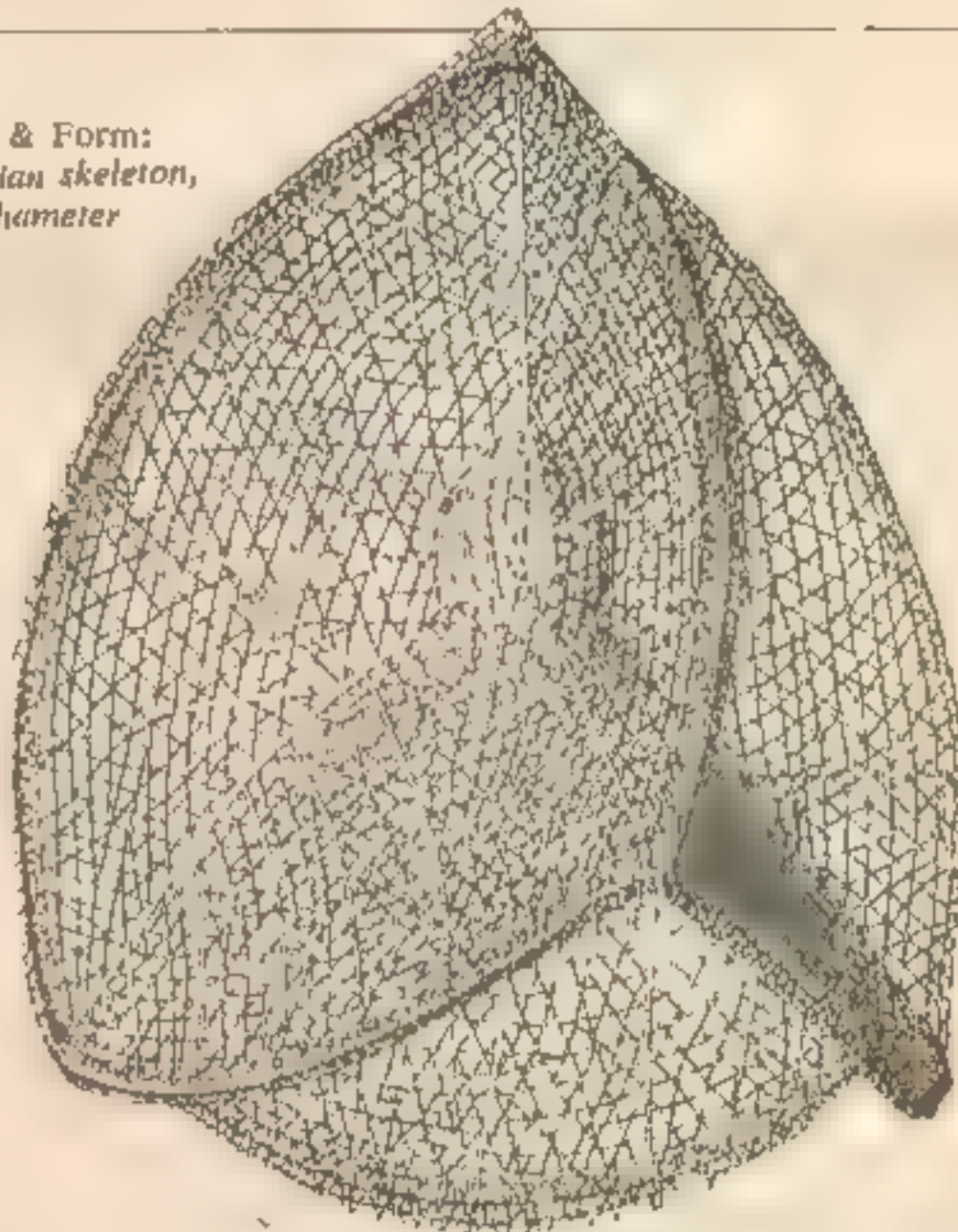
Collects fire lighter

### FIGHTING DRUNK

Humor.

If involved in brawl, drunks can offer astoundingly strong grip. Hit hard in stomach and this may make him sick.

On Growth & Form:  
A Nassellarian skeleton,  
0.15 mm. diameter



inconceivable to them just how cheaply we operate."

One ingredient in the Catalog's low overhead is a liberal use of excerpts—often pirated—from books and other publications it lists. The Catalog includes listings for the two other principal publications in the common field—*Modern Utopia Magazine*, a kind of grandiose communities newsletter, and *Green Revolution*, aimed primarily at the older, Fabian style communities dating from the Twenties and Thirties. If you're interested in any kind of hand tool, Whole Earth simply recommends the Sears Roebuck catalog—"the best source in the world for hand tools: Better, cheaper, and fully guaranteed."

"We sell the publication to a large extent on the basis of other people's work," Brand admits. "But we pay the author back because his sales go up. If it ever gets down to damages, he can only claim more sales."

Brand describes the Catalog's notion of customer service as "a down home extension of the idea of service introduced by the telephone company around the turn of the century when it became clear that if big business didn't start to regulate itself, the government would."

"Most catalogs have an interest in

the things they carry. We don't. Our interest is giving information to the reader, and the supplier can go fuck himself. We're waiting for someone to come along and do what we're doing even better. If they do, we'll include them in the Catalog."

The Catalog rarely lists an item simply for the sake of putting it down—"we don't need to," says Brand. "It's partly a Fullerton thing—he never tries to fight his enemies, he tries to obsolesce them. It's why fighting college is so irrelevant—you can go out on your own and start anything, and it's going to be better."

It also steers, sometimes reluctantly, away from items or projects beyond the scope of a few people to carry off. "There are lots of promising industrial things—the opening up of oceans, sea labs, and so on. They're fascinating, but we don't do very much on it because it's not possible for you and a half dozen buddies to go out and do much of any consequence with the ocean."

Likewise, Brand adds, "for the real dirt poor, we don't have too much."

Each Catalog and Supplement provides its readers with a unique breakdown on how the publication's income, costs and profits are sliced. Letters from readers

contained in the Supplements constitute a free forum including criticism as well as suggestions and praise. One reader complained that in following Fuller's philosophy, the Catalog also held too closely to his withdrawn political views.

Brand says he is growing more interested in politics, "not as a thing we do, but something to speak on"—though he has puzzled in vain over a term, that could somehow combine the concepts of New Left and New Right to describe the catalog's political philosophy. Primarily, it is pragmatic and ecological, Brand said, pointing to the Taoistic saying under a picture of the globe on the back cover of the catalog's first issue: "We can't put it together, it is together." "We have to start off with that and move on from there."

Brand is also interested in going further into the music field. "A lot of people must start out really ignorant of the real economics of running a rock band," he says. "The Beatles and Dylan have created a complete breakthrough for a whole generation. They made a success and continued, not by keeping on doing the same thing, but by change. Each record is different and better than the one before. They taught the audience the rule that you had better keep changing and getting better. If not, you're copping out."

Brand digs keeping a finger in the Whole Earth retail outlet. "When you deal over the counter with an item, you get better access to its real value. A guy coming in and saying you're full of shit is a better analysis than you can buy."

On top of the surge of success that has greeted the publications, Brand says he has been besieged with requests from people wanting to set up Whole Earth stores in their own towns.

"We say fine, let a thousand flowers bloom. I don't care if they use the name."

"I'm a great believer in being responsible to your fantasies," Brand added. "When a fantasy turns you on, you're obligated to God and nature to start doing it—right away. That's the thing we learned from the Hell's Angels. The Whole Earth Catalog was an accident that worked. We were going for break-even—like I've always gone for. We've been given a keep-on-going sanction from this world, and over that, the Fullerton wealth sanction—the wealth of the world made this much richer."





PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN



Lifestock Earth: like a parking lot surrounded by a plastic sausage

BY JOHN BURKS

A month ago, Stewart Brand turned his catalog into a lifestock for a week. He and 52 other freaks walked away from the lifestock hungry. They were lucky; 118 others died.

They died to save mankind. More or less. In truth, they were not actually dead, not in the sense the word is normally used. They had simply fallen off of Lifestock Earth.

Brand (the ex-psychedelic crazy/organizer prankster who puts together the amazing Whole Earth Catalog) had been fishing about for a way to make a dramatic statement about the explosive problem of world over-population.

"Things are getting crowded and hungry on this planet," said one of the first announcements issued by the Lifestock Earth people. "Environment is not only finite, it's short. So is time. So is consciousness of all this."

Lifestock Earth was designed to be "a flamboyant, pointed piece of media theater on the subject. Plan: In an enclosed highly public place, a large number of people don't eat for a week. They just stay together and don't eat and see what happens."

The urgency behind Brand's project lies in cold statistics: Every ten seconds, four people die of malnutrition. Each day, 190,000 new earthlings are added to the world population.

That's too fucking many people. Too many fucking people, rather.

A huge Lifestock was constructed in a one-acre parking lot in Hayward, California, a dismal suburban patch of stucco and asphalt across the Bay and a few miles to the south of San Francisco.

The original plan called for a roof over the Lifestock, but it would have been a plastic roof, and the Hayward city officials refused to allow it (since it would literally turn to napalm if it caught fire).

Lifestock Earth wound up looking less like a lifestock than an asphalt parking lot surrounded by a four-foot high continuous plastic sausage full of air.

Outside were a lot of media, a lot of radio and TV and newspaper people. The Hunger Show (as the starve-in was called) got good news coverage.

And small wonder the news media were intrigued. For Brand had gathered together a fascinating set of freaks to climb on board Lifestock Earth. There was Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, or Dr. Hip Pocrates, as he is better known. Hugh Romney, leader (though he denies it) of Hog Farm, a commune on the move, the freaks who non-violently policed the Woodstock festival. (Note: on the way to the Hunger Show, traveling up via Hog Farm buses from their camp grounds in Arizona, the gap-toothed Romney decided to change his name to Wavy Gravy in honor of the event, and will be referred to by that name from here on.) Stephanie Mills, the beautiful 1969 class valedictorian at Mills College, who shocked nearly all the old alumnae with her call for total contraception, zero population, to rid the earth of the terrible scourge known as Man. And, of course, dozens of Hog Farmers, bearded and braided and resplendent in their 1880's desert garb, dotted here and there with psychedelic flash.

On Saturday, October 11th, the door closed on the Lifestock, everybody inside having pledged not to eat for one week.

No one was to be allowed in after that time, to keep it a pure demonstration of hunger. No doubts about who'd eaten and who hadn't.

The five madly multi-colored Hog Farm trip buses arrived a day late, but the Hogs were allowed in anyway, after swearing that they hadn't eaten anything the previous day. At the beginning there were 171 Hungerers.

Right away, from the opening moments, people starting "dying," or succumbing to "starvation." In the real world, when overpopulation strikes, people will succumb by actually starving to death. Lifestock Earth, however, was just a demonstration, and people got to succumb to hunger by breaking their fast and having something to eat.

Hog Farmers kept a logbook of the dead. It was a bizarre casualties list.

*Trane succumbed to bread and cheese.*

*Peter Mechanic crippled to death of a square of Hershey bar.*

*Julie of an apple.*

*Maria of a steak!!!*

*Cookie was about to die of an ulcer, so she died of a glass of milk.*

A tight-ass housewife-type Hayward lady was heard to have muttered after staring at the Lifestock's occupants: "I'd rather see one of my children dead than in there with those filthy animals."

Some of the locals amused themselves by bringing their charcoal barbecues down alongside the Lifestock and cooking their big, juicy steaks in full sight and smell of the Hunger Show starvers.

Not to say the whole trip was grim. A plastic fruit bobbing contest was held. A Hey Falso tournament culminated in a rubber cake with a candle for the winner. Stewart Brand brought out his styrofoam dueling swords and introduced the starvers to the sport of boffing, while Wavy Gravy (formerly a nightclub comedian) undertook a rap over the public address system on the theme "It's Alright, Ma, I'm Only Boffing." The P.A. system was kept going almost constantly, to the distraction of almost everyone. Menus were broadcast at each mealtime. Also recipes. Mornings began with Kate Smith singing "God Bless America."

Stephanie Mills, lovely and full of rap about Planned Parenthood (for whom she presently serves as a college coordinator), actually liked the fact that the Lifestock afforded its occupants no privacy, that its toilets stank, that it was cold at night in the sleeping bags, and all the other indignities that went with not eating, and doing it publicly. She thought it made it more real.

Up until it started raining on the

fourth night, anyway. It turned chilly and damp, and then the skies opened up. Much heavier for that time of year than the usual. Roofless, the Lifestock gave no protection. In short order, everybody and everything was soaked: clothes, sleeping bags—everything. That was too much for Stephanie Mills, who first ate some peanut butter, then a solid meal, then went home and went to bed.

About two in the morning, they accepted shelter from the head of the local Economic Opportunity agency (who'd loaned them the parking lot). Shivering, wet—and, of course, starving—they huddled in his office, trying to figure out what to do next. The solution was that they packed up and headed to the other side of San Francisco Bay (via buses, over a bridge) to Menlo Park, a somewhat classier suburb, where Brand's Whole Earth Truck Store is located.

They christened the store's 40-foot-square supply room Lifestock Earth II, and, still foodless, about 110 of them jammed into the moderate-sized quarters (moderate, say, for a single married couple) got back to the serious business of Hunger.

The next morning, a Menlo Park policeman came by, had a look, and summarily roused them, without giving any particularly good reason. Mainly, he didn't think this type of element was welcome in Menlo Park. So get the hell out. "It was real Gestapo stuff," said Stewart Brand, "and that's a real pity."

This underlines one of the Hunger Show's problems. There were so many things going on—moving from town to town, the fact that straight suburbanites were disgusted by Hog Farm's freaks, Wavy Gravy's mad-rapping all the time on every subject—that the central message became rather diffuse.

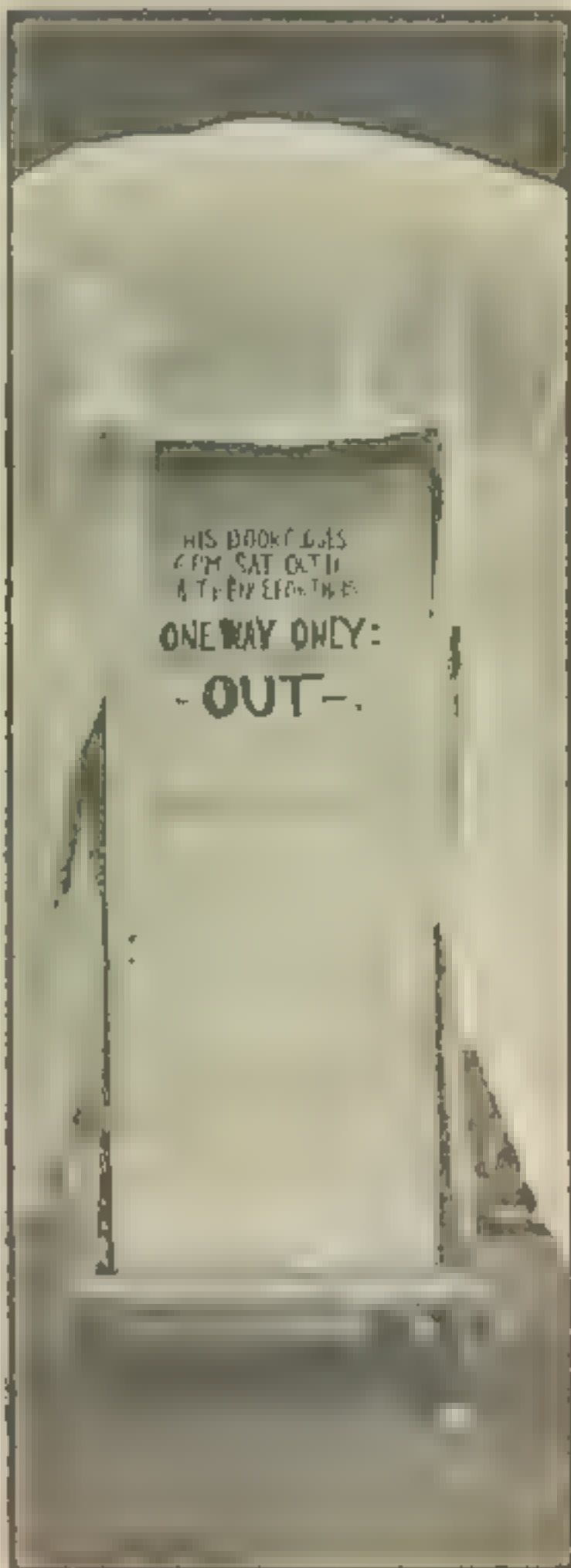
But at least nobody ate any food; none of the survivors, anyway.

The Lifestock moved again, settling for its final three days, as Lifestock Earth III, high on a redwood-shaded skyline hilltop, in the princely coast range of mountains that separates San Francisco Bay from the Pacific Ocean.

The site was the Spanish-style, red-tile roof Portola Institute Building. Stewart Brand is affiliated with the institute, which had laid out some \$2000-plus to cover the Hunger Show's expenses. The place has the look and feeling of an earlier era—some time pre-1900, when people could live expansively, build huge houses with high ceiling and a lot of rooms.

It might feel good to live that way again, but very few of us will ever know. Fewer and fewer people (no matter how





A Hunger Show rub-down



wealthy) will be able to live like that, as the population engulfs itself and there's increasingly less room to live.

The Hunger Show ended on Saturday. The 53 starvers who lasted out one whole week were seated on sleeping bags all over the painted-brick floors of the Institute, some seated outside on the wide porches, quiet, peacefully eating. Eating very slowly, taking very small bites. Savoring every juice and fibre, every chew, each swallow.

Stewart Brand, looking (alarmingly) even leaner than usual, bent his mouth into a big grin, scratched his long nose, and said: "It was about pain in the world." He grinned again. "It was super-painful."

Munching some stewed tomatoes and melon (nutrition experts say that's the best stuff after you've just ended a fast), Brand clearly loved to feel the physical process of eating again. "This is Christmas," he said quietly. "It's just like Christmas."

At the start, the Liferaft had contained a wider cross-section of humanity. That is, about half of them were out-right freaks, while the other half were anything from neo-freaks to near-straight. But almost all 53 "survivors" were freaks.

"Right," Stewart Brand acknowledged, "the people who stuck it out seemed mainly to be long-hairs and dope freaks and yogis—people who were into yoga in particular. These are the people in our society who are most committed to survival. I mean, that's what the Hog Farm does all the time."

"I guess . . . I guess you never forget . . ." murmured a beautiful 18-year-old girl, who had cantaloupe juice running off her chin, evidently totally spaced on the re-discovered experience. "how to eat . . . Ooohh," chew, chew, "it's good . . ."

Dr. Hip Pocrates (or Dr. Schoenfeld) had dropped off the Liferaft after starving for a couple of days in order to get back to his medical practice, which, of necessity and the Hippocratic Oath, came first. But he'd kept in touch, and now that it was over, had sized up the survivors. "I haven't done examinations," said the doctor, "but they all seem to be in pretty good shape. One thing it did to them—you can see this—is that they all got high together. A lot of them are still up from the hunger. It changes your metabolism and literally puts your head on a different plane after a couple of days. I could feel it starting on me."

Wavy Gravy was leaning against a doorway, positively outrageous-looking. He wore an aviator's suit and helmet. On the helmet, like a bill on a baseball cap, was affixed a yellow rubber Donald Duck bill. From time to time, Wavy Gravy would reach up and pinch the duck-bill, causing it to emit *skoonch-skoonch* sounds.

"If you want to get some perspective on true hunger," he said, not very solemnly, "you should fast for three months. And then get down to some turkey, or maybe Biafra."

The hardest part for him was that his



wife had gotten too weak to stand, and Gravy had had to carry her around from room to room.

Somebody came by with a can of tomatoes. Wavy grabbed her by the arm, honked his duck-bill, thrust his face toward the can and said, "I'll take a ha." His weight had dropped from 140 to 120.

"The planet," Wavy Gravy resumed, "is like a chicken out of the egg, and we've eaten everything in it. Dig: this is my all-new Bucky Fuller rap. A lotta ecologists say we're fucked as a rice. I don't. I say we can do it, and the best way to start is to take all the flags and melt them down."

*Skoonch*

Calvino, age 52, had survived, but it had hurt him. The last three days, he'd had bad pains in his hips. His everyday trip is organic gardening, and in his Can't Bust 'Em bib overalls he looked every inch the farmer. "In the Dustbowl in '33," drawled Calvino, "I saw people die of starvation. Okies. But people forget about that because it didn't happen to them. I think the answer is in organic gardening. If we can just turn enough people on to it; all you need is cow manure, seaweed and kitchen scraps."

The worst part of the trip for Calvino had been during the final days at the Portola Institute. "Dead" people (who were eating now) had not left the place. They stayed right along with the survivors, eating. They cooked their pancakes and steaks and eggs in the kitchen, and sat down alongside people who were starving, and ate. "When you could see them eating—and smell those cooking smells—well, that was pretty hard," says Calvino, who'd lost 18 pounds.

The analogy between the fat, wealthy nations living side-by-side with the starving, poorer ones, on the face of this planet—the latter stages of the Hunger Show had reproduced this reality in miniature.

As a memento of the fast, each of the survivors got what looked like a diploma, very handsomely printed "Know all men by these presents," it said, "that [blank space for the survivor's name] has kept the fast & face and survived LIFERAFT EARTH. October 11th to 18th, 1969." At the bottom there was a place for a fellow survivor to sign in witness. But in fact, everybody signed everybody's diploma. It was like high school graduation autograph time. These were the yearbooks of famine.

In a hard-cover log-book Liferafters were encouraged to record their impressions of the trip. To judge from what some wrote, the Hunger Show was as much an encounter therapy session (for its participants) as it was a big publicity splash on behalf of overpopulation.

This raises the crucial consideration about Liferaft Earth and the Hunger Show. It was not the real thing. As many of the starvers themselves said, they were never really in fear of starving. They knew there was food any time they wanted it. So the Liferaft was in fact a Show: a foodless week of theater.

The Hunger Show doesn't matter any more. What matters now is what we do about all those starving people, and all the babies nobody wants, and the air that isn't fit to breathe, and all the food we don't share . . .

"I promised myself," wrote starver Peter Domma in the log, "that if I started suffering I'd split. I don't feel bad. I'm digging this, it's enchanting. And to bring up Biafra children while 80-odd of us are eating steak or cornflakes & we're all couched comfortably in this palace in the redwoods is preposterous. Want to know what Biafra is like? Go there. Don't give me this psychodrama type bullshit, you entertainers." And at the bottom, this postscript: "Remember what happened to Marilyn Monroe."

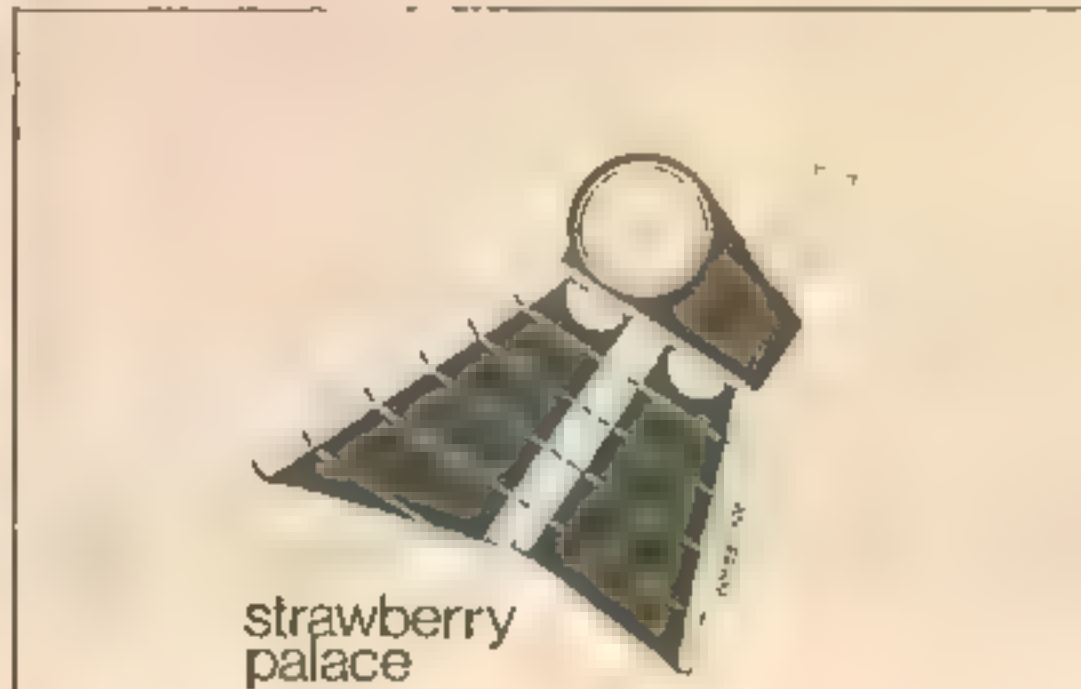




# ENVIRONMENTALISTS



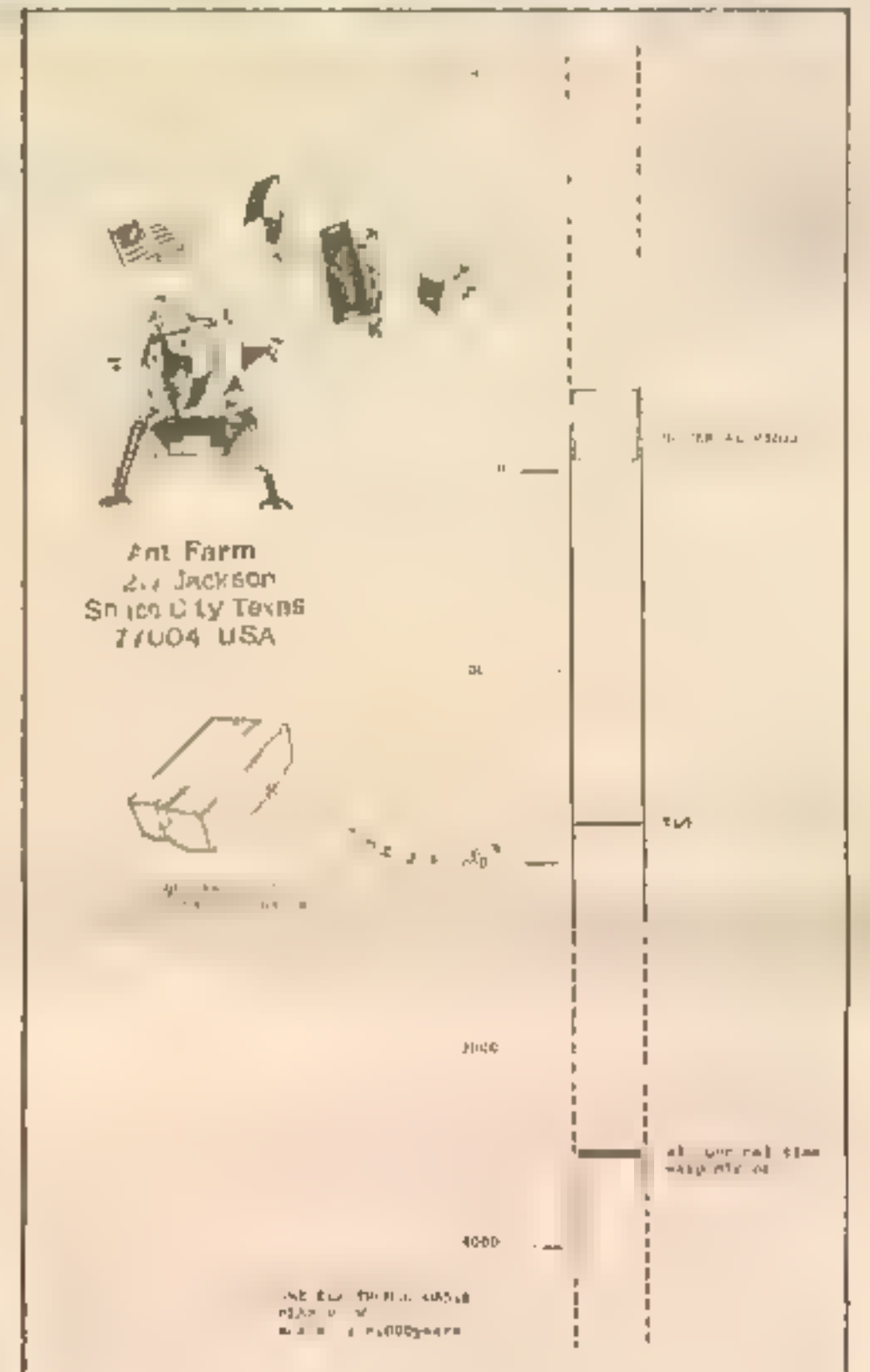
# ANT★FARM



strawberry palace



The Strawberry Palace, and the Max Bra are excerpts from their Osaka Expo proposals



realCity

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

If a group of Texas Space Cowboys have their way, there will be a visionary form of architecture—environment designed to accommodate the throngs that gather at the big rock festivals.

Huge inflatable plastic bubbles, big enough to hold five dozen people and cheap enough to throw away after five or six uses.

Machines that spew clouds of fog while colored lights dance over them, and vast parachutes on which to screen mural-size projections.

Elastic cylinders of circulating, temperature-controlled water especially designed for balling in.

And, eventually, a laboratory instrument which can program the human brain with entire environments, from around the world and across the ages. With that, you wouldn't have to go to a festival.

These are some of the ideas of a Houston-based group headed by a pair of outlaw architects, Doug Michels and Chip Lord. Both have had conventional architectural training, respectively at the Yale School of Architectural (class of 1967), and at the Tulane University College of Architecture (1968). Michels even had a brief professional career, winning a 1967 design award from Progressive Architecture magazine and teaching a semester at Catholic University.

Both, however, consider even the most

advanced products of conventional architecture to be as archaic as the dinosaur.

"Architecture has been devoted to boxing people off and freezing mobility," says Michels. "There's no reason architecture can't be sensual, even sexy," Lord added.

Michels and Lord formed the Ant Farm in San Francisco a year ago. The name derives from a comment Michels made that the only interesting things in architecture were happening underground. "Like an ant farm," someone said.

Ant Farm's ideas are based on the premise of a new, cybernetic society in which people are free to follow nomadic patterns and form their own fluid, evolving communities based on common lifestyles, vibes and where their heads are at.

Ant Farm's prototype is the cowboy, who carried his own life-support system—bedroll, cooking implements—wherever he travelled. Lord and Michels see the new rock festival crowds as the vanguard of this new kind of society, coming together in vast numbers for a few days at a time, picking up and moving on, perhaps leaving a nucleus of a more stable community behind.

Michels incorporated similar ideas in a few of his pre-Ant Farm architectural projects; there were models for apartment complexes in which each unit could be changed from one place to another if you felt like a different view, for pre-fab vacuum-formed plastic individual units in which every room can be altered around

a core of service equipment.

Structure, however, is reduced to a minimum, or is even non-existent, in most of Ant Farm's current projects, which are pure media environments.

Some of Ant Farm's current projects:

- An "Electric Campfire," consisting of an inflatable polyethylene dome whose shape and floor area would change constantly with the position of the people and objects inside. Translucent inflatables within transparent inflatables would combine privacy with openness, and an "ec-static environment" would be created by light, sound, movement, water and temperature controls. The project also envisions tapping natural energy cycles—solar heat and cooling, reflection, absorption.

- An education "timeslice" involving six weeks of communal living by 15 students with an emphasis on ritual and theater.

- A plastic-covered cocoon with controlled water systems and miniature rainbows designed as a love-making environment.

- Experiments with 60-foot white nylon parachutes as a "wind structure" and a screen for various projections and superimposed images to match one's fantasy.

Ant Farm has also submitted a proposal for a "mobile lifestyle pavilion" for the Osaka Exposition next year to accommodate "a tribe of global media nomads who will show alternate future options."

The community would center around basic resource facilities—a center for tools and equipment, and a mega-frame structure housing basic living needs and adaptable to various functions.

The display itself would be constantly changing environment—"one day, a birthday party for Alan Watts with a giant birthday cake/trip unit that everyone eats at sun-eclipse, the next day a pneumatic tribal communication event at Tokyo University, or a country survival trip with the Grateful Dead. The global community will evolve a non-static life style by living art each day. Day 24 celebrates the Whole Earth Ritual, with the Whole Earth Truck Store staff and everyone wearing PVC World Globe Costumes."

Ant Farm's most far-out idea thus far is for an "Enviroman," with environments programmed and fed into the human brain. Michels said scientists are already working on the basic concept, which is a reversal of the process used by electroencephalograms.

For a number of these projects, Ant Farm still needs backing, but a few have already acquired more support than one might expect.

During the "timeslice," for example, the Ant Farm experimenters were permitted to spend a night frolicking inside Houston's giant astro-dome. It has also been invited by E.A.T. (Experiments in Art and Technology) to submit a proposal for the sixth biennial of Paris.





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## CINEMA

BY MARJORIE HEINS

Filming the Stones

*Sympathy for the Devil*, directed by Jean-Luc Godard.

On the last night of the San Francisco Film Festival, a voice over the loudspeaker instructed the audience that sitting in the aisles was a fire hazard, and the movie wouldn't start until everybody took a seat. The crowd boomed. An immensely fat man in a business suit moved down the aisles, touching people gingerly on their shoulders. The squatters dawdled but finally got their gear together and moved off. With all the noisy bravado of revolutionaries on enemy soil the audience settled down to watch the film.

*Sympathy for the Devil* is made up of episodes or themes cut away from a Rolling Stones recording session. One theme involves Anne Wiazemsky spray-painting graffiti on cars and walls and billboards (CINEMARKISM, FREUDEMOCRACY, MAOIART). Another features excerpts from a fantastic porno-detective novel ("Brutally, she kissed the so-called apostle of non-violence on the mouth . . ."). There are two scenes in which black militants sit in a car junkyard, read from Eldridge Cleaver and LeRoi Jones, kill (after presumably raping) three submissive doll-like white girls, chant slogans, and pass around guns.

Later, Wiazemsky (alias Eve Democracy) walks around a lush green forest in a fetching countryish dress nonchalantly answering an interviewer's battery of Significant Questions ("Is orgasm the one moment when you can't cheat life?"); people buy porno books and magazines from a young Nazi and exchange the Hitler salute; and, at the end, Eve runs along a beach with a couple of fellow guerrillas, gets shot, and is hoisted, blood-stained, into the air on a camera boom. As the film ends, she lies there, beneath flapping red and black flags: a high camp revolutionary heroine.

*Sympathy for the Devil*, despite its insistence on revolutionary politics, isn't a message film. It doesn't try to polemicize or radicalize or even tell people the revolution's coming. Godard takes that on faith, and then goes on to ask: what kind of revolution? In answering, he invokes rock music, black power, dope (briefly), graffiti, guns, and sex. His revolution is happening within the beast, eating away at "The Heart of the Occident" (the film's subtitle), just as the letters A C I D are made to stand out when the subtitle appears on the screen. He describes what kind of revolution most succinctly during Eve's interview.

Interviewer: "There is only one way to be an intellectual revolutionary and that is to give up being an intellectual?"

Eve (nonchalantly): "Yes."

The audience responds with loud applause.

The film, then, is a collection of words, acts, and situations which have some revolutionary meaning to Godard. Only in the Stones' recording session does the action seem to move in any direction; and the impending completion of the song gives the other episodes momentum. The session starts out slowly; Jagger is stony and lackadaisical, and the musicians are separated by wires and microphones and booths. They sing off key or out of rhythm; they get disgusted and start over, and stop, and start again, until frustration passes into tedium and tedium passes into litany.

Godard likes to make frustrating, tedious films. He made it a special point that the song not be sung to completion. And he raised shit when at the London Film Festival last year, producer Iain Quarrier released the film with a complete track of the song, out of duty, he claimed, to the millions of Rolling Stones fans.

As it stands, the song is so fine, so insistent, that it carries not only the voice of the Devil, but that of historical necessity, sexual drive, and wishful thinking. It keeps playing and playing, coming and coming. When at the end it finally comes, the tension of the film is released, and there is a sense of achievement, as if all the groping and provok-



Brian Jones &amp; Jean-Luc Godard on Set

ing and sloganeering do reach some goal, are more than pathetic gestures of impotent revolutionaries.

That Godard didn't want the tension released indicates a degree of uncertainty in his revolutionary scenario. The existence of the Rolling Stones or the Black Panthers are not in themselves victories. *Sympathy for the Devil* is only a film, and Paris in the spring of 1968 was only a dress rehearsal.

And, unhappily for Godard, he is not Mick Jagger or Eldridge Cleaver and he seems to feel inadequate about that. Having abandoned intellect, or tried to, and committed all his instincts and emotions to the revolution, he can't be satisfied making films about it, especially when the producer changes them around.

So he leaves his devotees dissatisfied as well. He has always quoted and borrowed, from art, poetry, philosophy, comics, polemics, advertisements. In *Sympathy for the Devil*, he borrows almost exclusively, confining himself to the role of arranger or editor. His own personal vision (of vulnerable, poetic-type people at odds with the world) has been pre-empted by his vision of other people's visions.

The result is a mass of confusion and contradiction, a feeling of desire, frustration, and groping for belief. After that last great/awful shot of Eve, flanked by red and black flags, the worshippers didn't know whether they were being kidded, whether to cheer or hiss. And as the people poured out of Masonic Auditorium on Nob Hill, a few looked satisfied but most looked bilious. And, in the matter of Jean-Luc Godard, that's what separates the aficionados from the average everyday freaks.

*Take The Money And Run*, directed by Woody Allen. Palomar Pictures International.

*Take The Money And Run* is the Woody Allen picture all us Woody Allen fans have been waiting for—well, almost. Actually, the movie that will realize the full potential of Woody Allen is still unmade; but until it is, *Take The Money* will do fine.

Woody casts himself as Virgil Starkwell, master criminal—a great name for a criminal. As he fumbles his way through a life of crime, we get wonderful parodies of gangster films, prison films, chain-gang films. Above all, we get lots of laughs. Virgil's parents are interviewed; to protect their anonymity, they wear novelty-store gag noses and spectacles.

In prison, Virgil volunteers for a drug experiment; the drug's only side effect is to turn him into a rabbi for several hours. We see him rocking back and forth in his cell, wearing long beard and beaver hat, explaining the meaning of Passover.

Having now established himself as a first-rate comic filmmaker, Woody Allen has a great opportunity—namely, to do for the Seventies what Sennett and Chaplin did for the Twenties and what the Brothers Marx did for the Thirties. Their movies were choppy and episodic, and they looked like they had been thrown together fast on small budgets. So does Woody's. Their movies were funny and full of zany truths about their times. So is Woody's. We've had Woody as criminal. Now how about Woody as politician, as college student, as pop star, as Pope?

HENDRIK HERTZBERG



Shirley Clarke manipulating Viva

*Lion's Love* (director, Agnes Varda; starring Viva!, Jim Rado, Jerry Ragni and Shirley Clarke).

A gas of a film! It breathes real air, lives and dies in the same world of trouble as you and me, hassles and gets stoned and cops out and romps and laughs. It cuts through all the shit.

Hollywood movies started out being utterly real. The first movies were visual records of people moving. That's all. There was a film of a man sneezing, which blew everybody's mind. Then the novelty wore off, so there was a film of a train coming right at the camera. The screams turned to delighted laughter, when the train didn't really run them down. Presently, audiences got bored with that stuff, and D. W. Griffith started to make films with plots, fiction films. Not much has changed in Hollywood since then, except that the films look slicker and now they have color and sound to add to the fiction.

A few years ago Andy Warhol got it into his head that it might be fun to make real movies again. So he set up his Auricon 16 mm sound-on-film camera and let it run until the film ran out. Whatever happened to be in front of the camera was the subject of the film, and it was real because Andy refused to manipulate it. This was at the beginning. After a while he *did* begin to manipulate the reality a taste, but his basic trip was the same: let it happen and the camera will take care of itself. Sometimes it was an unholy bore, and sometimes it was very funny, but it was real.

Lately there have been a bunch of Hollywood flicks (well, perhaps "non-underground" flicks would be better) that try to do the same thing. But mostly they miss the point: we can tell the difference between Hollywood Plastic and the sneezing man. We really can. Newsreel footage rates pretty high on the reality scale (assuming it's honestly shot), and using newsreel footage in your movie is a good start. But unless the film is *all* newsreel stuff you can get into trouble. A good example is Haskell Wexler's *Medium Cool*. Wexler includes stunning shots of the Chicago Convention, but the interconnecting "human drama" is as plastic as a Doris Day movie.

*Lion's Love* uses newsreel footage too (TV coverage of the Bobby Kennedy thing) but it's intercut with "studio material" that's just as real. If Viva had grabbed the camera and turned it around so it was filming Varda and the crew, the film would not be noticeably different. To film life you have to live film.

*Lion's Love* is concerned with the flow of love, everybody trying to get it together while kissing, eating, screwing, swimming, watching old movies on the tube. Varda manipulates the continuity more than Warhol would have, and, of course, everybody in the film is acting all the time. Viva says that it's impossible to be in front of a camera and *not* act.

There is a plot of sorts, but it doesn't matter. Three freaks living together in a big rented Hollywood house. Shirley Clarke comes to stay with them while making a Hollywood flick. "A film about movie stars as real people," she says. Intercut TV footage of the Kennedy assassination, and newspaper clippings about Andy Warhol's shooting. The freaks bob and rap and play hide-and-seek with Varda's camera. Shirley hassles with her producers and tries to kill herself. Viva moans, "What am I going to do?" but calls an ambulance anyway. More TV, Shirley comes back from the hospital, and there is a long, beautiful shot of Viva sitting silently, breathing, gazing into the camera until the film runs out.

MICHAEL GOODWIN





**Come on over  
to the clean,  
fresh taste of  
BLODWYN PIG**





## BOOKS



BY JON CARROLL

*The Story of Rock*, by Carl Belz. Oxford University Press, \$5.95

In many ways, this is a book for people who don't know anything about rock. In some senses, it is a defense of rock by someone (a Brandeis University art history professor) who can make the case in legitimate academic terms; who can verbalize the basic assumptions of rock—without (and this is clearly important) diluting the meaning or the quality of the music.

Belz's thesis is that rock is folk art (as opposed to fine art) because of its "capacity as a voice of the people rather than an art which talked about them from a detached and self-determined point of view." Fine art, he says, tends "to force the viewer to recognize that he is looking at a painting, a work of art . . . to put it another way, fine art declares itself as being different in kind from life."

He makes his point in several ways. He considers the way the audience considers the music: "In the early days of the American Bandstand television show, for instance, a panel of three or four teenagers periodically reviewed newly released records. The record was played, the audience danced, and a discussion of the song's merits followed. This discussion invariably contained remarks such as, 'It's got a great beat . . . I'll give it an 80' or, 'You can really dance to it. . . I'll give it an 85.' The panelists never talked about the artistic properties of the record: The way the song was structured, the relation between its structure and meaning, its manipulations of the medium, the implications of its content, or any of the kinds of issues that are central to a meaningful statement about a work of fine art. No one who appreciated or understood the music ever expected such questions to be discussed, for they are not part of the folk response."

And again: "Adverse critics of the music complained that it was crude or primitive, that it used poor grammar or improper enunciation and that its lyrics were literary nonsense. Even in the Sixties, on his *Open End* television show, David Susskind continued the effort to embarrass the music by reading the lyrics of some typical rock songs as if they were examples of fine art poetry. This sort of criticism was as futile and irrelevant as an art historian's criticism that a painting by Henri Rousseau had awkward perspective or that his human figures were out of scale with the landscape."

After stating his thesis, Belz plunges into a history of rock from what he considers the pivotal year of 1954—when R&B songs first began to appear on the pop charts and when "Sh-Boom" by the Chords (the first rock record, Belz contends) was issued—through 1964 and the Beatles explosion. After 1964, he foregoes the historical approach and concentrates mainly on individual artists, mostly the Beatles, Dylan and the Stones.

In the first section, we get a good idea where Belz's head is at from his list of his personal favorites among the classic pre-Beatles rock singles. Included are, "Shop Around" by Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, "What's Your Name" by Don and Juan, "Stay" by Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs, "Johnny B. Goode" by Chuck Berry, "Twist and Shout" by the Isley Brothers, "So Fine" by the Fiervas, "The Mountain's High" by Dick and Dee Dee, "Baby,

It's You," by the Shirelles, "Mother-in-Law" by Ernie K. Doe and "Money" by Barrett Strong. There are omissions on that list but it's not bad for a professor of Art History.

We get a nice lot of historical documents here, too, a reminder of the time when everybody felt free to shut on the kids and the generation gap was complete and unnoticed. We have Peter Potter of Juke Box Jury fame telling his audience, "all Rhythm and Blues records are dirty and as bad for kids as dope."

We have an exchange between Dick Clark and a congressman during the 1959 payola hearings (remember how shocked the nation was when it was discovered that clean-cut old Dick was making more money than the President?) when the congressman challenged Fabian's right to appear on television because he had "hair like something Medusa had sent back" and was "unwashed." Drag out your old pictures of Fabian and see where everybody was in 1959.

In the last chapter, Belz sticks his neck out a little and contends that the Beatles' white double album *The Beatles* represents the breakthrough for rock from folk art to fine art. The album, he contends, uses all the folk elements in a conscious, controlled way to create something which can be judged totally as a work of art.

Personally, I remain unconvinced that rock should strive to be fine art, although the increasing self-consciousness of the musicians may make it inevitable. It is our last spontaneous art; it would be a shame to lose it, whatever the aesthetic benefits.

The book's one shortcoming is that it occasionally suffers from the involuted prose of the academician. That is to say, he tends to repeat himself by rephrasing key ideas, using such phrases as "in other words" and "that is to say." However, Belz's style is far from tortuous and his presentation is notable for logical organization and a conscientious discussion of relevant points.

The discography at the back of the book is quite simply the best I have ever seen for singles, although the section on albums has a few puzzling omissions (the oddest of which is *Blonde on Blonde*) but is still remarkably complete. In a field littered with stunning mediocrity, *The Story of Rock* is competent, sensitive and intelligent. Who could ask for anything more?

*Electric Tibet*, by James N. Doukas. Dominion Publishing Company (paperback), 95 cents.

BY JON CARROLL

Well, flower children and all other members of the hippie movement, here's a groovy new book about all your San Francisco favorites. There's lots of fab material here for you to get into.

There is hard investigative reporting and narrative flash, as in the exciting story of How The Jefferson Airplane Got Its Name: "Before the group had practiced a while—their name had evolved, first as a joke, and later becoming something that stuck. Somewhere a friend's dog used to be called Blind Thomas Jefferson—or perhaps that was the name of an old blues cat—whatever, the name Jefferson Airplane came about."

Mr. Doukas deals with tough questions, like: "What exactly is Freak Rock?" Aware that he may be writing to old as well as young, he attempts to explain the rock culture with introductory sentences like: "Many people have titled the beatnik way of life 'the crazy way to live.'"

There are brilliant flashes of tour de force writing, as in the author's interjection after a Grace Slick quip, "Yes, again that institution humor in the midst of the California house." There is even philosophy: "The whole thing revolves around the fact that most of the San Francisco musicians chose their personal happiness over fame and wealth. No one at the beginning thought that someday he would have all three. But San Francisco rock musicians, as a social entity in western society, prove that there is still room for both worldly success and personal happiness in one lifetime." The Grateful Dead meet Mary Worth.

There's much more—everything Grace Slick, Rock Scully and Chicken Hirsch ever said to James N. Doukas, for instance. But perhaps it would be best to leave the author on Page 15, where he wrestles with the ultimate creative dilemma of the pre-literate sociologist and male groupie: "To define 'schlock' is hard."



BY JOHN MORTHLAND

*The Age of Rock, Sounds of the American Cultural Revolution*, ed. Jonathan Eisen. Random House, 388 pp., \$2.95.

A book of readings, *The Age of Rock*, is much like those "super-hits" albums that Top-40 radio stations release at the end of each year. Just as on those records you have to put up with the Union Gap and 1910 Fruitgum Company before you get to the Van Morrison cut, here you have to wade through page after page of stodgy, uninspired prose before getting to a worthwhile article.

The book was obviously thrown together for the same reasons as those albums—to make a little money, to capitalize on a good thing. Many of the articles are not by regular rock writers, and, despite the empathy for the music that he shows in his introduction, editor Jonathan Eisen has not assembled a very representative collection of material. His book contributes little to rock literature, not only because most of the essays have already appeared elsewhere, but also because while many of the writers talk all around it, few really come to grips with either the music or the people who make it.

Several of the essays are written as academic treatises, and thus offer evil forebodings of what the first Ph.D. thesis on rock will resemble. These writers reason to death the very illogical art-form they are attempting to defend. Most try to write about the rock scene from a pattern outside that scene, and thus touch on only the obvious or irrelevant. They often become disgustingly condescending, or they end up conceding their own inability to comprehend what they seek to describe. When these flaws are carried to the extreme, as in Burton Wolfe's "The New Music and the New Scene," the results are absurd. "The Dead's music, when all other analyses are thrown in as qualifications, is primarily an imitation of Negro blues. The style of singing is guttural, down, and dirty; and the diction is that of Negro slang . . . That plus the fact that the music drowns out the words, is why middle class white people have such a difficult time understanding what the Dead are singing. You have to be a hippie, Negro, or drug addict."

There are only a handful of pieces worthy of real consideration. One of the most entertaining and insightful is Frank Kofsky's "Frank Zappa Interview," in which Zappa raps about the revolution, music, and rock scene in general, including his own incredible hassles with M-G-M over *Absolutely Free*. The reason you had to send away for the libretto was that the company's legal department decided it couldn't be printed on the album jacket; when the words are sung to music, they are part of a work of art, but when they appear as liner notes, they can't be defended as such in court. M-G-M also wanted to change, "I'd like to make her do a nasty on the White House Lawn" (from "Brown Shoes Don't Make It") to "I'd like to make her do a crossword puzzle on the back of *TV Guide*." The reason? "Now we know you—you and I both know—that you want to make her do a nasty on the White House lawn can only mean one thing: you want to make her shut on the White House lawn!" That exchange tells more about the music and the industry, the book's purported subject, than all the other essays put together.

John Landau has two articles, and his

"A Whiter Shade of Black" is probably the best discussion of Motown yet to appear. Tom Wolfe's priceless Phil Spector essay, "The First Tycoon of Teen," is also reprinted here.

After that, it just goes from fair to bad to worse. For example, four writers analyze the Rolling Stones without much success. With the exception of Stanley Booth's Elvis article, the attempts at historical perspective or the sociology of rock are pathetic. Nowhere in the book is there any real indication that rock and roll is the force Woodstock showed it to be. And the book sticks closely to current "name groups" popular among the "underground" without so much as a word about some of the lesser-known but excellent musicians.

Random House's own attitude towards rock is best illustrated by the fact that it classifies the book under "music and current events," i.e. "fads." Despite its dazzling cover, the book misses its target almost entirely, and is a misrepresentation of both the spirit of the music and the intent of the musicians.



RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

## Ernest Hemingway's Typist

It sounds like religious music. A friend of mine just came back from New York where he had Ernest Hemingway's typist do some typing for him.

He's a successful writer, so he went and got the very best, which happens to be the woman who did Ernest Hemingway's typing. It's enough to take your breath away, to marble your lungs with silence.

Ernest Hemingway's typist!

She's every young writer's dream come true with the appearance of her hands which are like a harpsichord and the perfect intensity of her gaze and all to be followed by the profound sound of her typing.

He paid her fifteen dollars an hour. That's more money than a plumber or an electrician gets.

\$120 a day! for a typist!

He said that she does everything for you. You just hand her the copy and like a miracle you have attractive, correct spelling and punctuation that is so beautiful that it brings tears to your eyes and paragraphs that look like Greek temples and she even finishes sentences for you.

She's Ernest Hemingway's

She's Ernest Hemingway's typist.

## A High Building In Singapore

It's a high building in Singapore that holds the only beauty for this San Francisco day where I am walking down the street, feeling terrible and watching my mind function with the efficiency of a liquid pencil.

A young mother passes by talking to her little girl who is really too small to be able to talk, but she's talking anyway and very excitedly to her mother about something. I can't quite make out what she is saying because she's so little.

I mean, this is a tiny kid

Then her mother answers her to explode my day with a goofy illumination. "It was a high building in Singapore," she says to the little girl who enthusiastically replies like a bright sound-colored penny, "Yes, it was a high building in Singapore!"





Crazy Jeff digs music.  
He has headphones.  
He has records.  
He has tapes.  
He knows what a woofer does  
and he has a tweeter.  
Jeff has good taste.  
He always buys what he likes.  
He likes it for a week maybe.  
Most records get lost in the  
heap.

or somewhere in Jeff's head.  
But there are a few records that  
get better as time goes by.  
Crazy Jeff is clutching one:  
The new STEVE MILLER album.  
He plays it every day and begs  
for more.

**THE STEVE MILLER BAND**  
It's called **YOUR SAVING GRACE**  
and Crazy Jeff's

Record & Tape, woofer and  
tweeter





# RECORDS



Memphis Swamp Jam, Bukka White, Fred McDowell, Furry Lewis, Sleepy John Estes and others (Blue Thumb BTS 6000)

As Pete Welding's notes to this splendid two-record set point out, Memphis, Tennessee, "The Gateway to the South," has been a primary center of blues activity for almost 60 years. But the Memphis blues scene has always been special, a kind of middle-ground way-station between the Delta and the North, producing blues that were rural-strong yet urban-polished—all the way from W. C. Handy and "the birth" back in the Teens, through the romp-and-stomp decades of Frank Stokes and the Memphis Jug Band and Gus Cannon's Jug Stompers; to the heyday of Sun Records with its white rockabilly blues in the Fifties; and finally to the sweet soul-blues of the Stax-Volt team in the decade we're about to depart.

Blues with a difference: besides jazz, jugs, and salt-and-pepper seasoning, there've also been the popular songsters like Furry Lewis and the "Big Mama" shouters like Memphis Minnie. Performers as diverse as Chuck Berry, Harry Belafonte and, most recently, Elvis have all paid homage to that Southern city. Lately, even the Memphis city fathers have been acknowledging their blues history with an annual Memphis Country Blues Festival.

Yes, well, did you happen to see last summer's festival as "preserved" on NET's *Sound of Summer*? God, what an appalling two hours! At least, appalling to those of us who were expecting to see and hear the black man's blues. Instead, host Steve Allen gave us a shot of John Fahey, an overdose of John Loudermilk, a tantalizing snatch of Jo Ann Kelly, a red rash of the Insect Trust, and a Ginsbergian obscenity of something called Moloch. Where were all the black performers? Just as shunted aside (save for Bukka White) as they've always been.

And so... three hearty "arthoolies" for Chris Strachwitz and Blue Thumb Records. They weren't nodding or meddling under that old Southern sun. Strachwitz gathered about a dozen of those unfit-for-TV black bluesmen, holed up with them in a garage or studio or something for four days, and finally emerged with enough tapes to produce this beautiful result—two records, 20 selections, in a variety of blues moods and styles ranging from Afro-rhythmic to juke-disoriented.

The elderly gentlemen—none younger than 45 or so—comport themselves remarkably well. Nathan Beauregard, for example, blind and over a hundred years old, shakes his gnarled fingers and gurns the words toothlessly and still manages to play more electric guitar blues than 95% of these goddamned peach-fuzz-tone white rockers. His 10-minute "Bumble Bee Blues" will give you a real buzz: "I got nineteen women and I wants one more..."

Then there's the exotic fife-and-drum "blues" of Napoleon Strickland and the Como (Miss.) Drum Band. Some white folks might call their music "primitive"; you'd do better to listen close for all the West Africa-to-slavery echoes they evoke in such as "Back Water Rising".

At the other end of the acculturation spectrum, you might put the barrel-house blues of "Piano Red" (Johnny Wilhams). Especially in the Thirties, piano blues were riding high in popularity in back-rooms and backwoods both; maybe a



White: Less intense, more the showman now

## The Elderly Gentlemen



Beauregard: Blind, 100 & electric

travelling piano-man couldn't take his instrument along, but there was always an upright box of some sort waiting somewhere on down the line. Piano Red never got on record till now, but "Mobile Blues" and "Abel Street Stomp" are as down-home and laid-back as cream in a churn.

Meantime, somewhere in between come all the 60- and 70-year-old Mississippi-Tennessee rediscoveries: Sleepy John Estes, Furry Lewis, Fred McDowell and Bukka White. Estes turns in a pair of his typical autobiographical numbers—poignant and poetic and, for me, dismissible. If anything, Sleepy John had had too much exposure on record in the last 10 years.

Furry Lewis, on the other hand, shines. The last time I saw that brilliant guitarist and clown, he was falling-down drunk and uproariously funny, stomping on his peg-leg and ranting to beat the band. His two numbers here are tamer but more musical—he's in tune and control for an emotional "Judge Boushay Blues" that's better than the 1928 original: "They 'rest me for murder and I never harmed a man... 'Rest me for forgery and I can't even sign my name."

Mississippi Fred McDowell was one of Alan Lomax's most fortuitous finds of the Fifties. In the decade since, he's been performing regularly and recording albums full of stunning bottleneck blues and gospel shouts. As far as I'm concerned, McDowell's a never-ending fountain of the blues at its most exciting; he's truly magnificent here on "Shake 'Em on Down" and "Keep Your Lamp Trimmed and Burning."

Back in the Thirties, Booker T. Washington White recorded the original version of "Shake 'Em"; his sessions from 1930, 1937, and 1940 produced more than a dozen of the very greatest blues ever heard. These days, in person and on this record, Bukka White's less intense, more the showman; but he still wraps his ham-sized hands around his National steel guitar and wrings it to the Delta and back. He only plays about six different



McDowell: Stunning bottleneck

melodies any more, but his verbal inventiveness is still going strong.

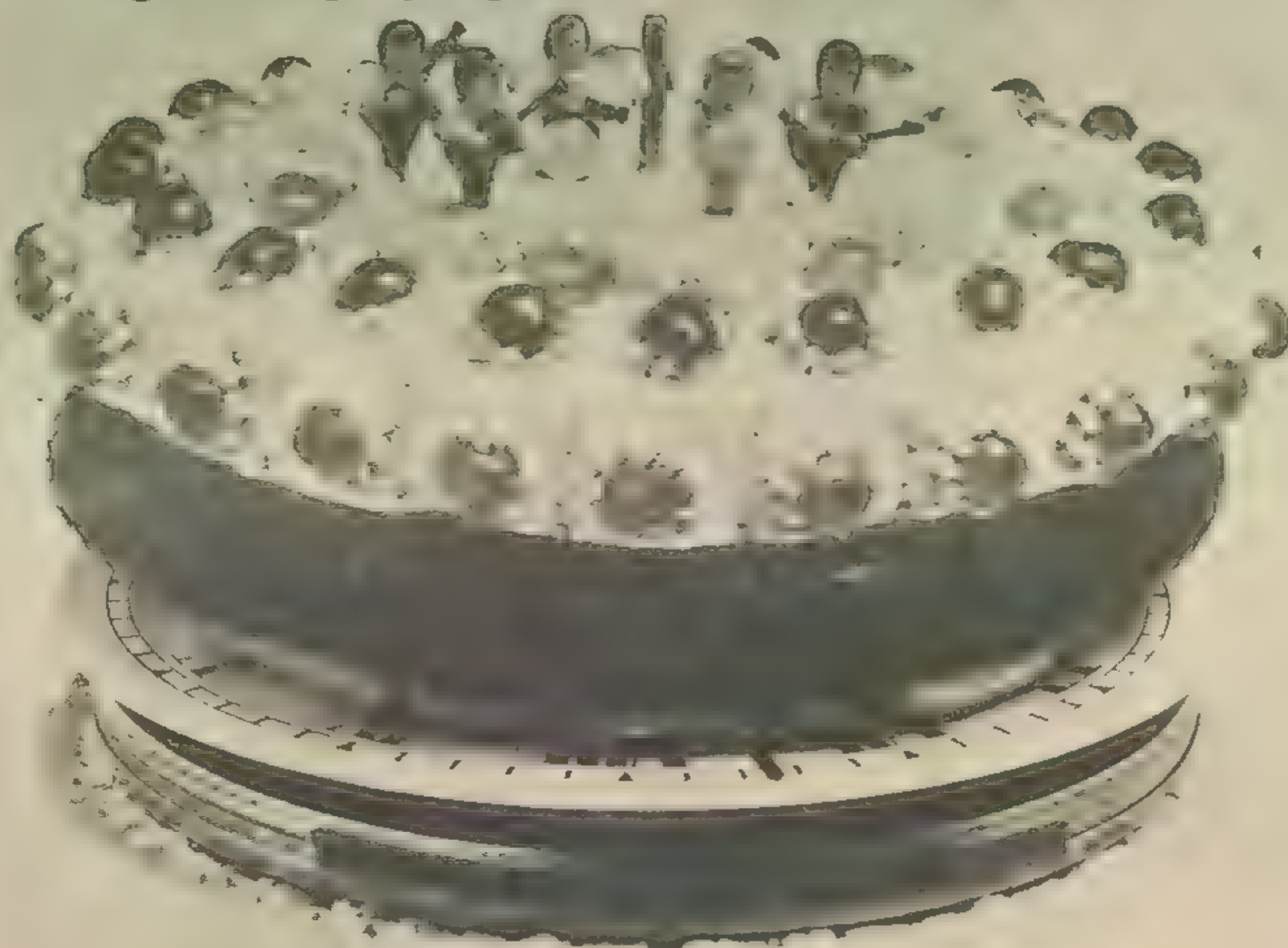
All told, a damn nice country blues sampler from a host of too-little-known and too-soon-dead oldtimers. With the advent of excellent double-record sets from Muddy Waters, Taj Mahal, and now the Memphis gang, the true blues seem to be doing quite well again, thank you. But in this era of coal-black soul and lily-white blues, how much longer can they survive?

ED LEIMBACHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MARSHALL



# ROLLING STONES LET IT BLEED



**THIS RECORD SHOULD BE PLAYED LOUD**

LET IT BLEED □ LOVE IN VAIN □ MIDNIGHT RAMBLER □ GIMMIE SHELTER □ YOU GOT THE SILVER  
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT □ LIVE WITH ME □ MONKEY MAN □ COUNTRY HONK

**LONDON**

NPS-4

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# RECORDS

BY ED WARD

Please don't tell me that the blues is alive and well. Like any style reaching the end of its natural course, the blues has given rise to a quantity of degenerate and extreme variations, some of which have mutated into the "next thing" and some of which are just grotesqueries of that which has gone before. The guitar playing of Jimmy Page or Jeff Beck sounds like a monster belching in impotent rage in the face of imminent and certain annihilation. And, although I can't say for sure, I'm pretty certain that one could scour the entire South without coming up with one twenty-year-old black man who plays the blues to himself at night on an old battered guitar out on the back porch. In Chicago, I'm sure that an elementary school kid would rather grow up to be James Brown than Muddy Waters. Pretty soon all the blues licks will have been played and the roots they sprung from available only on those transparent red Library Congress records signed Lomax. That fact is only sad if you want it to be.

Skip James died a few weeks ago—did you notice it? The papers didn't make as big a fuss over him as they did over Josh White. It was bound to happen soon—the last I'd heard he hadn't performed in three years and he was incurably ill. A respiratory illness, maybe from working the Birmingham mines. He did all right in these last years, though, and his relatives will keep on doing all right, thanks to the Cream's crediting Skip with authorship of a song they did—"I'm So Glad," a children's song he recorded in 1931.

I don't know if Skip ever heard their version of the song. Not knowing his tastes, I couldn't presume to guess whether or not he would have liked it, but he sure would have been mystified by their approach. It rushes, yells, pounds and screams, all of which puts it miles away from Skip's approach to the blues.

Like the flute playing of Pannalal Ghosh, the canzonas of Gabrieli, or the organ music of Nicolas de Grigny, Skip James' music is subtle, reserved, and peaceful. I can think of no better bluesman besides Robert Johnson, whose music is something else entirely. Johnson was a soul on fire, blazing through his twenty-one short years pursued by the "hellhound on my trail." His guitar work is percussive, violent, and painful. Skip James was sixty-seven when he died, and his music had mellowed and softened with age. It was still the blues, but it was the blues confronted head on and come to terms with. The results were unique.

Take his guitar playing. James learned guitar from a neighbor of his in his home town of Bentonia, Mississippi. Most of the Mississippi delta bluesmen use "Spanish" or open E tuning on guitars. The man from whom Skip learned had taken his guitar to China with him during the First World War, and may have been shown a new tuning by a Chinese musician, since tuning a guitar in open E-minor instead of



Skip James: goodbye to a great American art form

## Life and Death of Skip James

E-major gives access to several of the Chinese modes. If this somewhat apocryphal story is true, one can scarcely imagine the jam session that must have taken place. At any rate, when his man returned home to Bentonia, he gave young Nehemiah (called "Skippy" by his friends in school because of the way he danced) lessons in this new tuning, around which James formed his own style.

His voice, too, was different. High-pitched, pure and vibratoless, it was close to a classic countertenor, although on occasion he used the lower reaches of his range. A slight breathiness gave it texture, and his control was comparable to any trained vocalist's. The phrase has been used to describe Appalachian Mountain music, but it fits well here, too: Skip James' voice was a "high, lonesome sound."

His life up to 1964 followed a pattern found in the lives of many country blues singers. His childhood was marked by an intense desire to play the guitar, and his mother finally bought him one for \$2.50. From there on he invented, assimilated and, as he grew older, traveled through Texas, Mississippi, and as far north as Memphis, where he picked up piano from an entertainer named Will Crabtree. He played in a barrelhouse for a while, and then left for Jackson, Mississippi,

where he auditioned for Paramount Records' talent scout, who flipped over him and paid his way up to the Paramount studios in Grafton, Wisconsin. There he cut a number of sides which, in typical fashion, were distributed in limited areas of the South—those that were released at all.

Upon his return to Jackson, he got a series of non-musical jobs, reserving his occasional playing for social events, giving it up entirely when his disillusionment with the music business was complete. Also, like many other bluesmen, he "got religion," which provided a face-saving cover for his disillusionment by allowing him to denounce the blues as worldly, and channeling his musical energies into a more spiritual direction—in James' case, a gospel quartet he started. In 1942, he was ordained a Methodist minister, and a year later he was ordained by the Baptists. The death of Nehemiah James, blues singer, was near. Convinced that nobody wanted him or his music, he worked as a miner, lumberjack, tractor driver, plantation overseer. "I was a poor man/You know I was a good man," and he became a sick man, dying of a respiratory ailment in the Tunica, Mississippi, hospital.

It was there that John Fahey and Bill Barth found him after a long search in 1964. Alarmed at his condition, they

transferred him to a Washington, D.C. hospital where specialists could attend to him. Following his recovery, he appeared at the 1964 Newport Folk Festival and knocked out an audience which was growing more and more restive over the weather and some poor performances. Skip James saw that people did want him and his music. He signed with Dick Waterman's Folklore Productions, an agency that also handled John Hurt and Son House, and cut two albums for Vanguard—*Skip James/Today!* (VSD-79219) and *Devil Got My Woman* (VSD-79273). Soon he was ill again, never to do another performance.

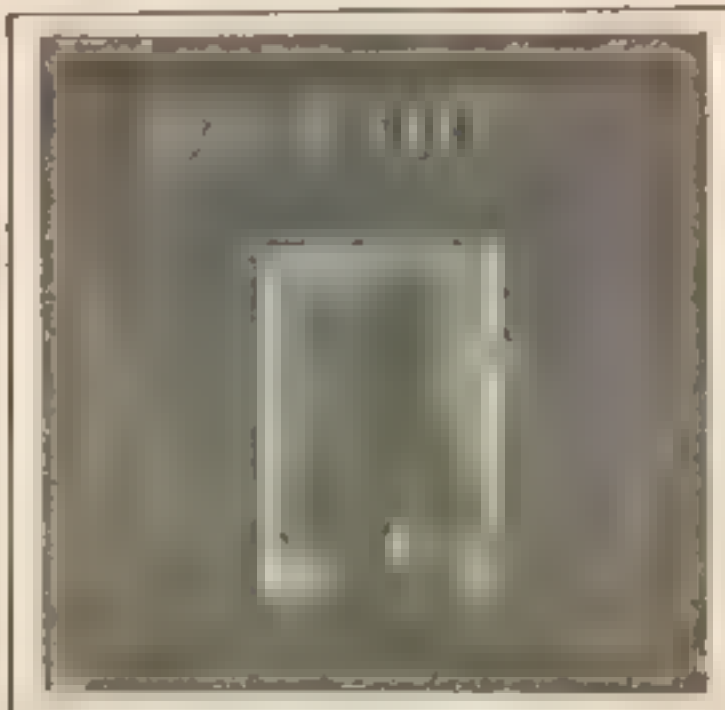
On these two albums Skip James left us some twenty-four songs, six recorded with piano and the rest with guitar. They are all wonderful, and it is next to impossible to select a few to talk about or to recommend one album over the other. All of the songs, with the exception of the old standards "Careless Love" and "How Long" display his distinctive brand of lyrics. He plays piano with close to an Oriental sparseness, following the Oriental aesthetic which says that what is left out is an important as what is put in. If a young white kid had invented James' guitar style, he would be looked upon as "progressive" and, indeed, one hears echoes of his music, whether intentional or not, in the playing of John Renbourn, John Fahey, and the Airplane's "Embryonic Journey." My own favorites are the deceptively complex "Special Rider"; "Cherryball," with its easy rolling accompaniment; "I'm So Glad," a piece of awesome virtuosity; "Devil Got My Woman," which is surely one of the most spine-chilling blues ever, with James' voice in the upper reaches and an eerily disembodied melody; and "Illinois Blues," which will undoubtedly be picked up on by a rock group one of these days, and I can only hope it will be the right one.

Besides Skip James' stature as an artist, which is tremendous, the greatness of these albums lies in the fact that they are recorded so well. It is one thing to strain to catch the nuances of some long-forgotten bluesman recorded with primitive equipment in the rug department of a Dallas department store (as was Blind Lemon Jefferson), and it is another to catch them via the good graces of Ampex, RCA and Telefunken. With a medium like country blues, there is a very intimate communication taking place during a performance—usually between the performer and his guitar. If an audience can hear it, fine, and if not, also fine. It is this realization that is sending so many people out to record the remaining handful of country blues performers, and while I wish them luck, I fear that their efforts are coming a bit late. The few first-rate men left have either lost everything they ever had or at very least aren't getting any better with age, and the majority of the performers around today are second-rate. With the passing of Skip James, I am afraid we will have to begin saying goodbye to a great American art form.

ally, too much. (Hicks is auditioning for two new girls.)

"Waitin' for the '103'" exemplifies the best spirit of the album. It's light, tight, a really fine song that shows Hicks' writing talent. "Slow Movin'" recalls remnants of Ricky Nelson's "Travelin' Man." "Juke's Ball" probably had its genesis with a radio spot Hicks did some months ago for Leonard Schaeffer's *A Boy and His Dog*, surely the worst album ever to come out of San Francisco. The spot was never aired, but in it Hicks introduces a character called Jimmy the Talking Harmonica; "Juke's Ball" opens with dialogue about Jimmy the Talking Dummy "in his record debut"—a bouncy ditty featuring Page's violin. "Bad Grammar," too, is excellent.

In all, the album is interesting, in its potential if not always exciting in the execution. Criticism about the production rightfully belongs to Bob Johnston; much of the other liabilities can be chalked up to the fact that this is a first effort. Hicks will certainly distinguish himself on future LPs. GEOFFREY LINK



Original Recordings, Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks (Epic BN 26464)

The Charlatans never became a really name band, but if they had, Dan Hicks surely would have been the star. A talented songwriter, Hicks wrote some of their best, and his pleasant voice added a welcome element of softness to their sound.

But even while a Charlatan, Hicks was working on his own, first gigging as a single act and then with His Hot Licks—two chick singers, violinist Sid Page, lead guitarist Jon Weber and Jaime Leopold

on standup bass. Finally, Hicks decided to leave the Charlatans.

Epic offered him a good contract (about \$50,000 in front money) and he started working up some "original recordings" for his first LP. It was produced by Bob Johnston (*John Wesley Harding*, *Nashville Skyline*) but Johnston did such a poor job that Hicks had to re-mix the entire album himself. It was the first time he'd worked that side of the studio so, naturally, it reflects his inexperience. (One wonders in what shape Johnston left the tapes.)

Yet, by and large, it's a good album; not very exciting, but pleasant, with imaginative arrangements for simple (though not banal) lyrics.

One problem is that the overall effect is so low-key that unless you listen to it several times, parts tend to be forgettable—even though most of the tunes are enjoyable. Not that every cut sounds the same. There is considerable variety—from straight country humor on "How Can I Miss You When You Won't Go Away?" to the haunting "I Scare Myself" that blends background vocals and some fine violin work by Page. Yet the supporting vocals by Sherry Snow and Christina Gancher have little variety: they are always pleasant, but are liter-



Pre-Hot Licks Hicks (as a Charlatan)

HERB GREEN



(ADVERTISEMENT)

## BRITISH RATTLED BY ROCK 'N' ROLL

Youths Go Wild in Theatres, Jive and Sing in the Streets and Attack Policemen

By THOMAS P. RONAN  
Special to The New York Times

LONDON, Sept. 11. —The rock 'n' roll craze is sweeping Britain and some of its teen-age fans are jiving their way right into police stations.

Two cities already have prohibited showing of the American motion picture "Rock Around the Clock" and others are considering similar action. Newspapers are debating the matter.

After listening to the rock 'n' roll rhythm to which the picture is devoted, teen-agers have wrecked motion picture houses, assaulted policemen and danced in wild mobs through the streets.

Hundreds of boys and girls danced and sang in the streets in the Elephant and Castle section of London after having seen the picture last night. They stopped traffic, banged on doors and roofs of cars and threw bottles.

It required thirty policemen, some with dogs, to break up a crowd outside another theatre and to quell a disturbance inside it. They took about fifty youths along with them when quiet had been restored.

### Not in Police Groove

One of the youths had been balancing on a rail in front of the stage chanting "rock—rock—rock" while others jived ecstatically in the aisles.

When R. A. Hider's Cornets, a rock 'n' roll band in the picture was off-screen, the youths kept shouting "We want Bill, we want Bill."

At another theatre a 19-year-old soldier who was part of what the police described as "a very excited crowd" was arrested for striking a policeman.

One of six youths arraigned in police courts here today, was fined the equivalent of \$14. Two others were fined \$2.50 each for "insulting behavior" toward the police. Three were discharged.

London is by no means the only place where such things are going on. The police were called out yesterday in Manchester and at Bootle, near Liverpool, to slow down rock 'n' rollers at theatres showing the same picture.

In Manchester electric light bulbs and lighted cigarettes were thrown from theatre balconies. Youths sprayed part of the audience with water from fire hoses.

At Bootle, 500 youths from a similar audience were joined by 500 more who had gathered outside in a jiving, singing and shouting parade for a mile through the heart of town. A police escort kept it from getting out of hand.

Fireworks were set off in the Bootle theatre and in another at Welling, in Kent, where the same picture was being shown. "Let 'em jive," The Daily Sketch said editorially this morning in opposing a ban on the film. It agreed that rowdies and "the wrecking parties" should be put down, but opposed being too hard on high-spirited boys and girls.

# SHANA NA

Appearing at the  
**FILLMORE WEST**  
November 28th,  
29th and 30th



ROCK AROUND THE BLOCK: Policemen laboring to restrain young people who crowded West Forty-third Street yesterday, to attend the rock 'n' roll show at the Paramount Theatre. Lines began to form as early as 5.30 A. M.

## 20,000 Rock 'n' Rollers Queue for Block In Midtown to Crowd Into Holiday Show

Twenty thousand shrieking, pushing, stamping teen-agers besieged the Paramount Theatre all day yesterday. The attraction was Alan Freed, a disk jockey and master of ceremonies who was presenting a stage show of rock 'n' roll musicians.

Mr. Freed and his company opened at the theatre on Christmas Day and will remain through Jan. 5. On his show of an hour and a half were Fats Domino's orchestra, Jerry Lee Lewis and combinations of soloists, all in rock 'n' roll rhythm.

Lines of children in blue jeans and club jackets formed a Forty-third Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues as early as 5.30 A. M. yesterday. By the time the first show began about 9 A. M. Deputy Chief Inspector Thomas L. Burns had mustered thirty-three policemen to hold the lines in the block.

The boys and girls were packed behind wooden barriers on the sidewalks from the main entrance of the theatre to Eighth Avenue and around the corner southward on the avenue toward Forty-second Street. They had a long wait, because the theatre accommodates only about 1,000 persons, including standees.

### Skirmishes Checked

At times during the wait the impatient fans would attempt to break through the police lines to improve their positions. The worst of these melees occurred at 12.10 P. M., when traffic had to be stopped to the street while policemen, good-humored but firm, restored the lines. A few girls were thrown down and stepped on, but no injuries were reported.

The movie, "It's Great to Be Young," a British film, was curtailed or omitted, so that six stage shows could be run through by 2 A. M. this morning. Admission opened at \$2, and was raised to \$2.50 within the first hour.

Inside the theatre the patrons kept up such a continuous screaming of approval that it was difficult to hear the performers even through loudspeakers. A score of private policemen, engaged by the management, patrolled the aisles constantly. Using flashlights, they kept the audience under scrutiny and they ejected boys detected in misconduct.

No disorder or serious arrests were reported.

Robert Shapiro, managing director of the theatre, said the volume of business was as great as ever recorded. The audience exceeded that for Mr. Freed's last appearances at the Paramount last July and February, Mr. Shapiro said.

## PRESLEY WINS DELAY

Singer's Induction Postponed 60 Days to Permit Film

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 27 (AP)—Elvis Presley received today a sixty-day delay of his induction into the Army, enabling him to complete a motion picture for Paramount.

The rock 'n' roll singer's deferment was voted unanimously

by his draft board. He had been scheduled for induction Jan. 20.

The board acted after having received requests for the delay from both Paramount and the 22-year-old singer. Paramount said it would lose about \$350,000 if Mr. Presley did not appear in Hollywood Jan. 13 to start work on the movie. The studio said it already had spent that much in "preparatory investments."

# Join The Rock 'N' Roll Scavenger Hunt!

(and help bring the good life back)

Send us a Davy Crockett record or a pair of white socks or Brooklyn or Philadelphia or a string tie or Howdy Doody's autograph or a Captain Video de-coder or your favorite street corner or a photograph of you waiting in line in front of any Rock and Roll show, dance or hop that you attended in the 50's. Or anything else left over from the not so forgotten 50's. And you may win one of the fabulous prizes being given in the

## THE SHA NA NA SCAVENGER HUNT

### PRIZES

- 1st Prize  
A Small Color TV
- 2nd Prize  
A Big Color TV
- 3rd Prize  
A P.C. 50 Honda Motor Bike
- 4th Prize  
A P.C. 50 Honda Motor Bike
- 5th Prize  
A Used Sha Na Na Motorcycle Jacket
- 6th Prize  
A Used Sha Na Na Motorcycle Jacket
- 7th Prize  
One Trip to Allstate, Pennsylvania to see one drive-in movie
- 8th Prize  
Two Trips to Allstate, Pennsylvania to see two drive-in movies
- 9th Prize  
New Sha Na Na Motorcycle Jacket
- 10th Prize  
New Sha Na Na Motorcycle Jacket



All entries should be mailed to Rocky from the parking lot in care of Buddah Records, 1650 Broadway, New York New York. Our Scavenger Hunt will end as soon as we have enough entries to make a final decision.

BUDDAH/KAMA SUTRA RECORDS,  
1650 Broadway New York, New York 10019

Dear Rocky, enclosed is my \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ from the not so forgotten 50's.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

Buddah employees and their families may enter the contest but they won't win.  
This is a public service announcement from the Committee To Revive Rock 'N' Roll  
(It's hand holding time again)

## PRESLEY TERMED A PASSING FANCY

Minister in Village Asserts Singer Gives Teen-Agers 'a Vicarious Fling'

The Elvis Presley craze will pass, but in the meantime teen-agers are having a vicarious fling a Greenwich Village minister said yesterday.

The rock 'n' roller was discussed by the Rev. Charles Howard Graf, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John's in the Village, 218 West Eleventh Street. He said that Mr. Presley, "using innuendo and suggestion, by curl of lip and shake of hip, represents the revolt from the tried and true."

"Basically I don't think youth wants this sort of thing," Mr. Graf said, adding that it is the result of the letdown that follows every war. The teen-age act is having a vicarious fling, he explained.

He based his analysis on his observations of Mr. Presley on television and movie screens and on the reactions of neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Graf commented that the Presley appeal presented many images to the viewer.

"A lad who will probably earn more than the President and the entire Cabinet."

"A 'bad sack' reminiscent of the late James Dean."

"A whirling dervish of sex."

"An escape from reality in the form of a 'Pied Piper'."

This many-sided view of a single celebrity reflects a mid-century confusion among the elders, too, Mr. Graf declared. He said that, because a low Christian ideal was the rule rather than the exception in today's world, "perhaps 60 per cent of nominal Christians might give up the name and it would have no effect whatsoever on the world."

Moral theology sometimes supplies fairly answers to modern problems, he went on. "We can restore the ultimate moral standards in terms of 1956-57 in rock 'n' roll parlance, if we must."

## Rock 'n' Roll Exported To 4 Corners of Globe

The rock 'n' roll mania that gripped Times Square yesterday has manifested itself in just about every corner of the world.

Youngsters have torn up theatre seats in London. They have danced in the streets in Sydney, Australia. As at the Paramount in New York, the balcony of a local theatre in Jakarta, Indonesia, once awayed precariously to the stamping feet of youths in the grip of the rocking rhythm.

In Leningrad, recordings by Elvis Presley cut on discarded X-ray plates sell for \$12.50 a copy. In Vancouver, B. C., a singer had to be rescued by the police when a crowd of 2,000 juveniles he was entertaining went wild.

The Navy at Newport, R. I., banned rock 'n' roll at the enlisted men's club after ten sailors were injured and nine arrested in a riot touched off by rock 'n' roll rhythms.

In Japan a showing of a rock 'n' roll movie touched off what the police called riots and the movie "Rock Around the Clock" touched off similar disturbances in just about every continent.

## Segregationist Wants Ban on 'Rock and Roll'

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., March 29 (AP)—A segregation leader charged today that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People had "infiltrated" Southern white teen-agers with "rock and roll music."



# RECORDS

*Dimensions*, the Box Tops (Bell 6032)  
*Nonstop*, the Box Tops (Bell 6023)  
*Super Hits*, the Box Tops (Bell 6025)

The Box Tops? Are you serious? Those yokel hacks grinding out rattly pop for the tyrannical Top 40? Those squeaky-clean goons in paisley scarves and blue blazers, mugging with obscene cuteness for all the folks back home on all those corny album covers? Even their name is lame!

The Box Tops have been plowing some cautious fields and raking in bushels of money for a couple of years now. First appearing in the season of Question Mark and the Mysterians and Count Five, they have endured in the survey market by seldom repeating a Sound from single to single and maintaining a high level of disciplined musicianship, seasoned with just enough real soul to catch a few unlikely listeners—like me. I liked "The Letter" and "Cry Like a Baby" and "Choo Choo Train" until endless AM repetitions made me hate them. "Cry Like a Baby," for instance, had a certain yearning bluesy quality that sounded quite refreshing in that gross Blue Cheer spring of '68, with its funky electric sitar, girl backup vocal group, and the sad restrained wisfulness of Alex Chilton's singing. "Choo Choo Train" came out later that year, and it was a good radio song too, which meant you didn't lunge for the dial the instant it began. Nice chugging homestead-nostalgia song for hicks. But buy a Box Tops album? Shut, one glance at the cover of their current one, *Nonstop*, was enough: five shiteating Gary Lewis grins framed in immaculate early-Beatle manures, posing stupidly on an old locomotive

## De-Brylcreamed Boxtops

Christ.

And this year a set called *Dimensions*: the photo on the back (deBrylcreamed, sloppy unmatched duds, grim welt-schmerz scowls) suggested that they had entered their solemn don't-give-a-shit stage. Artists now with extended jams and experimental gestures and sermon lyrics. Nine-minute version of "Rock Me Baby." Nope.

But what a gulf there is between people who have to buy all their records and critics avalanched with promo shit! Those two albums and their *Super Hits* appeared in the mail one day, and I haven't been able to put them aside since. Commercialism is not only nice as a relief from Electric Art, it also allows its vassals a lot more freedom these days—either that or it was always this good, and I never bothered to listen.

Of the two regular albums, *Dimensions* is the more ambitious, eclectic, "adult"—and the weaker. "Rock Me Baby" is of course a dragged-out bore, and "I Must Be the Devil," a passable Ray Charlesish piano roll blues, is ruined (although it gets a laugh) when a tinkling piano suddenly surfaces from the slow-boiling funk for a keyboard-spanning Liberacean arpeggio (you know, that stairway to the cocktail stars)—and you suddenly realize anew how very much these guys have to learn.

But maybe that very limitation is the source of their strength. A song like

sented the nucleus of the most prestigious, sought after young session men in Nashville's \$60 million music industry. The idea was to put everybody up front, free of a sideman's restrictions, and cut loose with a mixture of gutsy R&B and sho 'nuff country pickin'. *Area Code 615* succeeded—beautifully.

It's all there—near flawless drumming with licks straight out of west Memphis and Chicago; bass and piano from Muscle Shoals (Fame Recording Studios '62), fiddle and banjo from Kentucky, Arkansas and sometimes Jennings, Louisiana; and a shifting, blending flow of Nashville vibrations provided by harp, lead guitar and pedal steel. The result is one of the most enjoyable and stimulating instrumental albums to appear in quite awhile. More than a gimmicky self-conscious marriage of divergent root influences, *615* is a remarkable illustration of the scope and genius of the new Nashville cats.

From the beginning of "Southern Comfort" the mood is joyous and eventful—fiddle, harp and banjo absolutely swing on the intro, then defer to Kenny Butt-

rey's clean, driving percussion. Weldon Myrick picks up on steel and builds real excitement as a country instrumental gets comfortable with an R&B rhythm track. It stays that way on every cut—solid, interesting and really enjoyable. Buttrey's drumming is the dominant feature on the alternating between a funky-crashing blues beat and a succession of crisp, diamond-hard rock tempos which defy anticipation.

There's a few laughs for C&W aficionados: someone does an atrociously bad job of counting cadence before "I've Been Loving You Too Long," followed by the kind of shutkicker fiddle intro that endeared Ray Price to his fans in the Fifties. And Buddy Spicher's 35-second medley of "Crazy Arms" and "Get Back" (with help from McCoy) has got to be a great job of playing a beautiful riff and bailing out for lack of anything else to say. Similarly, he runs into false start problems on "Hey, Jude," augmented by mercifully brief Spike Jones reprieve from the band.

The group's handling of "Hey, Jude"

are songs in the style of Charlie Rich, and "Life's Little Ups and Downs" would fit well on *Nashville Skyline*. There's a careful intrusion of piano and guitar in places, but Rich's vocal is virtually the whole song—husky, deep, tender and masterful. It's a simple tune about the money problems of an ordinary white couple: "Don't know how to tell her that I didn't get that raise in pay . . . today." And Rich is a careful songwriter. Notice how he follows an image through his chorus—the same word for two different contexts, thus linking two separate scenes into one: "No one grabs the brass ring every time . . . But she don't mind/She wears a gold ring on her finger . . . and it's mine."

Rich's new single could make it on all the charts at once: R&B, Pop, Easy Listening and Country. The song and Rich himself have that much range. If you can't find it in your record stores, call a distributor. It's worth whatever trouble it takes.

GREIL MARCUS

loom up. Enter lead guitar, dancing rockably pirouettes around this wash of sound, followed a chorus later by rocking cowboogie piano, all jamming joyfully as the brass oozes past mountain shadows into the fadeout.

"She Shot a Hole in My Soul" and "People Gonna Talk" are also fine songs, throbbing soul progressions transfused via the Box Tops' own unique approach into beautiful buoyant stretches of pure rolling pleasure, somewhat like the Rascals' sweet-soul songs but more airy. At times, yes, the Box Tops do get a mite raw and low-down—the three-minute version of "Rock Me Baby" on this album finds them about as "heavy" as they'll get. Chilton's gravelly voice out front of shrill Brian Jones-ish harp, terse edgy organ, grunting trombones and blues guitar riffs trilling with a subtle tinge of shutkicker sentimentality. A fine track at 3.49.

The *Super Hits* album is typical of groups like the Box Tops: note-for-note renditions of other people's hits like "Whiter Shade of Pale" alternating with all those tunes we started to like and grew to hate over the radio these last two years. This is where the Box Tops are at right now, and it's a greedy mindless approach to a superhits album, but such obvious bullshit can be shoved aside and forgotten. Maybe someday we'll have a *Super Hits, Vol. 2* with twelve great sides that warmed us successive seasons by making that goddam fascist box with a dial and jocks more bearable. Until then, buy *Nonstop*, skip *Dimensions* and keep a sharp eye out for their next one. It just might be a doozer.

LESTER BANGS

In short, a damn fine album. The irony of its success is that in the wake of an exciting debut (two more LP's are in the works), *Area Code 615* can hardly afford to quit Nashville studio gigs long enough to rehearse an act and go on tour. Their average income is around \$60,000 a year and climbing. That's sho 'nuff country.

JOHN GLESSIM



*Area Code 615* (Polydor 24-4002)

Even before they got together at Wayne Moss's garage studio in Madison, Tennessee, the 615 gang had everything going for them. Three of its members had backed Dylan (Moss, Charlie McCoy and Kenny Buttrey), the rest were just as good, and in the aggregate they repre-

"Life's Little Ups and Downs," Charlie Rich (Epic 5-10492).

Bob Dylan has said more than once that Charlie Rich is one of his favorite musicians—as a songwriter and as a singer. Nik Cohn, in *Rock From the Beginning*, names Rich as one of the handful of men in the history of rock who've had real talent, along with Phil Spector, John Lennon, Pete Townshend, Eddie Cochran, and a few others. Perhaps you'd remember "Mohair Sam" from the Fifties; perhaps not. His albums, those that are still in print, are not carried by "hip" record stores; ask for them and you'll find yourself handed a stack of big band LPs by Buddy Rich.

Rich records for Epic now, and his new single is about as good as anything he's ever done. Charlie is, perhaps, a soul singer with country roots, very close in his approach to music and songwriting to Joe Tex. He has the same delicate feel for the relationships between men and women. "Lay Lady Lay" and "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You"



*Tadpoles*, Bonzo Dog Band (Imperial LP-12445)

The Bonzo Dog Band are a prize collection of English eccentrics skilled in the juxtaposition of the commonplace with the unlikely and outrageous, who also happen to be outstanding musicians who've mastered every idiom of the Twentieth Century.

This third set is a let down from their previous LP's because it finds the Bonzos easing their satire and leaning a little too heavily to cream-puff camp. For all that, though, it's still lots of fun—which is precious rare enough these days that we probably shouldn't quibble.

Their versatility is as evident as ever: "Laughing Blues" and "Doctor Jazz" are two superb Twenties jazz pieces (an acquired taste, perhaps, but I love 'em, 'cause they rock like old cartoons), while "Mr. Apollo" is a hilarious satire on Charles Atlas commercials ("Yes—just give me ten years of your life, and I'll trade in that flimsy slab for rippling muscle . . . Tease people! Brush them aside like matchsticks! Shave your legs!"), and "Canyons of Your Mind" is a sequin-scapillating parody of melodramatic Fifties ballads complete with splayed-out guitar explosion over choked gasps that could with equal ease be orgasm or strangulation.

Rock "parodies" have often brought us some of the ghostliest music to emerge from the idiom—even much of the Mothers' work seems to get awfully grating after awhile. The Bonzos' saving grace, aside from their consummate musicianship, is the peculiarly British obliqueness of their humor (like some of the best of those odd little English film comedies which so confound American audiences), and the marvelously individual sense of style that they bring to everything they do. Not for everybody, obviously—but genuinely inspired originals, nevertheless.

LESTER BANGS





### Winter's Not The Same This Year.

Last year it was deep in Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf. And trips down home with Robert Johnson and B. B. King.

But the Second Winter is a whole new season. It's electrified blues and the crashing beat of early rock.

Second Winter is Johnny Winter's new Columbia album.

Second Winter is something new, for Johnny Winter. For the blues. For you. It may be the only three-sided album you'll ever own.

Johnny Winter's complete Nashville recording session on 3 L.P. sides. A specially priced 2-record set.

On Columbia Records ♦

Also available in B-track stereo tape cartridge and stereo tape cassette

Rolling Stone recently decided that The Kinks new album -Arthur- is "the best British album of 1969."

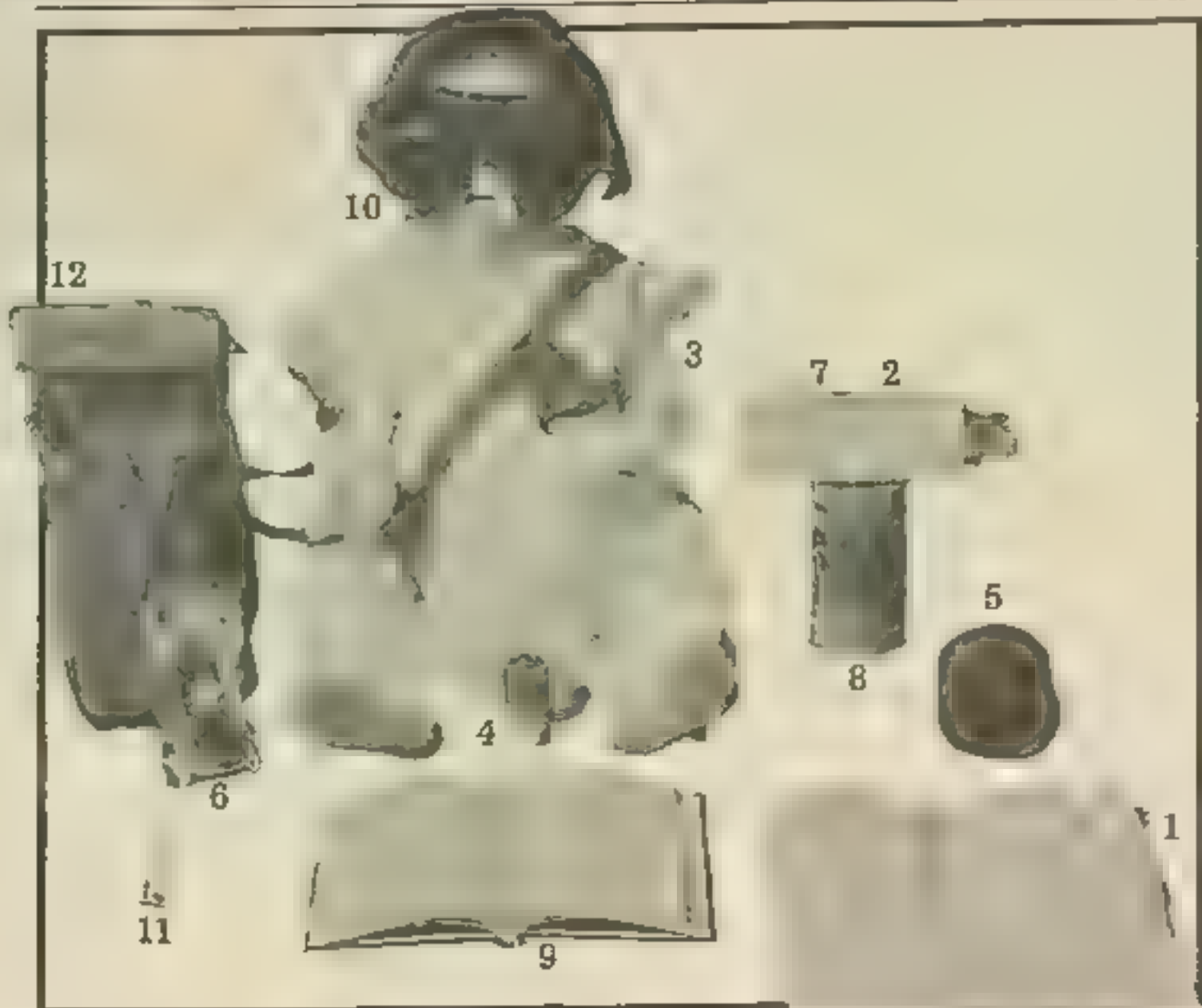


Reprise Records would like to wish The Beatles, The Stones, & The Who better-luck-in-'70.

The best British album of 1969 is on Reprise—where it belongs.



# RECORDS



Salvation, Original Cast (Capitol SO-337).

I took this record home and put it on my hi-fi. The changer mechanism clicked and paused. The record dropped. And then the tone arm went limp.

I mean, to say they don't get it on is an understatement.

Since the ordinary record buyer never sees any examples of that extraordinary intra-industry phenomenon called a "promo packet," I'd like to share with you the artifacts that are coming to music biz people with this record. In a WW II surplus K Rations pack, we find: (1) gloves, surgeons', pure natural latex, one pair (2) first-aid dressing, carlisle model, one small (3) lip Ivo, one stick (4) Heatabs, emergency heating, 8 units (5) pork slices, with juices, 5-1/2 oz. tin (6) corn flake bar, survival type, type 1 (7) rubber prophylactic in foil (8) emergency drinking water, one tin (9) Song and Service Book for Ship and Field. Also a

pair of goggles and a can opener, (10,11).

The message in all this is perhaps not obvious, unless it's too obvious. The Army-Navy field hymnal makes one meaning plain, though: something for everyone. There is a Protestant Section, then a Catholic Section, then a Jewish Section. Then Christmas carols, assorted hymns, patriotic songs. Then spirituals and Stephen Foster songs ("Old Black Joe").

See, what *Salvation* depends on is B'd-way ballads, fake rock, and fake soul that will send wrinkles up and down your spine. Just once, for the experience, see whether you can listen to the unforgettable spiritual, "There Ain't No Flies on Jesus!"

CHARLES PERRY

*Rock and Roll Is Here To Stay*, Sha Na Na (Kama Sutra 2010).

Buddah Records has also released a new press kit, entitled "Rock 'n' Roll

- 1 record of Rock and Roll, 78 rpm
- 1 pkt. Sen-Sen, menthol
- 1 pkt. razor blades, Gillette (2)
- 1 Revival badge, 2 1/2 dm.
- 1 rubber contraceptive, Trojan
- 2 bumper stickers, "Rock and Roll is here to stay"
- 2 dollar bills, payola
- 1 comb, black plastic
- 1 pkt. shoe laces, white
- 10 pp. collection of graffiti, 50's.



Revival," presumably in tribute to their latest acquisition, Columbia University's ex-glee club gang of rock and roll "classics," Sha Na Na. The kit doesn't make it. Too obvious. A black comb, tennie laces, candy-on-paper, fake payola, and a rubber. Also, strangely, a 78 rpm disc including two of Sha Na Na's performances—strange, since 78's were dead a good while before any of the group's material was written. But I guess that's Buddah's charm.

There's also this album, which must be part of the press kit, 'cause I can't see any other justification for it, except that if you buy it you'll find the complete lyrics of a lot of great old songs, some of which may come as a surprise, since the dazzling originals pretty much forced the listener to fill in the gaps himself. But not Sha Na Na. They do rote copies of the old hits—"Book of Love," "Come Go With Me," etc.—sounding like nothing so much as the cover records groups like the Crewcuts made off

masterpieces by black artists. There's not a touch of invention, humor, or excitement. The group doesn't even sound like they had a good time in the studio. Mostly they're so boring you don't even hear it; sometimes, as on "Heartbreak Hotel" and "Long Tall Sally," they're offensive.

1969 has been a banner year for re-recording old hits, and virtually all who have tried it—Johnny Winter, NRBQ, Cat Mother, the Flamin' Groovies—have been surprisingly successful. They brought at least some individual invention and personal spirit to the task—but Sha Na Na is astonishingly sterile, given the fact that they've been such a great success on stage on the East Coast. You could hear the way it should have been on Cat Mother's hit, "That Good Old Rock and Roll"—"Wow, what a gas to get a chance to do all our favorite songs!" But Sha Na Na on record sounds Fun."

GREIL MARCUS



Led Zeppelin II (Atlantic SD 8236)

Hey, man, I take it all back! This is one fucking heavyweight of the album! OK—I'll concede that until you've listened to the album eight hundred times, as I have, it seems as if it's just one especially heavy song extended over the space of two whole sides. But, hey!

you've got to admit that the Zeppelin has their distinctive and enchanting formula down stone-cold, man. Like you get the impression they could do it in their sleep.

And who can deny that Jimmy Page is the absolute number-one heaviest white blues guitarist between 5'4" and

5'8" in the world?? Shut, man, on this album he further demonstrates that he could absolutely fucking shut down any whitebluesman alive, and with one fucking hand tied behind his back too.

"Whole Lotta Love," which opens the album, has to be the heaviest thing I've run across (or, more accurately, that's run across me) since "Parchman Farm" on *Vincebus Eruptum*. Like I listened to the break (Jimmy wrenching some simply indescribable sounds out of his axe while your stereo goes ape-shit) on some heavy Vietnamese weed and very nearly had my mind blown.

Hey, I know what you're thinking "That's not very objective." But dig: I also listened to it on mescaline, some old Romilar, novocain, and ground up *Fusion*, and it was just as mind-boggling as before. I must admit I haven't listened to it straight yet—I don't think a group this heavy is best enjoyed that way

Anyhow . . . Robert Plant, who is

rumored to sing some notes on this record that only dogs can hear, demonstrates his heaviness on "The Lemon Song." When he yells "Shake me 'til the juice runs down my leg," you can't help but flash on the fact that the *lemon* is a cleverly-disguised phallic metaphor. Cunnning Rob, sticking all this eroticism in between the lines just like his blues-belun' ancestors! And then (then) there's "Moby Dick," which will be for John Bonham what "Toad" has been for Baker. John demonstrates on this track that had he half a mind he could shut down Baker even without sticks, as most of his intriguing solo is done with bare hands.

The album ends with a far-out blues number called "Bring It On Home," during which Rob contributes some very convincing moaning and harp-playing, and sings "Wadge da train roll down da track." Who said that white men couldn't sing blues? I mean, like, who?

JOHN MENDELSON



Mouldy Goldies, Colonel Jubilation B. Johnston and his Mystic Knights Band and Street Singers Attack the Hits (Columbia CL 2532)

No, no, this is a real record, no kidding—I found it in a \$1.77 mono sale at Montgomery Ward.

The sidemen on *Mouldy Goldies* include Charlie "Bugs" McCoy, Wayne "Tailgate" Butler, and Kenneth "Sledge-

hammer" Buttrey, between them, manning broken snare drums, various wretched horns, second and third pop bottles, and the like. Sure enough, this is the infamous "Rainy Day Women #12 & #35" band risen from the graveyards of the past. As for the remaining personnel, I don't know—"Tummy Mole" Hill, vocal background hits leg with a stick, Mortuary Thomasson, dulcet-toned recitation and tired engineer . . . New Stars on the Horizon possibly, or maybe just some union bums.

Most of the stuff on this record is slop, though—not bad enough to be funny, but just plain bad. Nothing unusual. Playing a kazoo and going "deli deli deli ooog" on "Good Lovin'" doesn't make it. The horn section sounds like a cross between Herb Alpert and a Salvation Army Band; and they play the freakiest things at the most inappropriate times, such as a riff from "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" right in the middle of "Hang On Sloopy."

There's a reason for this review, though, never fear. When this Bob Johnston produced band abandons their pretensions of (1) four-chord songs (2)

key signatures (3) trying to keep time, and get back into their distinctive style, they're pretty good. And the Buttrey Stomp is a groove, though it depends upon your personal opinion of what a groove is. Their attack on the Righteous Brothers' old "(You're My) Soul and Inspiration" is a success, though it loses a little in visual appeal without being able to see those two blue-eyed soul brothers—the little soul brother getting up on the big one's back, and both of them taking turns yelling "BAYBAY HEY! (BAYBAYHEY) YAYUH! (YAYUH!) YAYUH! (YAYUH!)"

And there are two legendary gems hidden away on this record. The performance of Shirley Ellis' "Name Game" is fantastic. The vocal crew gets down with it, wailing "Tony Tony bo bo ni banana fana fo fo ni," the horns cook throwing in Herb Alpert riffs, and the whole thing is dynamite. The song also has the best lyric of the album: "AND THERE AIN'T ANY NAME THAT AH CAN'T RHYME!"

But the real masterpiece of *Mouldy Goldies* is "Monday, Monday." If you like the Mamas and the Papas, you'll consider this obscene. If you don't like

the Mamas and the Papas, you'll love this song. Everyone ought to hear it at least once, anyway.

There's a nice picture on the cover of *Mouldy Goldies*, too; it includes Bob Johnston, "Demolition expert 3rd Class, planned and led the gallant charge on these hits . . ." There's also O. X. Bellyman, wizard of the tuba, and the crack-erjack percussionist Montezuma Lovechild. I'm pretty surprised to find something like this in Little Rock, Arkansas, which is where I live.

Personally, I wouldn't shell out a couple of bucks for this historical musical monstrosity. But if you see it in a 59 cent bin, pick it up. I wouldn't advise playing it on your best record player, either, but who knows . . . For any collectors of fantastic musical memorabilia, it is a must: the continuing saga of the Rainy Day Women Blooze Band. If you liked the old Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, you'll like the good stuff on *Mouldy Goldies*. Come to think of it, if you liked "Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-To-Die" or "Something Happened to Me Yesterday," you'll probably like it, too.

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## RECORDS



*Alice Faye in Hollywood (1934-1937)*  
(Columbia CL-3068—mono only).

So you say you're jaded, surfed with art rock and ego blues and tinselly rock jazz. I have just the potion for your desperation. Alice Faye, a songbird if ever there was one, will show you what you missed by being a war baby and maybe even make you feel sorry for old Mom and Dad. Ask them about Alice Faye and they'll tell you that she was a prototype chirper of her era: made her name in pop music flicks of the depression and sustains her pocketbook at present primarily by reminiscing with the other broke-downs of yesteryear on the Johnny Carson Show.

This album was the outstanding item

in Columbia's promo shipment this month. The others were Taj Mahal's latest and a clammy slice of Masterworks youth-classics by Joe Byrd and the Field Hippies, to whom Alice could give a few lessons in how to communicate campy avant-garde emotionlessness.

The set opens with "Nasty Man," a sensual come-number from a movie called *George White's Scandals of 1934*. The mood of horny invitation is sustained in "Here's the Key to My Heart," where Alice hears a knock on the door, plays a guessing game as to which of her lovers it could be, and is amazed to find the whole gang tromping upstairs when she tosses the key through the second-story window. Alice's creamy

earth-goddess voice style, brilliantly sustained throughout the album, really shines here in all the glory of its liding sexuality.

Other highlights are "I'm Shooting High," a visionary anthem presaging Judy Garland which paints "a rainbow rafter to the stars," while "Slumming On Park Avenue" serves as a bitter indictment of the callous capitalist power structure in a fierce vision of the oppressed newly-revolutionary masses turning the tables by taking a sneering sight-seeing tour of bourgeois Park Avenue.

An essential addition to the record collections of all those listeners in the 1969 vanguard.  
LESTER BANGS



*Supernazz, The Flamin' Groovies* (Epic BN 26487)

There are few memories nicer than the rock of the Fifties and the great late-afternoon cartoons we grew up with. The

fine thing about the Flamin' Groovies album, which is merely adequate otherwise, is the fidelity with which it sets the Looney Tune spirit (exuberantly childlike satire) in perfectly realized soundscapes thumpingly reminiscent of the good old days. Supernazz indeed: Chuck Berry hot licks, pistol-packin' mamas, rockin' pneumonia and the boogie woogie flu—sans corroding traces of the condescension, dilettantism and sweaty strain which usually mar this kind of thing. The Groovies, like no other group working in this area, communicate that sense of truly youthful enthusiasm and fun which was at the heart of early rock. Their music is fresh, innocent, and feels good night or day. No qualifications: it is truly open and ingenious.

For me this joy shines brightest in "Bam Balam," a perfect music cartoon about a "Harem cutie from Hindustan,"

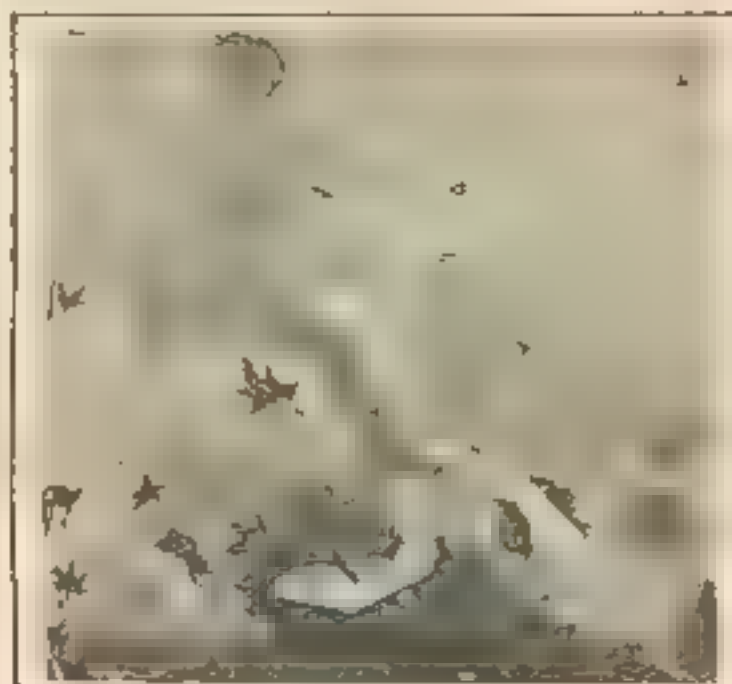
complete with liquid snakecharmer clarinet solo hoochie-cooing to the rhythm of her bouncing bambalams. Anyone who calls it camp doesn't deserve it. The only thing the group could put on their second album to top it would be a musical vision of Uncle Scrooge skinny-dipping in his moneybin sea of cash.

Venerable rock testaments like Eddie Cochran's "Something Else" and the "Rockin' Pneumonia" classic get a treatment so natural it falsifies almost all similar attempts of the last year, the Beatles' work included. "Something Else" is one of the all-time great conspicuous consumption dig-my-fine-chick songs, and it flows right into a jumping "Pistol Packin' Mama," which may or may not have some ulterior musical significance but which is great musical continuity anyway.

Much the same might be said for the two songs preceding them, in which the

temptations of Babylon are vividly rendered for innocents and rustics, first in the form of that cackling dope pusher who plots to snare you into monkeyback bondage when "The First One's Free," and then in the lurid picture of "Pagan Rachel," that slinky city vamp who waits in the jaundiced light of streetlights for luckless cowed kids. Prodigals, hark-en: the Flamin' Groovies have a message that may save your souls from these and other gateways to brimstone! Indeed, the final song sums it all up, the message of Looney Tune liberation from all cares which is at the heart of the Groovies' music: "You can fly, 'round the corner!"

Yep. Levity is central to their conception, free from shadows and shamblin', can-kicking frustrations. With unfettered delight so rare a quantity these days, you might find yourself soaring on this one. I did.  
LESTER BANGS



*Then Play On, Fleetwood Mac* (Reprise 6368).

Nowadays Fleetwood Mac is stepping out on its own. Tired of being another British blues band, the group has said goodbye to Elmore James and is moving into the pop-rock field. On this album, they fall flat on their faces.

Most of the music on the album is slow and wandering—instruments in search of an idea. Of the songs in this category, "My Dream," with its pleasant melody, is the only one that works. The eclecticism is excessive here, most of the songs sounding like warmed-over early Fish, with traces of such bands as the

Doors. Plus several two-guitar raveups. Peter Green, once such a promising guitarist, is merely competent—nothing more, nothing less. Even the blues material is inferior to their earlier work. To be sure, there are bits and pieces of interesting, spacey music scattered throughout the album, but it's the nondescript ramblings which dominate the set.

The best thing Fleetwood Mac has ever done is "Oh Well," a single currently available only in England. On part one, the two guitars work with and against each other in perfect balance, and when the music pauses, there's these fine lyrics, post-Dylan, rock and roll sassy: "I can't help it 'bout the shape I'm in/I'm not pretty, can't sing and my legs are thin/But don't ask me what I think of you/I might not give the answer that you want me to." Part two, an instrumental, gets a bit cumbersome, but still attracts where similar songs on the album repelled. The reason this is available only in England is that the band's manager is positive that "Rattlesnake Shake" (an album cut distinguished from the others only by the fact that it's up-tempo) will hit as a single in America and on the European continent. That man is 1969's False Prophet of the Year. I'd trade this whole album straight across for "Oh Well," and would be getting the better deal. JOHN MORTLAND



*Glass Onion, Arif Mardin* (Atlantic SD 8222)

If you've heard Aretha, Wilson Pickett, Arthur Conley or the Rascals, you've already heard what Arif Mardin can do. He is a special type of musician: he's an arranger and a producer. For Mardin this is closer to being a composer than an engineer. His tools are his ears, a pen, a group of musicians and a recording studio. *Glass Onion* demonstrates what Mardin can do by himself, when his own musical intelligence is the center of attention. The album consists of very instrumental versions of 12 well-chosen rock songs. His taste is good: "Glass Onion," "Proud Mary," "Sympathy for the Devil,"

"Walk On By," "The Dock of the Bay," "Strange Brew," etc.

The arrangements are complex and playfully inventive. Mardin has an unsurpassed ear for what instrument will sound good doing what. Mardin embellishes the songs on *Glass Onion*; he gives them extra dimensions, makes them fuller and more complex, but he does not drown the songs in a sea of miscellaneous instruments. On a few tracks, e.g. "The Dock of the Bay," the arrangement grows a bit too lush and throbbing and threatens to make the song into a maudlin lament. But the rest of the time, the arrangements are crisp and powerful. Totally in the spirit of the songs. A few musical surprises result:

"Sympathy for the Devil" turns out sounding much like the Vanilla Fudge's "You Keep Me Hangin' On."

The album has a very wide scope of sounds—you can hear rock, jazz and blues, even a hint of Mozart, all firmly rooted in the music. The rhythms on the album are perfect, possibly because the rhythm section is the Muscle Shoals Sound Studio's rhythm section.

*Glass Onion* is mellow and comfortable. It needs no dope to make sense. It doesn't numb your ear with electronic psychosis. It can make you smile, and you could dig it on a Sunday morning. Your cats won't run out of the room while it's playing. As they say in Turkish, *Tashakli!*  
DAVID GANCHER

"She Belongs To Me," Rick Nelson & the Stone Canyon Band (Decca 732550) "Fortunate Son"/"Down on the Corner," Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy 634).

Rick Nelson's single has been out for a while—it's finally in the stores and getting some airplay. Rick's version of Dylan's lovely song is very restrained; sometimes as if he's almost afraid he'll slip into Dylan's phrasing. He doesn't; it's a quiet, satisfying performance. The record is badly marred by a female chorus that can only be called stupid. If producer Charles Dant allows this sort of thing to clutter up future releases by Rick, his comeback will stop dead. Rick has a way with a song that only Dylan

has captured, on "I Threw It All Away." Hopefully, Rick will try that next . . .

Creedence Clearwater is the only group outside of the Beatles and the Stones that make consistently powerful two-sided singles. They learned how in the Fifties, but didn't get stuck there—these three groups know that a single's not just an album cut with a big hole in the middle. John Fogerty said recently that he digs singles because they're so immediate—think it up, write it down, record it, and just like that it's on the market and on the radio. "Bad Moon Rising," he said, was three weeks from idea to product. Singles can often fit the times better than albums for just this reason, and one doesn't have to take

them seriously—throw it in the corner when the album comes out. The fun was there.

"Fortunate Son"/"Down on the Corner" is one of their best, especially "Son." Bone-rattling guitar keying a searing vocal: "I ain't no millionaire's son, naw, naw, naw!" Fogerty is also beginning to insert tantalizing political references into his songs, without for a moment sacrificing their value as rock and roll; he did it on "Wrote a Song for Everyone" on the last album, and this time—just listen to the way he sings "When the band played/HAIL to the chief." A brilliant songwriter.

GREIL MARCUS







## TARANTULA

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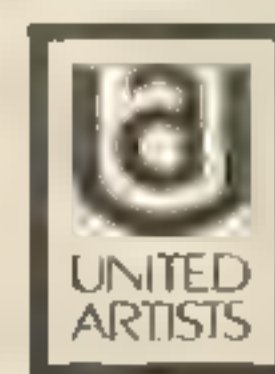


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# RECORDS



**Stand Up!**, Jethro Tull (Reprise 6360)  
No, Jethro Tull is not just another English blues band. *This Was*, their first album, made some gestures in that direction, obligatory, in a way, for the time (summer of '68); in its differences it was intriguing even as it disappointed. Its inadequacies were unconventional; the essential problem seemed to be a style in search of a subject.

Bob Dylan once said that the English know how to pronounce "marvelous" better than Americans, but that they have a little trouble with "raunchy." *Stand Up!*, Jethro Tull's new album, has a fairly low raunch quotient, true to form, but it is quite marvelous. For one



Ian Anderson: low on raunch, but quite marvelous

thing, the band's orientation is more definite than before. With the removal of Rick Abrahams to form Blodwyn Pig, the musical tug-of-war which could be heard on the first album has here been effectively curtailed. Ian Anderson simply dominates the proceedings—doing all the writing and singing, and playing a potpourri of instruments. He reveals a melodic gift on this album not ap-

parent on the earlier one, a fuller awareness of the coloristic possibilities of the flute, and a catholicity of taste.

*Stand Up!* has great textural interest, due, in part, to a more sophisticated recording technique, in part to the organ, mandolin, balalaika, etc., which Anderson plays to enrich each song. The band is able to work with different musical styles, but without a trace of the facile,

cause black music itself is different, not only in sound but especially in attitude. Young black groups want to make it, alright, but they don't give a shit for esthetics, eclectics, experimentalism or the emerald ambiguities of mixed-image lyrics. They can't sell out because their music starts and ends at the same communal ghetto consensus: has it got soul, or not? Also, blacks tend to look with much more tolerance on black "sellouts" like Lou Rawls than whites do; it's the same to them, hip funk or supperclub torch.

With so many of the pressures of the white rock world absent, young black groups have a free hand to go as commercial or as midnight funky as they wish. Most go in for a combination, because that is the formula followed by the few units like the Watts Band and the Bar-Kays who have broken through nationally. One would wonder why there are so few of these, but a pretty clear answer is provided by the ones that do.

Take the Bar-Kays—saw them on TV at the Memphis Blues Festival, a heated action-packed performance, a raw young jungle excitement. Bought the album—excitement almost totally dissipated. The viewer mistook jumping for cooking; they played the same on the album as live, but invisibility lowered the energy level and left their musical limitations stripped bare. The set opens with "Don't Stop Dancing (to the Music)," an exact and useless cop off Sly's "Dance to the Music," delivered with determined energy

but pale and totally uninteresting in the wake of Sly's classic. They only sing on one or two other songs—which is just as well, because their vocal talents are almost nonexistent, bolstered by pure throat-constricting intensity, a harsh barking streetshout style that could be used to good effect with lower, more evocative material. But material of any kind is one thing the Bar-Kays sorely lack. As it is they've filled out this album with a bunch of standard funk soul instrumentals with titles like "Funky Thang" and "Jivin' Around," familiar progressions jammed on, uneventfully interspersed with "Sweet-soul" cuts full of velvet sax and restrained Booker T. organ. A boring album by a group more suited to providing backup for solo singers.

The Watts Band is something else altogether. Pursuing consensus, they've begun to absorb more white rock approaches, with results mixed but promising. One great thing about this band is that they are writing and creating their own songs fresh from the streets, and between all the stylistic woodshedding there sometimes emerges a very personal expression of the life lived in Watts, communicated with an immediacy seldom possible in the productions of the Stax and Motown combines. "Till You Get Enough" is a stark, sinister funk progression almost claustrophobic in its restrained urgency, like a message through clenched teeth. Over the song's taut framework an electric guitar weaves brooding riffs indica-

glib manipulation which strains for attention. I can hear ethnic influences throughout the album—a hint of Greek rhythms on the flute break of "We Used to Know" and in the body of "Four Thousand Mothers"—but they are too well assimilated to be easily pinpointed. "Bourree" has that unmistakable baroque swing, a suggestion of the traditional English round, some jazz interludes, and a straight-forward yet breathtaking bass solo before, it winds its way to completion. "Jeffrey Goes to Leicester Square" has a sense of the vague, charming disorganization of medieval music. "Look into the Sun," which finishes side one, is in its melodic twists and turns, a song of genuine poignance, with Martin Barre's guitar playing a model of lyricism and understatement.

On the second side, "We Used to Know" employs what could be called a fade-in, beginning softly and then building in volume, with Barre wah-wahing madly by the end. Only "Reasons for Waiting" is slightly marred, there being a superfluous string section.

As I've said, the album is not really funky; rather, it is a meticulously crafted work (no sterility implied) which deserves careful listening. At a time when many of the established stars are faltering, it is a particular pleasure to hear an important new voice. — BEN GERSON



**In the Jungle, Babe**, the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band (Warner Bros. 1801)

**Gotta Groove**, the Bar-Kays (Volt 535)

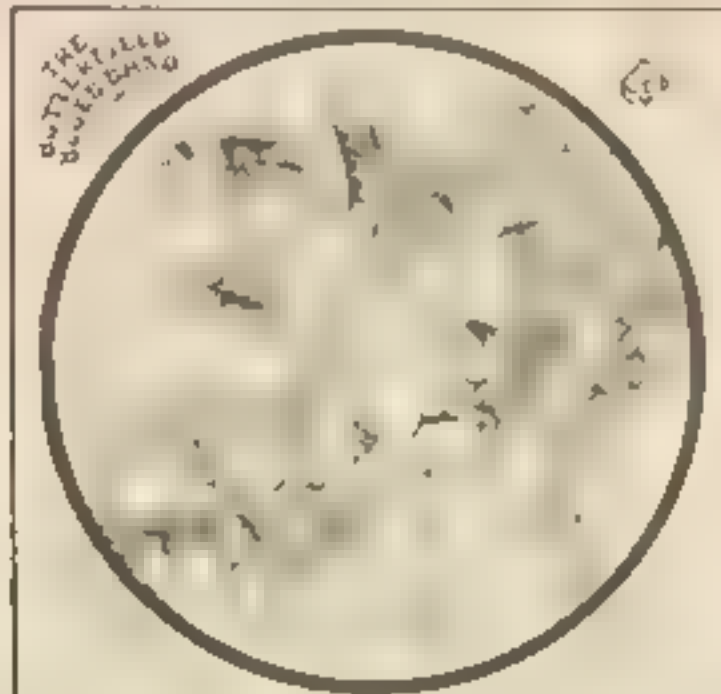
All them longhair offays getting it together until we've revolutionized the concept of the small group in rock and roll, but what about the bloods over in the ghetto? Most of their music comes down from monolithic corporations pushing solo stars or vocal groups with studio backup, but shouldn't there be local outcroppings of good homegrown groups of street musicians, each trying to work up their own sound and write their own songs, bucking for stardom and albums, cash and stash and groupies?

Well, yes, there are a number of such groups around, but the situation is a little different from its white counterpart, be-

tive of the influence of the new white rock: Spanish and Oriental tinges at the very edge, dark undulating anaconda lines (something more than bluesy) out front. Meanwhile, the words, an ambiguous metaphor for historic and universal concerns in Watts: "Get It/Get your stuff/Till you get enough/You've got to get it/While you can get it/No matter if you're black or white/I don't even give a damn/Cause I feel so good tonight..."

Unfortunately, nothing else on the record matches that powerful beginning. "Everyday People," no relation to the Sly number, is a dissonant instrumental thick with flying congas which fades enjoyably in and out in a couple of minutes and feels good enough to repeat often. The album as a whole is worthwhile. I suspect that in two or three albums the Watts Band will really be into something, if they're willing to chance it out on a wailing, really hard-edged non-commercial limb. At the same time, though, it's probably safe to say that they would never take such a chance if they had it, because black consensus is their lifeline—there's not that many white kids who'll buy albums like these (Aretha and the Temptles, yes; local strugglers, no), and black listeners want new configurations of the same strictly formalized patterns they've always had, turning deaf ears and disinterest to experimentalists. Which, finally, is probably why so few white kids do buy albums by young black groups.

LESTER BANCOS



**Keep On Moving**, The Butterfield Blues Band, (Elektra EKS-74053)

To begin with, I will admit my prejudice. I still dig Paul Butterfield's first album a hell of a lot more than any of those that followed. Including this newest menagerie of Butterfield and cohorts that are assembled on *Keep On Moving*. If that remarkable first album didn't exist I would probably be more amenable to this album—the nightmare sequel to his last "dream" album.

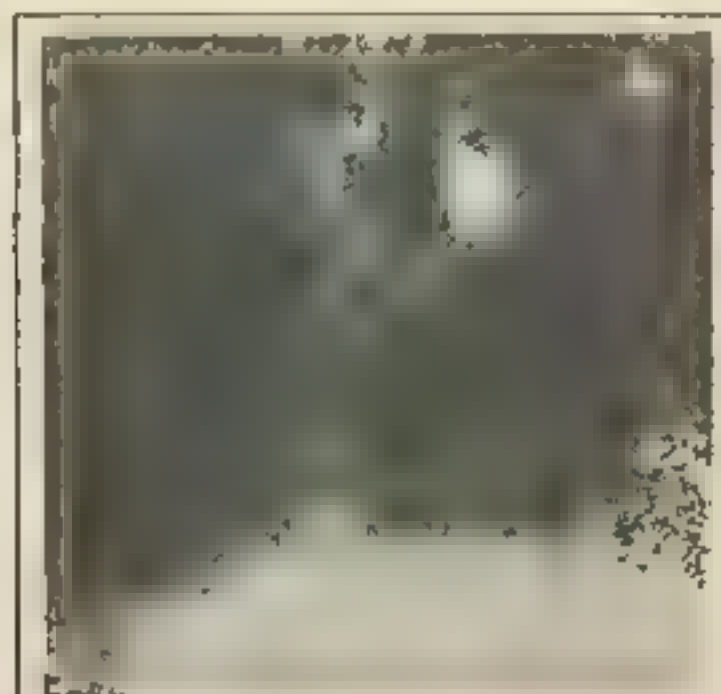
This album is certainly, with the exception of two out-and-out early Ray Charles imitations, the farthest thing from the blues that Butterfield has ever done. Which is all right in itself—the problem is that it isn't new-wave jazz,

gospel, soul, country or golden-oldie material either. It's a strident limbo of in-between.

A good example of this is the first tune on side one, entitled "Love March." It is pretentious, pseudo-pop and ends up sounding like a barely rejected song from *Hair* as it forcefully visualizes a time when "all the hassles fall in place" and we can "think of all people just as one." Amen. A shuck. A Medium Cool kind of shuck. All of the trappings are there but the chameleon is exposed for all to hear. The same problem occurs in most of the other tired though admittedly loud cuts.

Fortunately, the cloying horns do relax on a couple of cuts: "Keep on

Moving" and "Losing Hand." But on these the Ray Charles influence is too strong for anyone who has heard Charles, even on a bad night. "Losing Hand" is even an old Ray Charles number while "Moving" is a Butterfield original with that pre-Paramount Ray Charles feel. These are the only two cuts on which the vocals don't sound forced or in losing conflict with the horns and Butterfield's harp-work is impeccably melodic on both. Actually, the most effective cut on this album is the final one on side two, "Except You." It is a ballad in the Dinah Washington vein an up-tempo center sung by an unidentified vocalist—is this a sign of things to come? — GARY VON TERSCH



**The Dells Great Hits** (Cadet LPS 824)  
**Love Is Blue**, the Dells (Cadet LPS 829)

According to one of their earlier Cadet albums, the Dells have been around for 14 years (though these versions of their hits all date from 1968), and they still make the same kind of music, which is either definitely admirable or infinitely sad (take your choice).

You should pass up the dubious *Greatest Hits* completely and latch onto the Dells' latest album, *Love Is Blue*, instead. For one thing, the orchestral arrangements offer a great deal more in the way of *cojones*—solid drumming everywhere, some good guitar licks, even screaming tenor sax in a couple of places, plus the saccharine strings. Moreover, the selection of tunes is more interesting. Sixties standards mostly (some R&B some pop), done in the Dells' own style; and that style manages to entice soul from some of the strangest things, like the

Paul Mauriat title tune and Percy Faith's "A Summer Place."

Side Two thoroughly justifies the Dells' continued existence. The record ends with a stunning and unexpected triumph—a Jim Webb Wichita-to-Phoenix medley that is just too, too tough. The Dells' vocalizing on "Wichita Lineman" has more power passing through it than a transformer, with drums and a rocking piano striking sparks all the way.

So this is the Dells. Hmmm. Well, okay, but—as you might have guessed from the not-so-subtle plugs before—I'd rather listen to David Ruffin. And when I'm feeling nostalgic for my lost innocence and youth, I don't put the Dells on the turntable, but the Clovers and the Coasters and the Drifters and all the other originals instead. — ED LEIMBACHER

## Con demned



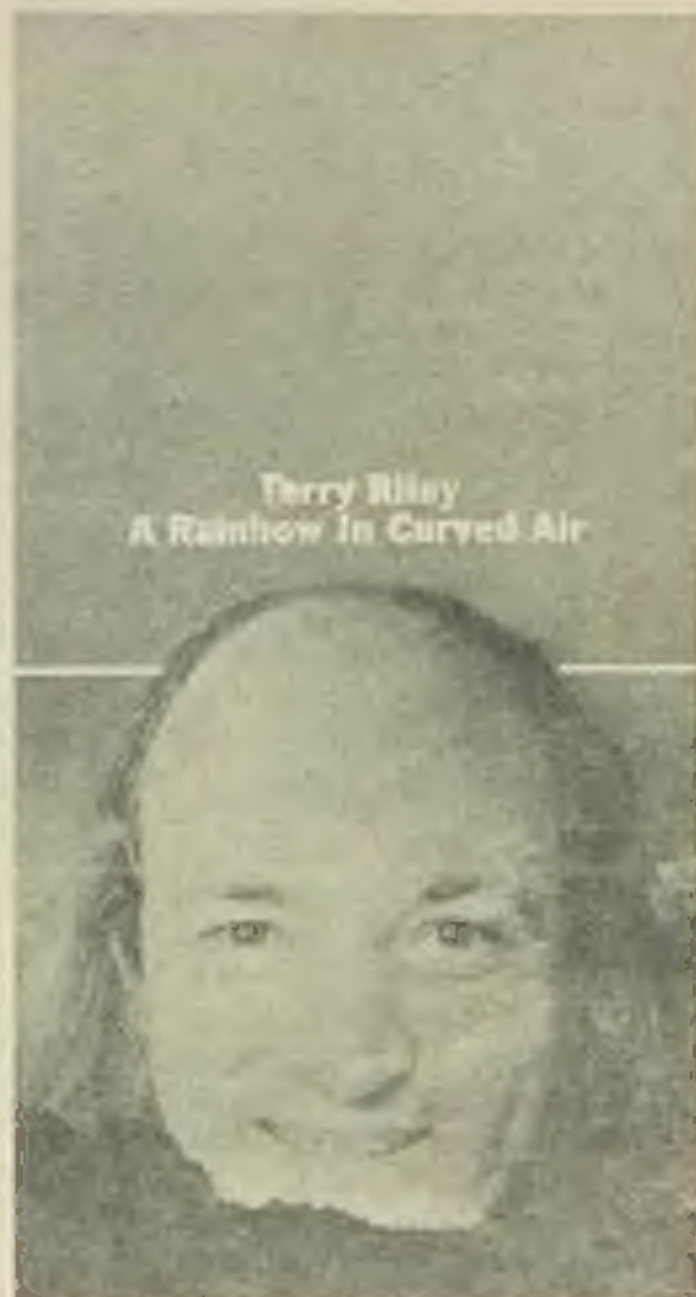
**Extremely Heavy**, Kim Fowley (Dot DLP 25964)

**A New Day**, Theo. Bikel (Reprise 6348)

**The Head Shop** (Epic BN 26476)

**Live Electronic Music**, Steve Reich, (Columbia MS 7625)





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## Correspondence:

—Continued from Page 3

and then put other people down for moving ahead.

I am not a doctor but I have a great prescription for Phil Spector. He refers to soul through agony. I think, he should move to Big Sur and get some new soul, not through agony, but beauty—beauty through fellow man. It will open up his head and he'll lose some of that insane ego that is so apparent in his interview and life style. Through all that, I am sure he could once again make some great records.

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MARK ROSEN  
NEW YORK

SIRS:

How come you didn't print my last letter? And by the way, when are you going to write something about Rich Howorth?

PHAESTOS PAPPADOUPOULIS  
BOSTON

## Stones on Tour

—Continued from Page 6

Cutler asked Graham to leave the stage. Graham told Cutler to get the hell off his stage. Then Graham grabbed Cutler—and Cutler, having a fuse only millimeters longer than Graham's, grabbed back. They were going to kill each other.

Five feet away the Stones were still playing "Satisfaction."

Finally the fight was stopped, but after the show, there was a lot of tension backstage. Graham was pacing. A dozen men in black suits stood outside the Stones' dressing room. Rumors flew: The Stones are going to incite a riot, tell the kids to destroy the place.

Nothing happened. They juggled the line-up a bit, but that's all.

Actually, the first juggling came during the first show, before the fistfight, when nearly all the amplifiers blew out. The amps had come from Ampeg, only two or three weeks old and never tested; the Stones were the first to use them; it was brand new experimental stuff. And it blew. So Jagger and Richard got into the acoustic numbers sooner than planned, to allow technicians time to repair and then replace the amps. In the second show, the Stones played through amps rushed to the arena by the Grateful Dead—with Owsley standing guard.

Also in the second show Ike and Tina opened and Terry Reid followed them and bombed, then B. B. came on and finally the Stones. B. B. was so good, he took the tour's only (so far) encore.

The show was still improving. Jagger was gaining confidence. He once had talked about the thrill of poking that audience/monster, to stir it to its feet, to get it going. In Oakland he said, "I've got so used to playing in these big places. There's a special kind of buzz to get all those people at it. It's real easy to get two-thousand at it, man. I tell you, it's a walk-over."

[NO FUCKING COMMENT]

Only one show was planned for San Diego, in the Sports Arena, home of professional basketball's Rockets, professional hockey's Gulls. It was the fourth round building of the tour and the one that most looked like a gymnasium—a huge scoreboard over the center of the floor, an American flag nearby.

Outside, uniformed city cops stood near each of the arena's four entrances, stopping anyone who approached to see he had a ticket. Other cops stood in lines of a dozen or more in the parking lot, staring at the four or five hundred kids shuffling around in the distance. By evening's end, several dozen had been arrested, some for smoking grass, more for interfering with a police officer and vandalism. (A number of arena windows were broken.) San Diego was the toughest so far. It was also the last to be produced by Bill Graham.

Graham walked to center-stage. Ike and Tina had just finished their set and already the aisles were jammed. "A cou-

ple of days ago up north we had three very serious physical incidents when people came up to the stage," Graham said. "We can't tell you what to do, but please—think before you do it." It was as if Graham were drawing a line and daring the Stones to cross it.

The Stones crossed it. Jagger came out in a flowing white shirt, a red scarf wrapped around his neck and flowing down behind like religious vestments. He pranced and smiled Burt Lancaster smiles and waved and bowed and shouted, "All right! All right!"

Jagger gave the signal to turn on the house lights a song earlier in San Diego, before beginning "Gimme Some Shelter."

It is odd that, while crowd inhibitions normally diminish in the dark, at rock concerts it's when the lights go on that the mob moves. Jagger knows this and he uses it.

The audience was pushed against the stage during "Queenie" and "Satisfaction." It was a bumping and weaving mass that stuck thousands of hands into the air to applaud every song. Jagger seemed pleased.

Graham wouldn't reveal his grosses for the three shows, but the producer of the Phoenix show had some estimates to make. The way he heard it Graham grossed about \$75,000 for each of the Oakland shows, \$71,300 in San Diego—with the Stones again claiming sixty-five per cent. This would have given Graham a reasonable profit, but there also were stories going around about how unsatisfied Graham was with the Stones. He was reported unhappy with the guarantee and unhappy with some of the special clauses included in the contract. "No fucking comment," Graham said. "No fucking comment about anything."

Tuesday, the Stones flew to Phoenix, which was only sixty-five per cent sold out, which meant the producers lost money. The Stones still walked away with \$40,000, their guarantee against the percentage.

"Even if we did lose money, I have to say it was a good contract," said Bill Siddons, the Doors' manager and a consultant to the Phoenix producers. "The Stones had some great clauses in there—like they won't play to a segregated audience and if the producer tries to put that over, the Stones can walk out with the guarantee . . . and the producer must hire at least fifty unarmed guards—y'dig, unarmed, no guns and no bilbies. I'm going to add them to my Doors contracts."

Siddons and his friends grossed \$55,100, more than \$30,000 short of the potential. He said the producers lost about \$5,000. Siddons also said they had let about a thousand kids in free at the last minute, because they were trying to tear the coliseum apart.

[TOO MUCH INTELLECTUALIZING]

The Stones were on the road again. And though they faced a few empty seats in some cities, demand was so great in New York that their two scheduled concerts at Madison Square Garden (a total of 32,000 seats) sold out the day tickets went on sale. A third show at the Garden is being added—probably for the afternoon of November 28th—and Keith Richard now says there definitely will be a free concert when the tour is over (last date is November 30th, West Palm Beach), though no specific wheres or whens are being made public.

In many ways the tour was exactly like the last one in 1966. The logistical confusion, the last-minute chaos, the greed, the ego displays, the cast of characters . . . this and more remained unchanged. Only the audience reaction seemed different. In 1966 it was wall-to-wall whoops of sexual frenzy, every concert the reason for rioting. In 1969 the audience was, as Jagger himself put it, "intellectualizing." Sitting on their hands, in other words.

In the three years the monster needed more prodding to stir it to its feet. Jagger got them (using his words again) "at it," but it was no "walk-over." Perhaps he was learning that in the time he had been absent from America, rock and roll had moved from the dance hall to the concert stage.

Bill Graham confided that if he had to do it all over again, he probably wouldn't, but Graham also said, "What I hope the Stones do is turn the whole country on, do what the Mets did for New York, wake 'em up. And I think the Stones can do it. Mick Jagger is the greatest fucking performer in the whole fucking world."



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EXP'D. FLUTE player looking for rock group. Joe—864-3801, NY.

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### SAN FRANCISCO

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### OTHER CALIFORNIA

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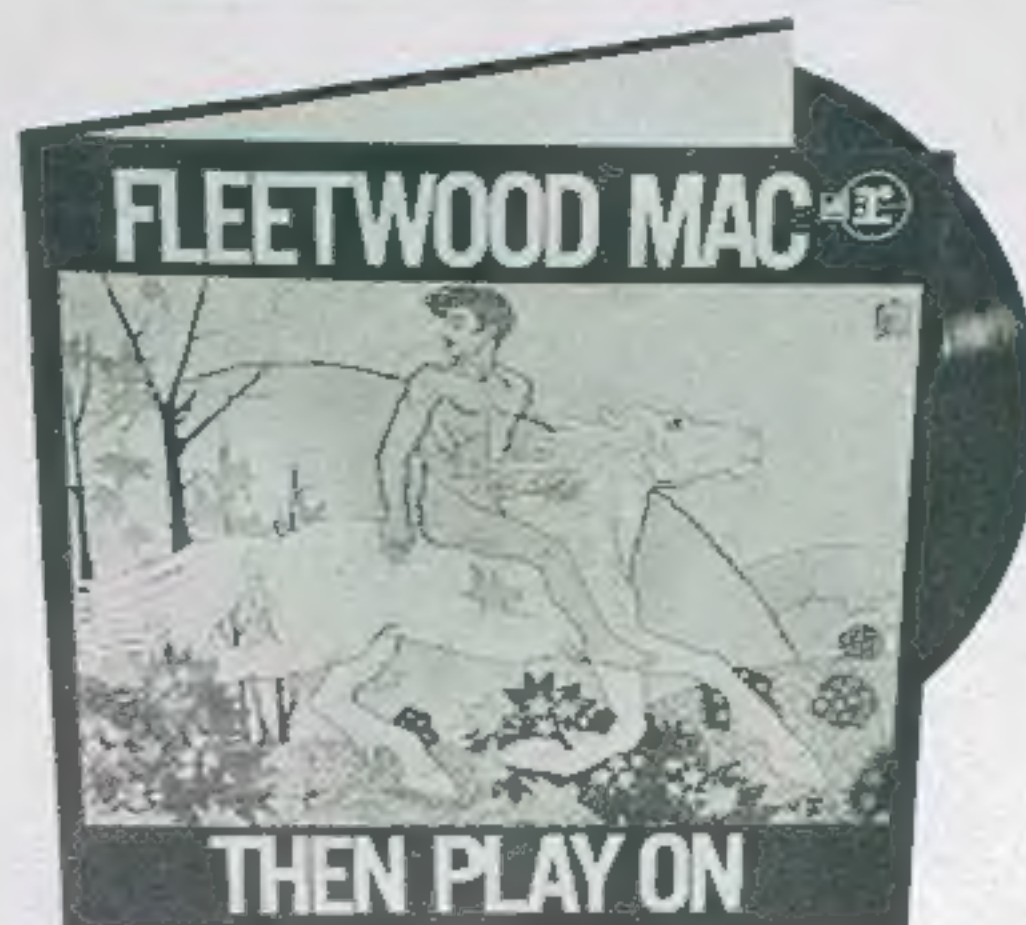


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